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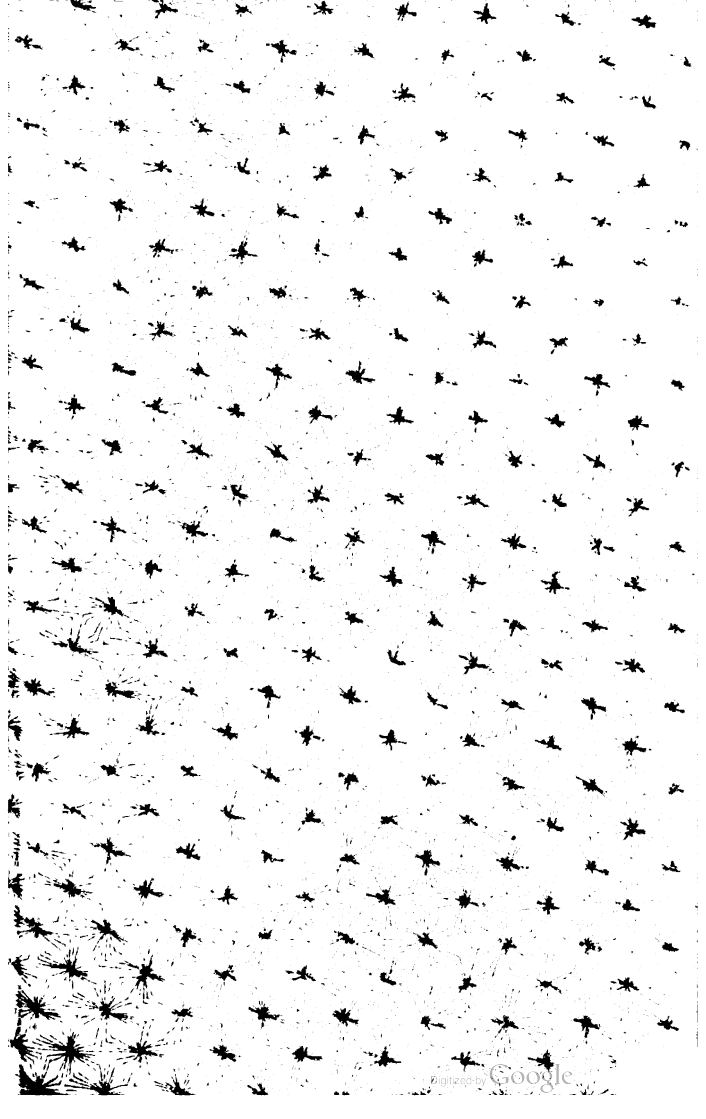
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THE STUDENTS' HANDY EDITION.

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO
THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS,
NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND
A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH, as it is called in the folio of 1623, was doubtless originally written in pursuance of the promise given out in the Epilogue of the preceding play: "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France." We have seen in the Introductions to the First and Second Parts of Henry IV., that both those plays were probably written before the 25th of February, 1598; and it is but reasonable to suppose that both parts were included in the mention of Henry IV. by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which was made that year. Henry V being so great a favourite with the English people, both historically and dramatically, it is natural to presume that the Poet would not long delay the fulfilling of his promise.

We have almost certain proof that Henry V. was not originally written as it now stands. It was seen in our Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing, that this play, along with two others of Shakespeare's and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register, August 4, 1600; and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed." It was entered again on the 14th of the same month; and in the course of that year was issued a quarto pamphlet of twenty-seven leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his battle fought at Agincourt in France: Together with Ancient Pistol. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby: And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane. 1600." The same text was reissued in 1602, and again in 1608, both issues being "printed for Thomas Pavier." In none of these editions is the author's name given, and all of them appear to have been published without his sanction: the play, moreover, is but about half as long as we have it, all the Choruses being entirely wanting.

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as are also the whole of the first scene, more than half of the king's long speech to the conspirators in Act ii. sc. 2, his speech before Harfleur, Act iii. sc. 1, his reflections on ceremony in Act iv. sc. 1, and more than two thirds of Burgundy's fine speech on peace in Act v. sc. 1; besides more or less of enlargemen and the marks of a careful finishing hand running through the whole play: all which appeared first in the folio of 1623.

That the quarto edition of Henry V. was surreptitious, is on all hands allowed. But much controversy has been had, whether it was printed from a full and perfect copy of the play as first written, or from a mangled and mutilated copy, such as could be made up by unauthorized reporters. Many things might be urged on either side of this question; but as no certain conclusion seems likely to be reached, the discussion probably may as well be spared. Perhaps the most considerable argument for the former position is, that the quarto has in some cases several consecutive lines precisely as they stand in the folio; while again the folio has many long passages, and those among the best in the play, and even in the whole compass of the Poet's writings, of which the quarto yields no traces whatsoever. This, to be sure, is nowise decisive of the point, since, granting that some person or persons undertook to report the play as spoken, it is not impossible that he or they may have taken down some parts very carefully, and omitted others altogether. And the editors of the first folio tell us in their preface that there were "divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that expos'd them."

The only internal evidence as to the date of the writing occurs in the Chorus to Act v.:

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit,
> To welcome him!"

This passage undoubtedly refers to the Earl of Essex, who set forth on his expedition against the Irish rebels in the latter part of March, 1599, and returned the 28th of September the same year. Which makes it certain that this Chorus, and probable that the other Choruses were written before the 28th of September, 1599. The most reasonable conclusion, then, seems to be, that the first draught of the play was made in 1598, pretty much as it has come down to us in the quarto editions; that the whole was carefully rewritten, greatly enlarged, and the Choruses added, during the absence of Essex, in the summer of 1599; and that a copy of the first draught was fraudulently obtained for the press, after it had been displaced on the stage by the enlarged and finished copy of the play, as we have it in the folio of 1623.

The historica. matter of this drama was taken, as usual, from the pages of Holinshed; and a general outline thereof may be presented in a short space, leaving the particular obligations to appear in the form of notes. — Henry V. came to the throne in March, 1413, being then at the age of twenty-six. The civil troubles that so much harassed his father's reign naturally started him upon the policy of busying his subjects' minds in foreign quarrels. And in his second parliament a proposition was made, and met with great favour, to convert a large amount of church property to the uses of the state; which put the clergy upon adding the weighty arguments of their means and counsel in furtherance of the same policy. In effect the king was easily persuaded that the Salique law had no right to bar him from the throne of France; and ambassadors were sent over to demand the French crown and all its dependencies: the king offering, withal, to take the Princess Katharine in marriage, and endow her with a part of the possessions claimed; and at the same time threatening that, if this were refused, "he would recover his right and inheritance with mortal war, and dint of sword." An embassy being soon after received from France, the same demand was renewed, and peremptorily insisted on. The French king being then incapable of rule, the government was in the hands of the Dauphin, who having seen fit to play off some merry taunts on the English monarch, the latter dismissed his ambassadors with the following speech: "I little esteem your French brags, and less set by your power and strength: I know perfectly my right, which you usurp, as yourselves also do, except you deny the apparent truth. The power of your master you see; mine you have not yet tasted. If he have loving subjects, I am not unstored of the same; and before a year pass I trust to make the highest crown of your country stoop. In the mean time, tell your master that within three months I will enter France as my own true and lawful patrimony, meaning to acquire the same, not with brag of words, but with deeds of men. Further matter I impart not to you at present, save that with warrant you may depart safely to your country, where I trust sooner to visit you than you shall have cause to bid me welcome."

This took place in June, 1415, and before the end of July the king's preparations were complete, and his army assembled at Southampton; and as he was just on the eve of embarking he got intelligence of a conspiracy against his life by the earl of Cambridge, the lord Scroop of Marsham, and Sir Thomas Grey; who being soon convicted in due course and form of law, and executed, the king set forth with a fleet of fifteen hundred sail, carrying six thousand men-at-arms, and twenty-four thousand archers, and landed at Harfleur the 15th of August. By the 22d of September the town was brought to an unconditional surrender, and put under the keeping of an English garrison. The

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English army was now reduced to about half its original numbers; nevertheless, the king, having first sent a personal challenge to the Dauphin, to which no answer was returned, took the bold resolution of marching on through several hostile provinces to Calais. After a slow and toilsome march, during which they suffered much from famine and hostile attacks, the English army came, on the 24th of October, within sight of Agincourt, where the French were strongly posted in such sort that Henry must needs either surrender or else cut his way through them. The French army has been commonly set down as not less than a hundred thousand; and they, never once doubting that the field would be theirs, spent the following night in revelry and debate, and in fixing the ransom of King Henry and his nobles. The night being cold, dark, and rainy, numerous fires were kindled in both camps; and the English, worn out with labour, want, and sickness, passed the hours in anxious preparation, making their wills and saying their prayers, and hearing every now and then peals of laughter and merriment from the French lines. During most of the night the king was moving about amongst his men, scattering words of comfort and hope in their ears, and arranging the order of battle, and before sunrise had them called to matins, and from prayer led them into the field. From the confident bearing of the French, it was supposed that they would hasten to begin the fight, and the purpose of the English was to wait for the attack; but when it was found that the French kept within their lines, the king gave order to advance upon them, and Sir Thomas Erpingham immediately made the signal of onset by throwing his warder into the air. The battle was kept up with the utmost fury for three hours, and resulted in the death of ten thousand Frenchmen, of whom a hundred and twenty-six were princes and nobles bearing banners, eight thousand and four hundred were knights, esquires, and gentlemen, five hundred of whom had been knighted the day before, and sixteen hundred were mercenaries. Some report that not above twenty-five of the English were slain; but others affirm the number to have been not less than five or six hundred.

The news of this victory caused infinite rejoicing in England, and the king soon hastened over to receive the congratulations of his people. When he arrived at Dover, the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him, and carried him in their arms from the vessel to the beach: all the way to London was one triumphal procession: lords, commons, clergy, mayor, aldermen, and citizens flocked forth to welcome him: pageants were set up in the streets, wine ran in the conduits, bands of children sang his praise; and, in short, the whole population were in a perfect ecstasy of joy.

During his stay in England, the king was visited by several great personages, and among others by the Emperor Sigismund, who came to mediate a peace between him and France, and was entertained with great magnificence, but his mission effected

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nothing to the purpose. After divers attempts at a settlement by negotiation, the king renewed the war in 1417, and in August landed in Normandy, with an army of sixteen thousand men-at-arms, and about the same number of archers. From this time he had an almost uninterrupted career of conquest till the spring of 1420, when all his demands were granted, and himself publicly affianced to the Princess Katharine.

From this sketch it may well be gathered that the subject was not altogether fitted for dramatic representation, as it gave little scope for those developments of character and passion, wherein the interest of the serious drama mainly consists. And perhaps it was a sense of this defect that led the Poet, upon the revisal, to pour through the work so large a measure of the lyrical element, thus penetrating and filling the whole with the efficacy of a great national song of triumph. Hence comes it that the play is so thoroughly charged with the spirit and poetry of a sort of jubilant patriotism, of which the king himself is probably the most eloquent impersonation ever delineated. Viewed in this light, the play, however inferior to many others in dramatic effect, is as perfect in its kind as any thing the Poet has given us. And it has a peculiar value as indicating what Shakespeare might have done in other forms of poetry, had he been so minded; the Choruses in general, and especially that to Act iv., being unrivalled in epic spirit, clearness, and force. — Of course the piece has its unity in the hero, who is never for a moment out of our feelings: even when he is most absent or unseen, the thought and expression still relish of him, and refer us at once to his character as the inspirer and quickener thereof; and the most prosaic parts are transfigured and glorified into poetry with a certain grace and effluence from him.

It is quite remarkable, that for some cause or other the Poet did not make good his promise touching Falstaff. Sir John does not once appear in the play. Perhaps any speculation as to the probable reason of this were more curious than profitable; but we must needs think that when the Poet went to planning the drama he saw the impracticability of making any thing more out of him. Sir John's dramatic office and mission were clearly at an end, when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being, as we have seen, to explain the unruly and riotous courses of the prince. Besides, he must needs have had so much of manhood in him as to love the prince, else he had been too bad a man for the prince to be with; and how might his powers of making sport be supposed to survive the shock of being thus discarded by the only person on earth whom he had the virtue to love? To have reproduced him with his wits shattered, had been injustice to him; to have reproduced him with his wits sound and in good repair, had been unjust to the prince.

Falstaff repenting and reforming was indeed a much better

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man; but then in that capacity he was not for us. So that Shakespeare did well, no doubt, to keep him in retirement where, though his once matchless powers no longer give us pleasure, yet the report of his sufferings gently touches our pity, and recovers him to the breath of our human sympathies. To our sense, therefore, of the matter, the Poet has here drawn the best lesson from him that the subject might yield. We have already seen that Falstaff's character grows worse and worse up to the close of the preceding play; and it is to be noted how in all that happens to him the being cast off by the prince at last is the only thing that really hurts his feelings. And as this is the only thing that hurts him, so it is the only one that does him any good; for he is strangely inaccessible to inward suffering, and yet nothing but this can make him better. His abuse of Shallow's hospitality is exceedingly detestable, and argues that hardening of all within, which tells far more against a man than almost any amount of mere sensuality. And yet when at last the hostess tells us "the king has kill'd his heart," what a volume of redeeming matter is suggested concerning him! We then for the first time begin to respect him as a man, because we see that he has a heart as well as a brain, and that it is through his heart that grief is let in upon him, and death gets the mastery of him. And indeed the very absence of any signs of tenderness in all the rest of his course rather favours the notion of there being a secret reserve of it laid up somewhere in him. And notwithstanding they do not respect him, and can at best but stand amazed and bewildered at his overpowering freshets of humour, it is still observable that those who see much of him get strongly attached to him; as if they had a sort of blind instinct that beneath all his overgrowth of sin there were yet some stirrings of truth and good; that the seeds of virtue, though dormant, were still alive within him. This, as hath elsewhere appeared, is especially the case with that strangely-interesting creature, the hostess; and now we can scarce choose but think better of both Falstaff and Bardolph, when, the former having died, and a question having risen as to where he has gone, the latter says, — "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is." In Mrs. Quickly's account of his last moments there is a pathos to which we know of nothing similar, and which is as touching as it is peculiar. His character having a tone so original, and a ring so firm and clear, it was but natural that upon his departure he should leave some audible vibrations in the air behind him. The last of these dies away on the ear some while after, when the learned Welchman, Fluellen, uses him to point a moral; and this reference, so queerly characteristic, is abundantly grateful, as serving to start up a swarm of laughing memories.

The best general criticism on this play is furnished by Schlegel. "King Henry the Fifth," says he, "is manifestly Shakespeare's favourite hero in English history: he paints him as

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endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, still disposed to innocent raillery, in the intervals between his perilous but glorious achievements. However, to represent on the stage his whole history after coming to the throne, was attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished event of his reign; and war is an epic rather than a dramatic object: to yield the right interest for the stage, it must be the means whereby something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole. With great insight into the essence of his art, Shakespeare either allows us to anticipate the result of a war from the qualities of the general, and their influence on the minds of the soldiers; or else he exhibits the issue in the light of a higher volition, the consciousness of a just cause and a reliance on the Divine protection giving courage to one party, while the presage of a curse hanging over their undertaking weighs down the other. In King Henry V., as no opportunity was afforded of taking the latter course, the Poet has skilfully availed himself of the former.—Before the battle of Agincourt, he paints in the most lively colours the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, from their desperate situation, coupled with the firm determination, if they are to fall, at least to fall with honour. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fulness of individual, characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honourable, pedantic Welchman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects, are intended to show that the warlike genius of Henry did not merely carry the English with him, but also the natives of the two islands, who were either not yet fully united or in no degree subject to him. Several good-for-nothing associates of Falstaff among the dregs of the army either afford an opportunity for proving Henry's strictness of discipline, or are sent home in disgrace. But all this variety still seemed to the Poet insufficient to animate a play of which the subject was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has therefore tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day a *chorus*) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions there described cannot be developed on a narrow

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stage; and that they must supply the deficiencies of the representation from their own imaginations. As the subject was not properly dramatic, in the form also Shakespeare chose rather to wander beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing as a poetic herald what he could not represent to the eye, than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long speeches in the mouths of the persons of the drama.

"However much Shakespeare celebrates the French conquest of King Henry, still he has not omitted to hint, after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking. Henry was in want of foreign wars to secure himself on the throne; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of half their revenues. His learned bishops are consequently as ready to prove to him his undisputed right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the Salique law is not, and never was, applicable to France; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was that very feeble Henry the Sixth, under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not therefore be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the Poet that an heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands; and ends, in the manner of comedy, with a marriage of convenience."

Campbell, also, has some sentences in his usual happy style upon this play, wherein he justly trips one of Schlegel's unlucky epithets. "In Shakespeare's Henry V.," says he, "there is no want of spirited action and striking personages; but I cannot quite agree with Schlegel as to the nice discrimination which he discovers in the portraiture of Irish, Scotch, and Welch character among the brave captains of Henry's camp. Schlegel calls captain Jamy 'a heavy Scotchman;' but why should he call my countryman *heavy?* Fluellen says that 'captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the aunchiant wars. He will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.' Here is only proof that Jamy was argumentative, as most Scotsmen are, and imbued with some learning, but not hat he was heavy: he is not a cloddish, but a fiery spirit.

"The brave officers of Henry's army are, however, finely contrasted with the scum of England,—Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol. As to poor Falstaff, the description of his death in the play affects us with emotions that are not profoundly serious, and yet one cannot help saying, as Prince Henry says on the belief

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of his feigned death. 'I could have better spar'd a better man.' The multiplicity of battles in Henry V. is a drawback on its value as an acting play; for battles are awkward things upon the stage. We forget this objection, however, in the reading of the play. It has noble passages. And amongst these, the description of the night before the battle of Agincourt will be repeated by the youth of England when our children's children shall be gray with age. It was said of Æschylus, that he composed his Seven Chiefs against Thebes under the inspiration of Mars himself. If Shakespeare's Henry V. had been written for the Greeks, they would have paid him the same compliment."

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
JOHN, Duke of Bedford, } his Brotners.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, }
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, his Uncle.
EDWARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
HENRY CHICHELEY, Archbishop of Canterbury.
JOHN FORDHAM, Bishop of Ely.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK
RICHARD, Earl of Cambridge, }
HENRY LORD SCROOP, } Conspirators.
SIR THOMAS GREY, }
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, }
GOWER, FLUELLEN, } Officers in the King's Army
MACMORRIS, and JAMY, }
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, also Soldiers.
A Boy, Servant to them. A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
THE CONSTABLE of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, French Lords.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess.
MRS. QUICKLY, a Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, in England, afterwards, in France.

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KING HENRY V.

Enter CHORUS.

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques,[1]
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces[2] work.

[1] The *Wooden O* was the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, which was circular withinside.—It would seem that *very* was sometimes used in the sense of *mere*. "The *very* casques;" that is, "*so much as* the casques," or "*merely* the casques." So in The Taming of the Shrew: "Thou false deluding slave, that feed'st me with the *very* name of meat." H.

[2] That is, your *powers of imagination: imaginary* for *imaginative*. This indifferent use of the active and passive forms occurs continually in these plays. H

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Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i'the receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour glass; for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London.

An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop and the Bishop.

Arch. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling[1] and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

[1] The more common form of this word is *scrambling*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 1 note 8.

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Bish. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Arch. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus, —
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: [2] Thus runs the bill
Bish. This would drink deep.
Arch. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Bish. But what prevention?
Arch. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Bish. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Arch. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment
Consideration like an angel came,

[2] This is taken almost literally from Holinshed: "In the second yeare of his reigne, king Henrie called his high court of parlement, in which manie petitions moved were for that time deferred. Amongst which one was to the effect, that the temporall lands devoutlie given, and disordinatelie spent by religious and other spirituall persons, should be seized into the kings hands; sith the same might suffice to mainteine, to the honor of the king, and defense of the realme, fifteene earles, fifteene hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquires, and a hundred almesse-houses, for reliefe onelie of the poore, impotent, and needie persons, and the king to have cleerelie to his coffers twentie thousand pounds." — It should be remarked that this parliament was called, April 30, 1414, *at Leicester;* but it appears from the Chorus to Act ii. that the Poet laid the scene of this act *at London.*

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And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Bish. We are blessed in the change.

Arch. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:[3]

[3] That is, he must have drawn his *theory*, digested his order and method of thought, from the *art* and *practice* of life, instead of shaping the latter by the rules and measures of the former: which is strange, since he has never been seen in the way either of learning the things in question by experience, or of digesting the fruits of experience into theory. *Practic* and *theoric*, or *practique* and *theorique*, were the old spelling of *practice* and *theory*. An apt commentary on the text occurs in A Treatise of Human Learning, by Lord Brooke, who was a star in the same constellation with Shakespeare, and one of the profoundest thinkers of the time.

"Againe, the active, necessarie arts
Ought to be briefe in bookes, in practise long;
Short precepts may extend to many parts;

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Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies[4] unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.[5]

Bish. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Arch. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Bish. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Arch. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,

> The practise must be large, or not be strong.
> For if these two be in one ballance weigh'd,
> The artless use bears down the useless art.
> The world should therefore her instructions draw
> Backe unto life and actions, whence they came;
> That practise, which gave being, might give law,
> To make them short, cleare, fruitfull unto man:
> As God made all for use, even so must she
> By chance and use uphold her mystery." M

[4] *Companies* for *companions*.

[5] *Popularity* meant *familiarity with the common people*, as well as popular favour or applause.

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And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, — to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Bish. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Arch. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages[6]
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Bish. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Arch. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Bish. It is.

Arch. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Bish. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

A Room of State in the same.

Enter the KING, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and Attendants.*[1]

King. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

[6] That is, the particulars, and clear unconcealed circumstances. — *Severals*, plural, was of old used much as we use *details*.

[1] The princes Humphrey and John of the preceding play were

King. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?[2]

King. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop and the Bishop.

Arch. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

King. Sure, we thank you
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading.
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate,[3] whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation[4].

made dukes of Gloster and Bedford at the parliament mentioned in sc. 1, note 2. At the same time, according to Holinshed, Thomas Beaufort, marquess of Dorset, was made duke of Exeter. The Beaufort family sprung from John of Gaunt by Katharine Swynford, to whom he was married after she had borne him several children. — The earldom of Warwick was at that time in the family of Beauchamp, and the earl of Westmoreland was Ralph Neville. H.

[2] In all the quartos the play begins at this speech. It is there assigned to Exeter, and runs thus: "Shall *I* call in the ambassadors, my liege?" H.

[3] Or burthen your knowing or conscious soul with displaying false titles in a specious manner, or opening pretensions which, if shown in their native colours, would appear to be false.

[4] *Approbation* was used of old for *proving* or establishing by proof.

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Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,[5]
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.[6]

Arch. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,

[5] To *impawn* was to *engage* or *pledge*.

[6] We subjoin this speech as it stands in the quartos, that the reader may have some means of judging for himself touching some points handled in our Introduction:

"Sure we thank you: and, good my lord, proceed,
Why the law Salique, which they have in France,
Or should or should not stop in us our claim:
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will judge, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is wash'd as pure
As sin in baptism." M.

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"No woman shall succeed in Salique land:"
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze[7]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,

[7] To *gloze* is to *explain* or *expound*, as in our word *gloss*. So in Holinshed: "The verie words of that supposed law are these, In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant, that is to saie, Into the Salike land let not women succeed. Which the French *glossers* expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by king Pharamond." This may serve, withal, as a sample how closely the Poet here follows the chronicler; the whole speech being little else than Holinshed's sentences versified. H.

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Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, — who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, —
To find [8] his title with some show of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd [9] himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,[10]
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid duke of Lorain.
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great

[8] So in the folio; in the quartos, *fine;* which latter is generally retained in modern editions as meaning to trim up, adorn, or make *fine*, with fair appearances. To "*find* his title" is to *ground* or *make out* his title; as in our law phrase, to *find a bill* against a man, for to make out or ground an indictment. H.

[9] That is, *passed himself off* as heir to the lady Lingare. Bishop Cooper has the same expression: "To *convey himself* to be of some noble family." — The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crowne upon Charles duke of Loraine, the sole heire male of the line and stocke of Charles the great, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though in deed it was starke naught, *conveied himselfe* as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to king Charlemaine." H.

[10] This should be Lewis the *Ninth*. The Poet took the mistake from Holinshed, who states the matter thus: "King Lewes also the *tenth*, otherwise called saint Lewes, being verie heire to the said usurper Hugh Capet, could never be satisfied in his conscience how he might justlie keepe the crowne, till he was fullie instructed that queene Isabell his grandmother was lineallie descended of the ladie Ermengard, daughter and heire to the above named Charles duke of Loraine." H.

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Was reunited to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare [11] their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Arch. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ, —
When the son dies,[12] let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,

[11] The folio has *imbarre;* the first two quartos have *imbace*, the third *embrace*, and all three have *causes* for *titles*. There can be little doubt which reading to follow; but there is some question whether that of the folio means *imbar* or *imbare*. We prefer the more common reading, which takes *imbare* in the sense of *expose, lay open, make bare*, thus making a natural and proper antithesis to *hide* in the preceding line. H.

[12] So in the quartos; the folio reads, "when the *man* dies." Of course the meaning must be the same either way; but we prefer that the letter should fit the sense when it can be so. The passage referred to is in Numbers xxvii. 8: "If a man die, and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter." Holinshed gives it thus: "The archbishop further alledged out of the booke of Numbers this saieing,—'When a man dieth without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter.'" H.

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Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O, noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action![13]

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead!
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:
So hath your highness;[14] never king of England

[13] That is, "cold *for want of* action," as it is commonly explained; which Knight thinks is taking the words *too literally*, just as if, where the literal construction will stand, that which is farthest from this were not commonly the worst. However, he very aptly suggests, that the meaning may be, *indisposed* to action, as knowing their help was not wanted; that there were enough to do the work without them. H.

[14] Coleridge thinks that perhaps these lines should be recited dramatically thus:

"They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:
So *hath* your highness, — never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;"

which infers an ellipsis very much in Shakespeare's manner. Of course the sense expressed in full would give a reading something thus: "So hath your highness rich nobles and loyal subjects; no king of England ever had any that were more so." H.

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Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Arch. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.[15]

King. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Arch. They of those marches,[16] gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment[17] of the Scot,

[15] So in Holinshed's paraphrase of the archbishop's speech "At length, having said sufficientlie for the proofe of the king's just and lawful title to the crowne of France, he exhorted him to advance foorth his banner to fight for his right, to spare neither bloud, sword, nor fire, sith his warre was just, his cause good, and his claime true: and he declared that in their spirituall convocation they had granted to his highnesse such a summe of monie, as never by no spirituall persons was to any prince before those daies given or advanced." H.

[16] The *marches* are the *borders*. The quartos have this speech thus:

"The marches, gracious sovereign, shall be sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers;"

where, as Mr. Collier suggests, the putting of *England* for *inland*, which latter the sense plainly requires, would seem to argue rather a *mishearing* of the lines as spoken, than a *misreading* of the manuscript. H.

[17] The *main intendment* is the *principal purpose*; that he will

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Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Arch. She hath been, then, more fear'd [18] than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your chronicle [19] as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true, —
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,

bend his whole force against us. — A *giddy* neighbour is an *unstable, inconstant* one.

[18] *Fear'd* here means *frighten'd*. We have it again in the same sense in other places, as in 3 Henry VI., Act v. sc. 2: "Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

[19] So in the quartos; the folio has "*their* chronicle," which might mean the chronicle of that time. But *your* seems more natural and apt; and, as Knight remarks, in old manuscripts *your* and *their* were written alike — *yr*. H.

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Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc [20] more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity; [21]
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, through high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent, [22]

[20] The quartos read,—"To *spoil* and havoc;" the folio,—"To *tame* and havoc;" neither of which agrees very well with the sense. We concur, therefore, with Collier and Verplanck, that *tame* was a misprint for *teare*, as the word was then spelt.—The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Nevill earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland, thought good to moove the king to begin first with Scotland, concluding the summe of his tale with this old saieng: Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin." H.

[21] So in the folio: in the quartos "*curs'd* necessity;" which latter is commonly preferred in modern editions, though divers third readings have been proposed, to get rid of the alleged difficulty of the passage. We agree with Singer, Knight, and Verplanck, that there is little real difficulty in *crush'd*. Exeter's meaning apparently is,—"The necessity which you urge is overcome, done away, *crushed*, by the argument that we have *locks* and *pretty traps* for security against the *weasel*; so that it does not follow that the cat must stay at home." H.

[22] The old copies have *consent*. *Consent*, however, and *concent* are but different forms of the same word; but *concent* is the form that has grown to be a term of art in music. In the preceding line the folio has *though* instead of *through*, which greatly obscures the sense of the passage; yet Knight's is the only modern edition we have seen that makes the correction.—The profound and beautiful idea of this passage occurs in a fragment quoted by St. Augustine from a lost book of Cicero's. But Shakespeare, if he did not discover it with his own unassisted eye, was more likely to derive it from Plato, who was much studied in England in his time. In the fourth book of his Republic he speaks something thus: "It is not wisdom and strength alone that make a state wise and strong; but order, like the harmony called the

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Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Arch. Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.[23] I this infer, —

diapason, runs through the whole state, making the weakest, and the strongest, and the middling people move in one concent." And again: "The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concent which connects the three chords, the octave the bass, and the fifth." That Shakespeare studied Plato in the original will hardly be pretended; and there was then no English translation for him: but he may very well have heard the noble idea discoursed upon at some hour of high converse by his friends Sidney and Spenser, or some others in that great senate of wit wherein himself was the greatest. H.

[23] We have once before caught Shakespeare watching at the bee-hive, and using the work carried on there as one of his classics. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. sc. 2, note 10. It need scarce be said that this description could only have

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That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

King. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant*

Now are we well resolv'd: and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.[24]

been given from his own observation. And what an eye he must have had for whatsoever is most poetical in nature! H.

[24] *Waxen epitaphs* were of course such epitaphs or memorials as were easily defaced and apt to perish. *Wax* and *marble* were often used or referred to as opposites in the imagery of the old poets This were needless to be said, but that the commentators

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Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus, then, in few:
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:[25]

have made much ado about the innocent expression. The quartos have "*paper* epitaph." We subjoin the whole speech as there given:

> "Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin;
> And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,
> France being ours, we'll bring it to our awe,
> Or break it all in pieces.
> Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak
> Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes,—
> Not worshipp'd with a paper epitaph." H.

[25] The *galliard* was a nimble, sprightly dance. See Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 3, note 10. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his superb poem On Dancing:

> "But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
> A swift and wandering dance she did invent,

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You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

King. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us:
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:[26]
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.[27] And we understand him well,

With passages uncertain to and fro,
Yet with a certain answer and consent
To the quick music of the instrument.
A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herself is fiery and divine." H.

[26] The *hazard* is a place in the tennis court, into which the ball is sometimes struck.

[27] Mr. Collier says,—"A *chase* at tennis is the duration of a contest between the players, in which the strife on each side is to keep up the ball." This funny piece of French diplomacy is thus related by Holinshed: "Whilest in the Lent season the king laie at Killingworth, there came to him from the Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors that brought with them a *barrell of Paris balles*, which from their master they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the king to passe the time with such childish exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the king wrote to him that yer ought long he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France." In the old play, The Famous Victories of Henry V., the "barrel of Paris balls" becomes "*a gilded tun of tennis balls*" H.

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How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;[28] and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

[28] At the first bringing of cannon into the field, *stones* were used instead of *balls*. H.

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Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy

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Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! — model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart, —
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men, —
One, Richard earl of Cambridge,[1] and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland, —
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.[2]
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.

[1] This was Richard Plantagenet, younger son to Edmund of Langley, duke of York, and brother to Edward, the duke of York of this play. H.

[2] We concur with Knight in keeping here exactly to the original text; not that we can pretend to understand it, but because we see not how it is to be bettered by any lawful correction. The more common reading changes *we'll* into *well*, and inserts *while we* before *force*, thus: "And *well* digest the abuse of distance, *while we* force a play." Mr. Collier retains *well* instead of *we'll*, and explains the passage thus: "The Chorus calls upon the audience to digest well the abuse of the scene, arising out of the distance of the various places, and to *force a play*, or put constraint upon themselves in this respect, for the sake of the drama." Which explanation we give, not as appearing at all satisfactory, but merely in default of a better. We could heartily wish the two lines were away, and are well persuaded they have no business there. H.

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There is the playhouse now, there must you sit;
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,[2]
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit*

SCENE I. London. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers[1] to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's

[2] So in the original; but the sense plainly requires the first *till* to be *when*. As the next scene is to be in London, the Chorus warns the spectators to wait for the shifting of the scene to Southampton, till the king comes forth. Perhaps it should be remarked that the shifting of scenes was much more the work of imagination then than it is now, as the senses had little help in a change of places. H

[1] In the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*.

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the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will die as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may. men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife. —Good corporal, be patient here. —How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike,[2] call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant, —

Bard. Good corporal, offer nothing here.[3]

[2] That is, base fellow. Still used in Scotland; where a *tike* is also a dog of a large common breed; as a mastiff, or shepherd's dog.

[3] The original has some troublesome confusion here, the words *good lieutenant* being transferred from the end of Mrs. Quickly's speech, as we give it, to the beginning of Bardolph's. Which can hardly be right, since it makes Bardolph address Pistol as *lieutenant*, while in this very scene he has twice spoken of him as *ancient*.

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Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog![4] thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valor of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;[5]
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take,[6] and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Modern editions generally take the whole away from Bardolph, and run it in with the preceding speech, at the same time inserting *Bardolph* after *lieutenant;* which does not help the matter at all. In our arrangement, of course Mrs. Quickly appeals imploringly to lieutenant Bardolph for his interposition, and he interposes before the words are out of her mouth. Which seems at once to clear up the confusion, and make the words suit the action al round. H.

[4] In a treatise by Abraham Fleming "Of English Dogges," 1576, occurs the following: "*Iceland dogges*, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes curres, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter." *Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in "Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes:"

> "He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
> Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man
> Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre.*"

[5] *Perdy* is an old corruption of *par dieu*, which seems to have been going out of use in the Poet's time. It occurs often in the old plays, and was probably taken thence by Pistol, whose talk is chiefly made up from the gleanings of the playhouse, the groggery, and the brothel. H.

[6] Pistol evidently uses this phrase in the same sense it bears in

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Nym. I am not Barbason ;[7] you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: — he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. Coupe le gorge, that's the word. — I thee defy again.
O, hound of Crete! think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and — *Pauca*, there's enough
Go to.

our time. He supposes Nym to have conveyed some dark insult by the word *solus*, and he prides himself on his ability to *take the meaning* of such insinuations. Malone, not *taking* this, proposed to read *talk*. H.

[7] *Barbason* is the name of a demon mentioned in The Merry Wives of Windsor. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers.

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Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, — and you, hostess: — he is very sick, and would to bed. — Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has kill'd his heart. — Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* QUICKLY *and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting? [8]

[8] This speech is not in the folio. It is taken from the quarto, and, though the dialogue were perhaps none the worse for lacking it, has won a sort of prescriptive right to the place; Mr. Knight

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Pist. A noble[9] shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me —
Is not this just? — for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right:
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

being the only editor of late that has rejected it, and he, as would seem, in virtue of a boldness that goes so often wrong, as to make him a questionable guide in any case. H.

[9] The noble was worth six shillings and eight pence.

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Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours; —
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter the KING, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Marsham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

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Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

King. We judge no less. — Uncle of Exeter
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

King. O! let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,[1]
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

[1] *Distemper* for *intemperance*, or *riotous excess*. Thus in Othello: "Full of supper, and *distempering* draughts." And in Holinshed: "Gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered* and reeled as he went."

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Appear before us? — We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late [2] commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

King. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours; —
There yours, lord Scroop of Marsham; — and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: —
Read them, and know I know your worthiness. —
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? — look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

King. The mercy, that was quick in us but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. —

[2] That is, those lately appointed

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See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use.
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;

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But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar[3] back,
And tell the legions — I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance![4] Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.[5] — Their faults are open:

[3] The *Tartarus* of classical mythology.

[4] Shakespeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. — *Johnson.*

[5] Lord Scroop has already been spoken of as having been the king's bedfellow. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelitie the king reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike counsell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For

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Arrest them to the answer of the law ; —
And God acquit them of their practices !

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, — the gold of France did not seduce,[6]
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,[7]
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,

he represented so great gravitie in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed." H.

[6] "Diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie, to please the French king withall, but onelie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law, Edmund earle of Marche, as heir to Lionel duke of Clarence ; who being for diverse secret impediments not able to have issue, the earl of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, lest the earl of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children he much doubted." — *Holinshed.*

[7] That is, at which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoice

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Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

King. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences![8] — Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver

[8] So in Holinshed: "Revenge herein touching my person, though I seeke not; yet for safegard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poore miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein Gods majestie give ye grace of his mercie, and repentance of your heinous offenses" H.

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Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. [illegible]

Mrs. QUICKLY's House in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and Boy.*

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring[1] thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom[2] child; a' parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o'the tide:

[1] That is, let me *accompany* thee.

[2] *Christom* is a Quickly form of *chrisom*. A chrisom-child was one that died within a month after the birth; so called from the *chrisom*, which was a white cloth put upon the child at baptism, and used for its shroud, in case it did not outlive the first month. The term was derived from the *chrism*, that is, the anointing, which made a part of baptism before the Reformation. Bishop Taylor has the word, all set in beauty, in his Holy Dying, Chap. I., sec. 2: "Every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a *chrisom-child* to smile." H.

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for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.[3] How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of [illegible] You have conspir'd ag[illegible]ed out — God, God, God! Join'd with [illegible] enemy [illegible] three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' should not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic;[4] and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

[3] This passage is altogether wanting in the quarto, and the folio reads "*a Table* of greene fields." Knight justly remarks that "Theobald made the correction of *a Table* to *a' babbled;* which was to turn what was unintelligible into sense and poetry." Of course the change has been universally received. H.

[4] *Rheumatic* is a Quicklyism for *lunatic*. H

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Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay:"
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;[5]
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.[6]—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. France.

A Room in the French King's Palace.

Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, *the Constable, and Others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

[5] Pistol puts forth a string of proverbs. "*Pitch and pay*, and go your way," is one in Florio's Collection. "Brag is a good dog, and *Holdfast* a better," is one of the others to which he alludes.

[6] That is, dry thine eyes.

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And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors, —
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,

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How modest in exception,[1] and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution, —
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,[2]
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire,[3] — on mountain standing,

[1] That is, how diffident and decent in making objections.

[2] The grammar of this passage is somewhat perplexed. *Being* is understood after *which*; and not merely *which*, but the whole clause is the subject or nominative of *doth*. So that the meaning comes thus: Which being ordered after a weak and niggardly project or plan, is like the work of a miser, who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth. H.

[3] *Mountain sire* probably refers to the Welch descent of Edward III.: he was of a stock whose blood was tempered amidst the mountains of Wales. H.

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Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, —
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry king of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths,[4] when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,

[4] That is, *bark*; the sportsman's term.

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And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,[5]
[*Gives a paper*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore, in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further

[5] That is, genealogy, or deduction of his *lineage*.

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To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.[6]

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now: Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

[6] So spelt in the original, such being then the common mode, and retained here for the sake of the verse. Of course the meaning is *ordnance*. H.

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Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier [1]
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
You stand upon the rivage,[2] and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!

[1] *Well-appointed* is well furnished with all necessaries of war — The old copies read "*Dover* pier;" but the Poet himself, and all accounts, and even the chronicles which he followed, say that the king embarked at Southampton.

[2] *Rivage*, the bank, or shore; *rivage*, Fr.

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Grapple your minds to sternage[3] of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France!
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock[4] now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and Chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

[3] *Sternage* and *steerage* were anciently synonymous; so also were *sternsman* and *steersman*. And the *stern* being the place of the *rudder*, the words were used indifferently. H.

[4] *Linstock* was a *stick* with *linen* at one end, used as a match for firing guns. — *Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance. They were used on the stage, and the Globe Theatre was burnt by a discharge of them in 1613. — Of course Shakespeare was a reader of Spenser, and this passage yields a slight trace of his reading. Thus in The Faerie Queene, Book i. can. 7, stan. 13:

"As when that *divelish yron engin*, wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre; the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will." H

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SCENE I. France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter the KING, EXETER, BEDFORD GLOSTER, *and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.*

King. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,[1]
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.[2]
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noblest English,[3]

[1] Shakespeare uses *portage* for *loop-holes* or *port-holes*.

[2] To *jutty* is to project; *jutties*, or *jetties*, are projecting moles to break the force of the waves. — *Confounded* is neither worn nor wasted, as Johnson tells us; nor destroyed, as Malone infers; but *vexed*, or *troubled*. — *Swill'd* anciently was used for "*wash'd much* or *long*, drowned, surrounded by water." — Daniel, in his Civil Wars, has a similar passage:

> "A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
> A huge aspiring rock, neighbouring the skies,
> Whose surly brow imperiously commands
> The sea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies;
> And spurns the waves that in rebellious bands
> Assault his empire, and against him rise."

[3] So in the folio of 1632. The first folio has "*noblish* English,"

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Whose blood is fet [4] from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy [5] now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and St. George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*

SCENE II. The same.

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!

which is evidently a mistake, the printer or transcriber having repeated the ending *ish*. Malone reads "*noble* English," which is better in itself, but has not quite so good authority — The whole speech is wanting in the quartos. H.

[4] *Fet* is an old form of *fetched*. It ought to be found in our version of the Bible, but has been modernized out of it. H.

[5] Of course *copy* is here used for the *thing copied*, that is, the patterr or model. H.

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Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal,[1] stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:[2] the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield, in bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.[3]

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould![4]
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!

[1] It appears in a former scene of this play that Bardolph has been lifted up from a corporal into a lieutenant since our acquaintance with him in Henry IV., and that Nym has succeeded him in the former rank. It is not quite certain whether the Poet forgot the fact here, or whether Nym, being used to call him corporal, in his fright loses his new title. H.

[2] That is, a *pair* of lives; as "a *case* of pistols," "a *case* of poniards," "a *case* of masks." So in Ram Alley we have "a *case* of justices."

[3] *Fluellen* is merely the Welch pronunciation of *Lluellyn*; as *Floyd* is of *Lloyd*.

[4] That is, be merciful, great *commander*, to men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. *Duke* is only a translation of the Roman *dux*. Sylvester, in his Du Bartas, calls Moses "a great duke."

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Good hawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! — your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best[5] men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase.[6] Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.[7] They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much

[5] That is, *bravest*. So, in the next line, *good deeds* are *brave actions*.

[6] *Purchase*, which anciently signified *gain, profit*, was the cant term used for any thing obtained by cheating.

[7] As *carrying coals* was esteemed the lowest office in the ancient households, the term became a proverb of reproach, and meant much the same as pocketing wrongs, or putting up with insults. Many instances in proof of this might be cited from old plays.

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against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines.[8] By Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gen-

[8] That is, the enemy *has digged* four yards under the counter mines.

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tleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in th'aunchiant wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit [9] you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, mary.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet

[9] I shall, with your permission, *requite you*; that is, *answer you*, or *interpose with my arguments*, as I shall find opportunity.

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calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death: and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. The same.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter the KING *and his Train.*

King. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;[1]
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,

[1] Lord Bacon, in a letter to king James, written a few days after the death of Shakespeare, says,—"And therefore in conclusion we wished him not to *shut the gate* of your majesty's *mercy* against himself by being obdurate." He is speaking of the earl of Somerset.

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When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds[1]
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your gates! — Come, uncle Exeter
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, —
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, — we will retire to Calais.

[1] To *overblow* is to *drive away*, to *keep off*.

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To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The* KING, *&c., enter the town.*

SCENE IV. Rouen. A Room in the Palace

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.[1]

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts, mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

[1] Touching this scene various grounds have been taken, some pronouncing it ridiculous, others rejecting it as an interpolation, and others wondering that Katharine and Alice should be made to speak French, when the other French characters talk English. We cannot well see why any thing better should be asked than Dr. Johnson's remarks on the subject: "The grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the Poet's time. There is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage."

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Kath. De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De nick, *madame.*

Kath. De nick: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col,* de nick: *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, *et* de sin *Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de con.

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Kath. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous a disner. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of BOURBON, *the Constable of France, and Others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.[1]

[1] *Shotten* signifies any thing projected; so *nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land,

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Con. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades,[2] their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor, we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;[3]

the very figure of Great Britain. Randle Holme, in his Accedence of Armory, has "*Querke*, a *nook-shotten* pane" [of glass.]

[2] *Sur-rein'd* is probably over-ridden or over-strained. Steevens observes that it is common to give horses, over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a mash. To this the constable alludes.

[3] The *lavolta* was a dance of Italian origin, and seems to have been something like the modern waltz, only, perhaps, rather more so. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his poem called Orchestra, quoted once before:

"A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound.
An anapest is all their music's song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

The *coranto* comes in for a like share of his poetical touching:

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Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret,[4] high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go, down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,

"What shall I name those current traverses,
That on a triple dactyl foot do run
Close by the ground with sliding passages,
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won,
Who with best order can all order shun?
For every where he wantonly must range,
And turn, and wind, with unexpected change." H

[4] This should be Charles D'Albret; but the metre would not admit of the change. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth*.

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He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.[5]

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give. —
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. —
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly,[1]

[5] That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a sum as ransom.

[1] After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass But Henry, having notice of their design, sent

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with excellent discipline. There is an aunchiant there at the pridge, — I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd aunchiant Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours. The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour,[2] hath, — by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling, restless stone, —

Flu. By your patience, aunchiant Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which

a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

[2] In the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient;* but it was also used for *lusty, rampant.* Pistol would be more likely to take the popular sense than one founded on etymology. Blount, after giving the old legitimate meaning of *buxomness,* says, "It is now mistaken for *lustiness* or *ramsancy.*"

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rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a *pax*,[3] and hanged must a' be
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchiant Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchiant, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friend ship!

[3] The *pax* was a small image of the Saviour, on which the congregation gave the kiss of *peace*. — Holinshed makes the following statement respecting the discipline kept up in this expedition: "The poore people of the countrie were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of them without paiment, nor anie outrage or offense doone by the Englishmen, except one, which was, that a souldier tooke a *pix* out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once remooved till the box was restored, and the offendor strangled." Of course the Poet drew from this passage, changing *pix* to *pax*, and assigning the theft to Bardolph. The *pix* is a casket or *box* in which the consecrated wafer was kept. H.

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Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done; — at such and such a sconce,[4] at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut,[5] and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age,[6] or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; — I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly

[4] A *sconce* was a blockhouse or *chief fortress*, for the most part round in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce; a lantern was also called a sconce, because of its round form.

[5] Our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards; a certain *cut* was appropriated to certain professions and ranks. The *spade* beard and the *stiletto* beard appear to have been appropriated to the soldier.

[6] Nothing was more common than such huffcap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the Poet's age; they are the continual subject of satire to his contemporaries.

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make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you! the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.[7]

Enter the KING, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

King. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, reasonably great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire;[8] and his lips plows at his nose, and it

[7] That is, I must tell him what was done at the bridge. H.

[8] Some lines of this expressive portrait were probably drawn from Chaucer's description of the Sompnour,

> "That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
> For sauseſleme he was, with eyen narwe.
> As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
> With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
> Of his visage children were sore aferd.
> Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
> That him might helpen of his *whelkes* white,
> Ne of the *knobbes* sitting on his chekes." H.

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is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King We would have all such offenders so cut off: — and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country there be nothing com pell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. *Enter* MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.[9]

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: — Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue,[10] and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have di gested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our

[9] That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald, being inviolable, was distinguished by a richly-emblazoned dress.

[10] That is, in our turn.

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disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my king and master; so much my office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

King. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king, — I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment;[11] for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French:
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. — Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! — this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before,[12] tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:

[11] That is, without *impediment;* an old use of *impeachment*, now obsolete. Thus in Holinshed: "But the passage was now so *impeached* with stakes in the botome of the foord, that he could not passe." H.

[12] *God before* was then used for *God being my guide.*

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If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.[13]

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit* MONTJOY.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, RAMBURES, ORLEANS, *the Dauphin, and Others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—
Would it were day!

[13] The Poet here follows very close upon the chronicler: "And so Montjoy king at armes was sent to the king of England, to defie him as the enemie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie answered,—'Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God: I will not seeke your master at this time; but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them, God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it; and yet I wish not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud!' When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward, and licence to depart." It was customary thus to reward heralds, whatever might be the nature of their message.

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Orl. You have an excellent armour, but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour, —

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;[1] *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a

[1] Alluding to the bounding of tennis balls, which were stuffed with hair. Thus in Much Ado about Nothing: "The old ornaments of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls."

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theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of nature!"

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought, yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.[2]

[2] So in the original, but in modern editions improperly changed to *trossers*. Mr. Dyce shows that *strossers* was not a misprint for *trossers*, but another form of the word, as the latter is but another form of *trowsers*. Thus in Dekker's Gull's Hornbook: "Nor the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welch wallet, the Italian's close *strosser*, nor the French standing collar." And in Middleton's No Wit, No Help like a Woman's: "Or, like a toiling usurer, sets his son a-horseback in cloth-of-gold, while himself goes to the devil a-foot in a pair of old *strossers*." — As for the thing meant, it was not what we now understand by the word, being *strait*, that is, tight, and exactly fitted to the shape. Thus in Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant, 1653: "Now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like the *Irish trossers*, they too manifestly discover the dimensions of every part." Remains but to add, that *strait strossers* is here used figuratively, meaning that he had *no trowsers on but what he was born with*; as the Irish Kerns commonly rode without breeches. R.

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Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs: I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.[3]

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:[4] thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

[3] His mistress wears *his* own hair, because his *horse* is his mistress. So that the changing of *his* to *her* in modern editions is wrong. H.

[4] It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with his Bible: we have here a strong presumptive proof that he read it, at least occasionally, in French. This passage will be found almost literally in the Geneva Bible, 1588. 2 Peter, ii. 22.

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Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.[5]

[5] This pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate*. When a hawk is unhooded, her first action is to bate, that is, beat her wings, or flutter. The Constable would insinuate that the Dauphin's courage, when he prepares for encounter, will *bate*, that is, soon diminish or evaporate.

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Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with — There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with — Give the devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with — A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much — A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. — Would it were day! — Alas, poor Harry of England! — he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish [6] fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like

[6] That is, foolish. See The Comedy of Errors, Act iv. sc. 1, note 2.

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rotten apples: You may as well say, that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—
by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:[1]

[1] It has been said that the distant visages of the soldiers would appear of an *umber* colour when beheld through the light of midnight fires. I suspect that nothing more is meant than *shadow'd*

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Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,[2]
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;[3]
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now! who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry — Praise and glory on his head!

face. The epithet *paly flames* is against the other interpretation. *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers. Thus Cavendish, in his Metrical Visions, Prologue: "Under the *umber* of an oke with bowes pendant." — *Singer.*

[2] This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, but as to a part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his rivetting hammer, *to close the rivet up;* so that the party's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet.

[3] The Poet took this from Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph; for the capteins had determined how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice." H.

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For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear; that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace —
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous, —
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding[4] true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter the KING, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be. —
Good morrow, brother Bedford. — God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,

[4] To *mind* is the same as to call to remembrance. Thus Baret "I *minde* this matter, and thinke still that it is before my eyes."

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Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.[1]
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. — Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

King. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

[1] The allusion is to the casting of the *slough* or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigor and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Légèreté*, French.

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I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM

King. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

King. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

King. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp[2] of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

King. Harry *le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. Davy's day.

King. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

[2] The original meaning of *imp* is *graff* or *scion*. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. sc. 2 note 1. H.

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Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *fico* for thee then!

King. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

King. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchiant prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. [*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

King. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

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Bates I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

King. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

King. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

King. No; nor it is not meet he should: for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone: so should

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he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

King. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all — We died at such a place; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not

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bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle; war is His vengeance; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

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Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd and we ne'er the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of the elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round:[3] I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine

King. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

[3] That is, too blunt or unceremonious.

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Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

King. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.[4] [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king![5] let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king! — we must bear all.
O, hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?[6]

[4] Of course reference is here had to the old doctrine, that marring or defacing the king's image on the coin was equivalent to making war on the king. H.

[5] There is something very striking and solemn in the soliloquy into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. — *Johnson.*

[6] This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed to "What is *the* soul of adoration?" The present reading is sufficiently intelligible: "O ceremony, show me what value thou art of! What is thy soul or essence of external worship or adoration?"

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Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream.
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced[7] title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;[8]
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:

[7] *Farced* is stuffed. The tumid, puffy titles with which a king's name is introduced.

[8] *Distressful bread* is the bread or food of poverty.

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And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
King. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
King. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord!
O, not to-day! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown![9]

[9] We have no hesitation in taking Mr. Singer's arrangement of this passage, as it differs from that of the first folio only in the pointing. The folio has it thus, *literatim et punctuatim:*

"Take from them row
The sence of reckning of th' opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne."

Where some change is evidently indispensable, to make the passage run in any meaning. The common reading is thus:

"Take from them now
The sense of reckoning, *if* the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. — Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault," &c. S.

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I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries,[10] where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

King. My brother Gloster's voice? — Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee. —
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. The French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval: — My horse! *valet! lacquay?* ha!

Orl. O, brave spirit!

Dau. Via![1] — *les eaux et la terre!*

[10] One of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem;* the other was for religious men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and was named *Sion.* They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond.

[1] *Via*, an exclamation of encouragement, *on, away;* of Italian origin. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii. sc. 2, note 15.

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Orl. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu !*
Dau. *Ciel !* cousin Orleans.

Enter the Constable.

Now, my lord constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh !

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt[2] them with superfluous courage : Ha !

Ram. What ! will you have them weep our horses' blood ?

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls ;
Leaving them but the shales[3] and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

[2] This is the reading of the folio, which Malone has altered to *dout*, that is, *do out* in provincial language. To *doubt*, in former times, signified to redoubt, to awe, to fear, or make afraid ; as well as to suspect or mistrust.

[3] *Shale* is an old form of *shell* : from the Saxon *schale*. H.

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That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;[4]
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance,[5] and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond' island carrions,[6] desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains[7] poorly are let loose,

[4] "A *hilding* foe" is a paltry, cowardly, base foe. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. sc. 6, note 1.

[5] The *tucket-sonnance*, or *sounding* of the *tucket*, was a flourish on a trumpet as a signal. — The Constable's spirits are kicking up their heels and dancing in merry scorn; *the note to mount* and *dare the field* being terms fitter for a sporting excursion than for a war tussle. Johnson remarks, — "He uses the terms of the field, as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are *dared* when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand." H.

[6] Holinshed gives the following account of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt: "The Englishmen were brought into some distresse in this journie, by reason of their vittels in maner spent, and no hope to get more; for the enemies had destroied all the corne before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarmes did ever so infest them: dailie it rained, nightlie it freezed: of fuell there was great scarsitie, of fluxes plentie: monie inough, but wares for their releefe to bestowe it on had they none." H.

[7] Their ragged *curtains* are their *colours*.

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And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,[8]
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit[9]
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard:[10] On, to the field!

[8] Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures holding the socket, for the lights, in their extended hands. They are mentioned in Vittoria Corombona, 1612: "He showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle."

[9] The *gimmal bit* was probably a bit in which two parts or links were united, as in the *gimmal* ring, so called because they were doubled linked; from *gemellus*, Lat.

[10] Thus in Holinshed: "They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noblemen made such hast toward the battell, that they left manie of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *staie* for their *standards;* as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, insteed of his standard." Every prince, commander, and chief officer had his attendant *guard*, or squire of the body, as he was sometimes called; in French, *garde-du-corps*. Even

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I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The English Camp

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, — my noble lord of Bedford, —
My dear lord Gloster, — and my good lord Exeter, —
And my kind kinsman,[1] — warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord: fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O! that we now had here

every gendarme, or complete man-at-arms, had his attendant archer, and they were both persons of distinction.

[1] This is addressed to Westmoreland by the speaker, who was *Thomas Montacute*, earl of Salisbury: he was not in point of fact related to Westmoreland; there was only a kind of connection by marriage between their families.

Enter the KING.

But one ten-thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.

King. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss;[2] and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns[3] me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company[4]

[2] Here again the Poet found something in the chronicler to work upon: "It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus, 'I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England!' the king answered, — I would not wish a man more here than I have: we are indeed in comparison of the enemies but a few, but, if God of his clemencie doo favour us and our cause, as I trust he will, we shall speed well inough. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine." H.

[3] To *yearn* is to grieve or vex.

[4] Coleridge suggests that this line should read — "We would

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That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: [5]
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,[6]
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say — To-morrow is St. Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.[7]
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth [8] as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

not *live* in that man's company;" thus making a natural antithesis to *die* in the next line. H.

[5] The battle of Agincourt was fought the 25th of October, 1415. The saints who gave name to the day were Crispin and Crispianus, brothers, born at Rome, from whence they travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, to propagate Christianity, but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers: the governor of the town, discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded. Hence they have become the patron saints of shoemakers.

[6] The original transposes *live* and *see* in this line. Pope made the correction; and it is to be regretted that Knight and Verplanck have unmade it. H.

[7] Malone added another line here from the quartos, thus: "And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day." The sense is complete without it: besides, it makes the last line of the speech savour too much of repetition. H.

[8] So in the original. Modern editions, except Knight's and Verplanck's, change *his mouth* into *their mouths*. This is done, no doubt, to make it harmonize with *their cups* just below. It is a parlous thing to meddle much with Shakespeare's words. Here *his* is the *old man* in whose mouth the names of his great companions are to be as *household words*, while they are to be *freshly called to mind* by the *friends* who are feasting with him H.

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This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:[9]
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely[10] in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

King. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will! my liege; 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this royal battle!

King. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;[11]

[9] That is, shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. King Henry V. inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.

[10] That is, in a braving manner. To go *bravely* is to look aloft.

[11] By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. The poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand*, but in the last scene the French are said to be full *three-score thousand*, which Exeter declares to be five to one. The

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Which likes me better, than to wish us one. —
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow;
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The constable of France.

King. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

numbers of the English are variously stated; Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.

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Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.[12]

Mont. I shall, King Harry: And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

King. I fear thou wilt once more come again for ransom.

[12] Of this second proposal for ransom Holinshed speaks thus: "Here we may not forget how the French in their jolitie sent an herald to King Henrie, to inquire what ransom he would offer. Whereunto he answered, that within two or three houres he hoped it would so happen that the Frenchmen should be glad to common rather with the Englishmen for their ransoms, than the English to take thought for their deliverance, promising for his owne part, that his dead carcasse should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen, than that his living bodie should paie anie ransome."

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Enter the Duke of YORK.[13]

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.[14]

King. Take it, brave York. — Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, *and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality? *Calen o custure me!*[1] art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

[13] This *Edward* duke of York has already appeared in King Richard II. as *duke of Aumerle.* He was the son of Edmund of Langley, the duke of York of the same play, who was the fifth son of King Edward III.

[14] The *vaward* is the *vanguard.* So in Holinshed: "He appointed a *vaward*, of the which he made capteine Edward duke of York, who of an haultie courage had desired that office." H.

[1] These words, it seems, were the burden of an old song. The original has *calmie custure me*, which was a great puzzle to the commentators, until Malone found, in A Handful of Pleasant Delights, 1584, "A Sonet of a Lover in praise of his Lady: To *Calen o custure me:* sung at everie line's end." Boswell found the notes in Playford's Musical Companion; but it is there given *Callino, castore me.* We prefer for obvious reasons the form most likely to have fallen under the Poet's eye. Mr. Boswell says the words mean "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever;" and he adds, — "They have, it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any. Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a tune." H

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Pist. O! signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark: —
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,[2]
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim [3] out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys? [4] —
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez: Comment estes vous appellé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

[2] *Fox* is an old cant word for a *sword;* it was applied to the old English broadsword. Thus in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: "A fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an *old fox* in it."

[3] Pistol is not very scrupulous in his language: he uses *rim* for the *intestines* generally. It is not very clear what our ancestors meant by it: Bishop Wilkins defines it "the membrane of the belly;" Florio makes it the omentum, "a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, *rim*, or kell wherein the bowels are lapt." Holland, in his Translation of Pliny, several times mentions "the *rim* of the paunch." And in Chapman's Version of the Iliad: "The lance his target tooke, and in his bellies *rimme* was sheath'd, beneath his girdle-stead."

[4] Pistol's *moy* is probably a vulgar corruption of *moidore;* at least we have no better solution to offer. The moidore was current in England for about twenty-seven shillings.

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Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk [5] him, and ferret him: — discuss the same in French unto him

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and fer ret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper le gorge, par ma foy, peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

[5] To *firk* is to beat or scourge: to *yerk* and to *jerk* are words of the same import. Thus in the old play, Ram Alley: "Nay, I will *firk* my silly novice, as he was never *firk'd* since midwives bound his noddle"

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Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. — Follow me! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit French Soldier.*

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, — The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger;[6] and they are both hang'd: and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter the Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, *the Constable,* RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur! — le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

[6] See Twelfth Night, Act iv. sc. 2, note 13. In the old play of The Taming of a Shrew, one of the players says, — "My lord, we must have a little vinegar to make our *devil roar.*" *Ho! ho!* and *Ah! ha!* seem to have been the exclamations constantly given to the devil, who is, in the old mysteries, as turbulent and

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Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. — *O meschante fortune!* —
Do not run away.[1] [*A short Alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O, perdurable shame! — let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: Once more back again;[2]
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,[3]
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.[4]

vainglorious as Pistol. The Vice or fool, among other indignities, used to threaten to pare his nails with his dagger of lath; the devil being supposed from choice to keep his claws long and sharp.

[1] "Ludicrous as these introductory scraps of French appear, so instantly followed by good nervous mother English, yet they are judicious, and produce the impression which Shakespeare intended — a sudden feeling struck at once on the ears, as well as the eyes, of the audience, that 'here come the French, the baffled French braggarts!' And this will appear still more judicious, when we reflect on the scanty apparatus of distinguishing dresses in Shakespeare's tyring-room." — *Coleridge.* H.

[2] The folio has this line thus: "Let us dye in once more backe againe;" where it is evident, from the defect both of sense and of metre, that a word has dropped out after *in*. *Honour* is taken from the quarto, where is found, — "*Lets dye with honor.*" Malone supplied *fight*. Theobald *instant;* no one till Knight having resorted to the quarto, whither all manifestly should have gone. H

[3] That is, who has no more gentility

[4] The quartos add another line here, making the passage read thus

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Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter the KING *and Forces;* EXETER, *and Others.*

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

King. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face:
He cries aloud, — "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly abreast,

"Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame."

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As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught[1] me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, — "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips,
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

King. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. —
[*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same? —
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle

[1] That is, reached.

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have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.[1] O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander

[1] This matter is thus related by Holinshed: "While the battell thus continued, certeine Frenchmen on horsseback, to the number of six hundred, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavillions were without anie sufficient gard, entred upon the king's campe, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried awaie caskets, and slue such servants as they found to make anie resistance. But when the outerie of the lackies and boies, which ran awaie for feare of the Frenchmen, came to the king's eares, he, doubting least his enemies should gather togither againe, and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enemies, or the verie enemies to their takers in deed, if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet, that everie man, upon paine of death, should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner." It appears afterwards, however, that the king, upon finding the danger was not so great as he at first thought, stopped the slaughter, and was able to save a great number. It is observable that the king gives as his reason for the order, that he expected another battle, and had not men enough to guard one army and fight another. Gower here assigns a different reason. Holinshed gives both reasons, and the Poet chose to put one in the king's mouth, the other in Gower's. H.

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is porn. I tell you, captain, — if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river: but 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.[2]

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

[2] Johnson observes that this is the last time Falstaff can make sport. The Poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

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Alarum. Enter the KING, *with a Part of the English Forces;* WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Others.*

King. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr [5] away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; [4]
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. — Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

King. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,

[3] That is, *scour* away; to run swiftly in various directions. It has the same meaning in Macbeth, Act v. sc. 3, "*Skirr* the country round."

[4] This of course refers to the prisoners mentioned in note 1 as having been spared. So that Dr. Johnson had no cause for censuring the Poet, that he made the king kill his prisoners twice. The incident of the text runs thus in Holinshed: "Some write, that the king perceiving his enemies in one parte to assemble togither, as though they meant to give a new battell for preservation of the prisoners, sent to them a herald, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once and give battell; promising herewith, that if they did offer to fight againe, not only those prisoners which his people already had taken, but also so many of them as in this new conflict, which they thus attempted, should fall into his hands, should die the death without redemption" H.

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That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench the peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength for it! —
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.[5]

[5] So the chronicler: "In the morning Montjoie and foure other heralds came to the king, to know the number of prisoners. and to desire buriall for the dead. Before he made them answer, he demanded whie they made that request, considering that he knew not whether the victorie was his or theirs. When Montjoie by true and just confession had cleered that doubt, he desired to understand the name of the castell neere adjoining: when they had told him that it was called Agincourt, he said, Then shall this conflict be called the battell of Agincourt." H.

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Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Welchmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;[6] which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavy's day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welch, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welch plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases His grace, and His majesty too!

King. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

King. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY *and Others.*

[6] Fuller, in his Worthies of Monmouthshire, says,—"The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *cappers'* chapel doth still remain." He adds,—"If at this day the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion."

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Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

King. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night; who, if a' live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

King. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.[7]

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce,[8] as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la.

King. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

King. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

[7] *Great sort* is high rank. A man of such rank is not bound to *answer* to the challenge from one of the soldier's *low degree.*

[8] Jack-sauce for saucy Jack.

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King. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together,[9] I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of His grace, that I might see.

King. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

King. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

King. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o'the ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,

[9] Henry was felled to the ground by the duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the king's *guard*, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to save him.

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And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Before King HENRY's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and His pleasure! captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king; there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.
[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud! an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be

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God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter the KING *and* EXETER.

King. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

King. Give me thy glove, soldier: Look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

King. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you,

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take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

King. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly!—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

King. Now, herald! are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a Paper.*

King. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number

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And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead, —
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death! —
Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another Paper*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God! Thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone
Ascribe we all. — When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other? — Take it, God,
For it is only Thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

King. Come, go we in procession to the village

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And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

King. Do we all holy rites:[1]
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things.

[1] "The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and, gathering his army togither, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme, — *In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commaunded every man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, — *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused TE DEUM with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power." — *Holinshed.*

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Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[1] 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness, and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress[2]

[1] *Whifflers* were persons going before a great personage or procession, furnished with staves or wands to clear the way. The junior liverymen of the city companies, who walk first in processions, are still called *whifflers*, from the circumstance of their going before. There have been several errors, as Mr. Douce remarks, in the attempts to give the origin of the term: he derives it from *whiffle*, which, he says, is another name for a fife, as fifers usually preceded armies or processions.

[2] That is, the earl of Essex. Shakespeare grounded his anticipation of such a reception for Essex, on his return from Ireland

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(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,[3]
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him:
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home.
The emperor's coming[4] in behalf of France,
To order peace between them, we omit,
And all the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit*

SCENE I. France.

An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? St. Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and

upon what had already occurred at his setting forth, when he was accompanied by an immense concourse of all ranks, showering blessings upon his head.

[3] *Broached* is *spitted, transfixed.*

[4] The Emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin. This passage stands in the following embarrassed and obscure manner in the folio:

> "The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
> To order peace between them: and omit
> All the occurrences," &c.

The liberty here taken is to transpose the word *and*, and substitute *we* in its place.

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wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, — which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, — he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. — Got pless you, aunchiant Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got bless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it.

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[*Striking him again.*] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd[1] him

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. — Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and ask I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot. — Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy

[1] Stunned.

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nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go: you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, — begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, — and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking[2] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welch correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife[3] with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*[4]

[2] *Gleeking* is scoffing, sneering. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii. sc. 1, note 10.

[3] *Huswife*, for jilt, or hussy, as we have it still in vulgar speech.

[4] "The comic scenes of these plays are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."— *Johnson*

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SCENE II. Troyes in Champagne.

An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one Door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen* ISABEL, *the Princess* KATHARINE, *Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met![1]
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:[2]
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,

[1] That is, Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting. Here, Johnson thought, the Chorus should have been prefixed, and the fifth act begin.

[2] The *basilisk* was a *serpent* which, it was anciently supposed, could destroy the object of his vengeance by merely looking at it. Thus in The Winter's Tale: "Make me not sighted like the *basilisk*." It was also a *great gun*; and the allusion here is double

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Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
King. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar [3] and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges, even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,

[3] That is, this *barrier*, this place of congress. The chronicles represent a former interview in a field near Melun, with a *barre* or barrier of separation between the pavilions of the French and English; but the treaty was then broken off. It was now renewed at Troyes, but the scene of conference was St. Peter's church in that town, a place inconvenient for Shakespeare's action; his editors have therefore laid it in a palace.

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That should deracinate[4] such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures,[5] grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,[6]
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,[7]
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

King. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

[4] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots.

[5] It has been proposed to read *nurtures*, that is, culture. But Steevens concurs in Upton's opinion, that change is unnecessary. They were not defective in their *cresive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man.

[6] It appears from Florio's Dictionary, that *diffused*, or *defused*, was used for *confused*. *Diffused attire* is therefore *disordered* or *dishevelled attire*. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's Nice Valour, Act iii. sc. 3: "Enter the passionate Lord, *rudely and carelessly apparel'd, unbraced and untrussed;*" who is thus addressed:

> "Think upon love, which makes all creatures handsome,
> Seemly for eyesight! go not so *diffusedly:*
> There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you."

[7] *Favour* here means comeliness of appearance.

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Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

King. Well, then, the peace
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To resurvey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.[8]

King. Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloster,
Warwick, and Huntington,[9] — go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

[8] To *pass* here signifies "to finish, end, or agree upon the acceptance which we shall give them, and return our peremptory answer." Thus in The Taming of the Shrew: "To *pass* assurance of a dower," is to agree upon a settlement. "To passe over; *to passe*, to finish or agree upon some businesse or matter. *Transigo.*" — *Baret.*

[9] John Holland, earl of Huntingdon, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence are in the list of Dramatis Personæ, as neither of them speak a word

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King Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but King* HENRY, KATHARINE, *and her Gentlewoman.*

King. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

King. O, fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

King. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit il? que je suis semblable à les anges.

Alice. Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit il.

King. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

King. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

King. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English;

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for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king, that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown.[10] I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure,[11] yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be

[10] Johnson thinks this blunt, honest kind of English wooing inconsistent with the previous character of the king, and quotes the Dauphin's *opinion* of him, "that he was fitter for a ball room than the field." This opinion, however, was erroneous. Shakespeare only meant to characterize English downright sincerity; and surely the previous habits of Henry, as represented in former scenes, do not make us expect great refinement or polish in him upon this occasion, especially as fine speeches would be lost upon the princess, from her ignorance of his language.

[11] That is, in *dancing*.

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thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall,[12] a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

King. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a

[12] That is, shrink, fall away.

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new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*, (let me see, what then? St. Dennis be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

King. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard?[13] shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

[13] This is one of the Poet's anachronisms. The Turks had not possession of Constantinople until the year 1453, when Henry had been dead thirty-one years.

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Kath. I do not know dat.

King. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

King. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage.[14] Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his

[14] *Untempering* is *unsoftening, unmitigating.* "To *temper* or mitigate sorrow with mirth. *Condire* per translationem, ut condire tristitiam hilaritate, Cicero." — *Baret.*

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face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon père.*

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

King. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur

King. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.

King. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France, — I cannot tell what is, *baiser, en* English.

King. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

King. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

King. O, Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss:

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therefore, patiently, and yielding. *Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English Lords.*

Bur. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

King. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

King. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

King. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

King. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

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Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid;[16] for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

King. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

King. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

King. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—
Where your majesty demands, that the king of

[16] The ancient *perspectives* have already been explained. See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 11; and Richard II., Act ii. sc 2. note 2. H.

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France, having any occasion to write for matter of
grant, shall name your highness in this form, and
with this addition, in French, — *Notre très cher filz
Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France;* and
thus in Latin, — *Præclarissimus*[16] *filius noster Hen-
ricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

King. I pray you, then, in love and dear alli-
ance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood
raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred: and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

King. Now welcome, Kate: — and bear me wit-
ness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,

[16] *Præclarissimus* for *Præcarissimus.* Shakespeare followed Holinshed, in whose Chronicle it stands thus. Indeed, all the old historians have the same blunder. In the original treaty of Troyes, printed in Rymer, it is *præcarissimus.*

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Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! — God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

King. Prepare we for our marriage: — on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. —
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending [17] author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.[18]
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

[17] That is, unequal to the weight of his subject, and *bending* beneath it.

[18] That is, by touching only on select parts.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA makes the eleventh in the division of Tragedies as published in the folio of 1623. In that edition there is no marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have "*Actus Primus, Scœna Secunda:*" in other respects the stage-directions are for the most part remarkably full and accurate. And the text is in the main very well printed, most of the errors being slight and such as almost to suggest their own correction. Such of them as there is or can well be much question about will be found duly attended to in our notes; so that they need not be discussed nor specified here.

As to the time when this tragedy was written, the most that we have to ground a probable conclusion upon, aside from the qualities of the work itself, is an entry at the Stationers' by Edward Blount, May 20th, 1608, of "a book" called "Antony and Cleopatra." Whether Shakespeare's drama were the "book" referred to in this entry, is something questionable, as the subject of Antony and Cleopatra was at that time often written upon, both dramatically and otherwise. The entry was of course made with the design of publication; so that, if it refer to the play in hand, either such design must have miscarried, or else the edition must have been utterly lost, there being no earlier copy known in modern times than the folio of 1623. As stated in our Introduction to Coriolanus, Blount was one of the publishers of the first folio; and Antony and Cleopatra is among the plays set down as "not formerly entered to other men," in the entry made by him and Jaggard at the Stationers', November 8th, 1623. Perhaps we ought to mention here, as some evidence that Blount's entry of May, 1608, did refer to Shakespeare's play, that "the book of Pericles, Prince of Tyre" was also entered at the same time and by the same man.

Granting this point, the natural inference would be that the

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composition of the play was in 1607, or very early in 1608, which is the date assigned by Malone; unless we may suppose, what is indeed possible, that Blount's entry was made in anticipation of the writing, and upon the strength of the Poet's having announced a design to write on that subject. Mr. Collier and others tell us there is perhaps no point in the early history of the English stage more clear, than that the theatrical companies took every precaution in order to keep the plays belonging to them out of print. And we have strong ground for believing that, after the edition of Hamlet in 1604, there was no authorized issue of any of the Poet's dramas during his life-time. This may be, and probably is, the cause of there being no edition of the play in pursuance of the entry in question.

Knight and Verplanck argue somewhat strenuously, that Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra was not written till some years after the date of Blount's entry, and that this entry had reference to some other performance. Their main reasons for doing so are, the alleged want of something to fill up the latter years of the Poet's life after his retirement from the stage, and the admitted fact that the style of this play bespeaks the Poet's highest maturity of mind. We agree, however, with Mr. Collier in assigning the composition to 1607 or the winter of 1607–8, when the author was in his forty-fourth year. This brings it within the same five years of his life, from 1605 to 1610, which probably witnessed the production of Macbeth and King Lear. It will hardly be questioned, we should presume, that at the time of writing these stupendous dramas the Poet's mind was equal to any achievement lying within the compass of human thought. Nor can we taste in this play any peculiarities of style, as distinguished from the proper tokens of dramatic power, that should needs infer more ripeness of the author's mind, than in case of the other dramas reckoned to the same period.

In Antony and Cleopatra, the drawings from history, though perhaps not larger in the whole than we find in some other plays, are, however, more minute and circumstantial. Here the Poet seems to have sifted and picked out from old Plutarch, with the most scrupulous particularity, every fact, every embellishment, and every line and hint of character, that could be wrought coherently into the structure and process of the work; the whole thus evincing the closest study and the exactest use of the matter before him. Notwithstanding, his genius is as far as ever from seeming at all encumbered with help, or anywise cramped or shackled by the restraints of history: on the contrary, his creative faculties move so freely and play so spontaneously under and through the Plutarchian matter, his takings and givings run together in such perfect interfusion of substance and such mutual continuity of life, that the borrowings seem no less original than what he created, and the creatings no less historical than what he borrowed.

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As in case of the two preceding Roman tragedies, we subjoin a careful abstract of North's Plutarch, gathering in every thing used by the Poet, and keeping, as far as may be, to the very words of the translator. First, however, it seems needful to state, that not long after the overthrow of Brutus and Cassius the Triumvirs partitioned the Empire among themselves, Antony taking the Asiatic provinces as his share. After relating various particulars of his government, his habits, and dispositions, the historian goes on as follows:

Antony being thus inclined, the extremest mischief of all lighted upon him, namely, the love of Cleopatra, who did waken and stir up many vices in him yet hidden; and, if any spark of goodness were left, she quenched it straight. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antony, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to Cleopatra to appear before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer the charge of having aided Brutus and Cassius in their war against him. The messenger, having considered her beauty, and the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, nothing mistrusted that Antony would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself that within few days she should be in great favour with him. Thereupon he persuaded her to come into Cilicia as honourably furnished as possible, and bade her not to be afraid of Antony, for he was a more courteous lord than any she had ever seen. Cleopatra, guessing by the former credit she had with Julius Cæsar and Cneius Pompey only for her beauty, began to have good hope that she might win Antony: for Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing and knew not what the world meant; but now she was at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver and sumptuous ornaments; but yet she carried nothing wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters from Antony and his friends, she made so light of it, that she took her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now, for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold, of tissue, apparelled like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand, pretty, fair boys, apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands with which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also were apparelled like the Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable people. Some of them

followed the barge all along the river's side; others ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people to see her, that Antony was left alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia.

When Cleopatra landed, Antony sent to invite her to supper with him; but she sent him word he should do better to come and sup with her: he therefore, to show himself courteous, went to supper to her; where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. The next night, Antony, feasting her, contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness; but she overcame him in both; so that he began to scorn the gross service of his house in respect of hers. And when she found his jests to be but gross and soldier-like, she gave it him finely, and taunted him without fear. Her beauty was not so passing, nor such as upon present view did enamour men with her; but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick; for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned into any language that pleased her.

Now, Antony was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that, though his wife Fulvia had great wars with Cæsar for his affairs, and the army of the Parthians was now assembled to invade Syria, yet he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he lost in childish sports and idle pastimes the most precious thing a man can spend, and that is, time. For they made an order between them, feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather report, that one Philotas a physician told him, that he was at that time in Alexandria and studied physic, and one of Antony's cooks took him to Antony's house to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, —"Sure, you have a great number of guests to supper." The cook fell a-laughing and answered him, —"Not many guests, nor above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, else it would be marred straight: for Antony peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or like enough he will defer it longer; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in."

Cleopatra still devised new delights to have Antony at commandment, never leaving him night or day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink

with him, hunt with him, and be with him when he went to any exercise: sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave, in the night, and peer into poor men's windows and shops, and scold and brawl with them, she would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him. But, to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, were too fond a part, and therefore I will only tell one. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was angry, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line they should dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook; and so he snatched up his angling rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone among her own people she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came and got into the boats, to see it. Antony threw in his line, and Cleopatra commanded one of her men to dive under before Antony's men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antony snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra, also laughing, said unto him, — "Leave us Egyptians your angling-rod: this is not thy profession; thou must hunt after conquering realms and countries."

Antony delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places: the first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and were driven to fly out of Italy; the second, that Labienus conquered all Asia, with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates and Syria unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then he began, with much ado, a little to rouse himself as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep. So, first, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as Phœnicia; but there received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia; whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, and, as he went, was informed that his wife was the only cause of the war; who had raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But, by good fortune, his wife, going to meet with him, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon.

When he landed in Italy, and men saw that Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antony laid all the fault on his wife, the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters; but made them friends together, and divided the Empire of Rome between them. This was yet to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus: There was Octavia the eldest sister of Cæsar, whom Cæsar loved dearly, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of Caius Marcellus, who died not long before. It seemed also that Antony had been a widower since

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the death of Fulvia; for he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, neither did he confess that he had her as his wife. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping that Octavia having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty joined to so rare a beauty, when she were with Antony would be a good mean to keep love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So, when Cæsar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome about the marriage.

Sextus Pompey at that time kept in Sicily, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pirate ships, of which two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, were captains, who so scoured the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Pompey had dealt very friendly with Antony, having courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misenum, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Cæsar and Antony their armies on the shore-side, directly over against him. When they had agreed that Pompey should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers; and withal should send a certain measure of wheat to Rome; one of them did feast another, and drew cuts which should begin. It was Pompey's chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antony asked him, — "And where shall we sup?" "There," said Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars. So he cast anchors enough into the sea to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them on board from the head of Mount Misenum; and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. In the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antony's love unto Cleopatra, Menas came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear said unto him, — "Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole Empire of Rome besides?" Pompey, having paused awhile, at length answered, — "Thou shouldest have done it, and never have told me; but now we must content us with what we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." The other two did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned to Sicily.

After this agreement, Antony sent Ventidius into Asia to stay the Parthians, and in the mean time he and Cæsar jointly despatched all great matters concerning the Empire. With Antony there was a Soothsayer of Egypt, that could judge of men's nativities, to tell what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or because he found it so by his art, told Antony that his fortune, which of itself was good and great, was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's; and therefore he counselled

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him utterly to leave his company, and to get as far from him as he could. "For thy demon," said he, "that is, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee, is afraid of his; and, being courageous and high when alone, becometh fearful and timorous when near unto the other." Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true; for it is said that as often as they drew cuts for pastime, or whether they played at dice, Antony always lost. Oftentimes, when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome. The which spited Antony in his mind, although he made no outward show of it; and therefore he believed the Egyptian the better. In fine, he recommended the affairs of his house unto Cæsar, and went out of Italy with Octavia his wife, whom he carried into Greece after he had a daughter by her.

Antony, lying all the winter at Athens, feasted the Athenians, and kept open house for all Grecians. Meantime, Ventidius overcame Pacorus in a battle fought in Syria, at which was slain a great number of Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the son of King Orodes. This noble exploit was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received by the death of Marcus Crassus. And he made the Parthians fly and glad to keep within the territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not follow them any further, lest he should have gotten Antony's displeasure by it. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this time; and he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antony and Cæsar, namely, that they were always more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sosius, one of Antony's lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service; and Canidius, who was also his lieutenant in Armenia, did conquer it all.

But Antony grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar, upon certain reports that had been brought unto him; so he took sea to go towards Italy, and landed at Tarentum. There his wife Octavia that came with him besought him to send her unto her brother, which he did. At that time she was great with child; yet she put herself in journey, and met her brother by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and intreated they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate. "For now," said she, "every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the Emperors, and wife of the other. And if they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but, for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable." These words so softened

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Cæsar's heart, that he went quickly unto Tarentum. First, Antony feasted Cæsar, which he granted unto for his sister's sake. Afterwards they agreed together, that Cæsar should give Antony two legions to go against the Parthians, and that Antony should let Cæsar have an hundred galleys armed with brazen spars at the prows. Besides all this, Octavia obtained of her husband twenty brigantines for her brother, and of her brother for her husband a thousand armed men. After they had taken leave of each other, Cæsar went to make war with Sextus Pompey, to get Sicily into his hands. Antony, also, leaving his wife and children with Cæsar, went directly into Asia.

Then began the pestilent mischief of Cleopatra's love to kindle again, as soon as Antony came near unto Syria, and in the end did put out of his head all honest and commendable thoughts. Whilst he was busy preparing to make more cruel war with the Parthians than he had done before, his wife, whom he had left at Rome, would needs take sea to come unto him. Her brother was willing to it, not so much for any respect at all to Antony, as that he might have an honest colour to make war with him, if he did misuse her. But when she was come to Athens, she received letters from Antony, willing her to stay there until his coming. Though this grieved her much, and she knew it was but an excuse, yet by her letters to him she asked whether he would have those things sent unto him which she had brought, being great store of apparel for soldiers, a great number of horse, sums of money and gifts, to bestow on his friends and captains, and two thousand men all well-armed. When one of Antony's friends, whom he had sent to Athens, brought these news from Octavia, and withal did greatly praise her, Cleopatra, fearing she would be too strong for her, and win him away, subtilly seemed to languish for the love of Antony, pining her body for lack of meat. Furthermore, she every way so framed her countenance, that when Antony came to see her, she cast her eyes upon him like a woman ravished with joy. Straight again, when he went from her, she fell a-weeping, looking ruefully on the matter; and still found means that he should often find her weeping; and when he came suddenly upon her, she made as though she dried her eyes, and turned her face away as if unwilling he should see her weep. Then the flatterers that furthered her mind blamed Antony, and told him he was a hard-natured man and had small love in him, that would see a poor lady in such torment for his sake. "For Octavia," they said, "that was married to him because her brother's affairs required it, hath the honour to be called Antony's lawful wife; and Cleopatra, being born a queen, is only named Antony's leman; and yet she disdained not so to be called, if she might enjoy his company and live with him; but, if he once leave her, then it is impossible she should live." By these flatteries and inducements, they so wrought Antony's effeminate mind, that, fearing lest she would make herself away, he returned to Alexandria.

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When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antony's house, and dwell by herself, because he had abused her. She answered him that she would not forsake her husband's house, and that, if he had no other occasion to make war with him, she prayed him to take no thought for her. Now, as she spake, so she did perform; for she kept still in Antony's house as if he had been there. And when he sent any of his men to Rome to sue for any office, she received them very courteously, and so used herself to her brother that she obtained the things requested. Howbeit, thereby she did Antony great hurt; for her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a lady. But the greatest cause of their malice unto him, was the division of lands he made among his children in Alexandria. For he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before them, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Lydia, and lower Syria, and also Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion Armenia, Media, and Parthia; and unto Ptolemy for his portion Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. For Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis; and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis.

Cæsar, reporting these things unto the Senate, and after accusing him to the people, thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antony, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, first, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompey in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that, having put Lepidus out of his part of the Empire, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof. Cæsar answered, that, for Lepidus, he had indeed deposed him and taken his part of the Empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority: and secondly, for the conquests he had made, he was contented Antony should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia.

Antony, hearing these news, being yet in Armenia, went with Cleopatra unto the city of Ephesus, and there gathered together his galleys and ships out of all parts; and thus, all their forces being joined together, they hoisted sail towards the isle of Samos, and there gave themselves to feasts and solace. When all things were ready, and they drew near to fight, it was found that Antony had no less than five hundred good ships of war, among which

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were many galleys that had eight and ten banks of oars. He had also an hundred thousand footmen, and twelve thousand horsemen, and these kings with him to aid him; Bocchus, king of Lybia Tarcondemus, king of Cilicia, Archelaus, king of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates, king of Comagena, and Adallas, king of Thracia. All these were there in person. The residue that were absent sent their armies; as Polemor, king of Pont, Malchus, king of Arabia, Herod, king of Jewry, Amyntas, king of Lycaonia; and besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Mede sent unto him. For Cæsar, he had two hundred and fifty ships of war, eighty thousand footmen, and well-near as many horsemen as his enemy.

Now, Antony was so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea; though he saw that for lack of watermen his captains did press all sorts of men that they could take up, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys; so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row. On the other side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, but were light of yarage, armed and furnished with watermen as many as they needed. So Cæsar sent unto Antony, willing him to come with his army into Italy; and said he would withdraw from the sea until he had put his army ashore and lodged his men. On the other side, Antony sent and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before.

Whilst Antony rode at anchor, lying idly in harbour at the head of Actium, Cæsar had quickly passed the sea Ionium, and taken a place called Troyne, before Antony understood that he had taken ship. Then began his men to be afraid, because his army by land was left behind. And Canidius told him it should be no dishonour to him to let Cæsar have the sea, because his men had been well exercised in battles by sea, in the war against Pompey; but that he, having so great skill and experience of battles by land, should do against all reason, if he should not employ the force and valiantness of so many lusty armed footmen as he had ready, but would weaken his army by dividing them into ships. But Cleopatra forced him to put all to the hazard of battle by sea, considering with herself how she might fly and provide for her safety, not to help him to win the victory. So, when Antony had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire, but threescore ships of Egypt, and the best and greatest galleys. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, that had served Antony in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut

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who, as Antony passed by him, cried out unto him and said,—"O, noble Emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What! do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet." Antony only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself: for, when the masters of the galleys and pilots would have let their sails alone, he made them clap them on, saying, to colour the matter withal, that not one of his enemies should scape. All that day and the three days following the sea was so boisterous that the battle was put off. The fifth day the storm ceased, and then they rowed with force of oars in battle one against the other; Antony leading the right wing, with Publicola and Cælius the left, and Marcus Octavius and Marcus Justeius the midst. Cæsar, on the other side, had placed Agrippa in the left wing, and kept the right for himself. For the armies by land, Canidius was the general of Antony's side, and Taurus of Cæsar's side; who kept their men in battle array, the one before the other, upon the sea-side, without stirring one against the other.

For some time the battle was of even hand and the victory doubtful, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busy about their yardmasts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, and did marvellously disorder the other ships. There Antony showed plainly that he had not only lost the heart of an Emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man, he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her. For, when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley to follow her. When she knew his galley afar off, she lift up a sign in the poop of her ship; and so Antony coming to it was plucked up where Cleopatra was. Howbeit, he saw her not at his first coming, nor she him; but went and sat down alone in the prow, and never said a word, clapping his head between his hands. And so he lived three days alone, without speaking to any man. But when he arrived at the head of Tænarus, there Cleopatra's women first brought them to speak together, and afterwards to sup together. Then began there again a great number of merchant ships to gather about them, and some of their friends that had escaped, who brought news that his army by sea was overthrown, but that the army by land was yet whole. Now, Antony determined to cross over into Africa, and took one of his caracks or hulks loaden with gold and silver and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, and commanded them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him, weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then he

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lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart; and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them until they had made their way and peace with Cæsar. Yet his army by land still wished for him, and hoped he would by some means come unto them; and showed themselves so faithful, that after they knew he was fled they kept together seven days. In the end, Canidius flying by night, and forsaking his camp, when they saw themselves thus destitute of their leaders, they yielded themselves unto the stronger.

Antony, being arrived in Lybia, sent Cleopatra into Egypt; and himself remained very solitary, having only two of his friends, with whom he wandered up and down. After that, he built him a house in the sea by the isle of Pharos, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company, saying that he would lead Timon's life. Here Canidius came to bring him news that he had lost all his army by land at Actium, and that Herod king of Jewry, who had also certain legions with him, was revolted unto Cæsar, and all the other kings in like manner; so that he had none left. But all this did nothing trouble him; and it seemed he was content to forego all his hope, so to be rid of his cares and troubles. Thereupon he left his solitary house, and Cleopatra received him into her royal palace. He was no sooner come thither, but he straight set all the city on rioting and banquetting again, and himself to liberality and gifts. And they set up an order with a name signifying the agreement of those that will die together; and their friends enrolled themselves of this order, and so made great feasts one to another; for every man, when it came to his turn, feasted their whole fraternity.

This notwithstanding, they sent unto Cæsar, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antony praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. Cæsar would not grant unto Antony's request; but, for Cleopatra, he made answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so she would put Antony to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent Thyreus unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else, and the queen herself did him great honour; insomuch as he made Antony jealous. Whereupon, Antony caused him to be taken and well whipped, and so sent him back; and bade him tell Cæsar that he made him angry, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now especially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. "If this mislike thee," said he, "thou hast Hipparchus one of my enfranchised bondmen with thee: hang him, if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we

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may cry quittance." From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever. First of all, whereas she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, she now did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence; so that the guests that came poor went away rich.

So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city. Antony made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was, recommending one of his men unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and headpiece of clear gold; howbeit the man, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antony sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, that he had many other ways to die than so. Then Antony, seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper, he commanded his officers and servants to fill his cups full and make as much of him as they could: "for," said he, "you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow, or whether you shall serve another master; and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body." Then, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping, to salve that he had spoken he added this more, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory, than valiantly to die with honour.

The self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung, as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the interpretation of this wonder thought that it was the god unto whom Antony bare singular devotion, that did forsake him.

The next morning he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city; and there he stood to behold his galleys, which departed from the haven and rowed against the galleys of the enemies; and so stood still, looking what exploits his soldiers in them would do. But when they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them, and of two armies made but one, and then did all together row toward the city. When Antony

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saw that his men did forsake him and yield unto Cæsar, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there she locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and sent unto Antony to tell him that she was dead. Antony, believing it, said unto himself, — "What dost thou look for further, Antony, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?" When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked said thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman."

Now, he had a man called Eros whom he had long before caused to swear that he should kill him when he did command him; and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head one side, he thrust it into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antony, — "O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldest not do for me." Therewithal, he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him tormenting himself; until at the last there came a secretary called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard she was alive, he prayed his men to carry his body thither; and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antony was trussed; and Cleopatra herself, with two women which had come with her, trised him up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antony all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death; who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra, putting to all her strength, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath, that bade her be of good courage.

So, when she had gotten him in and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast and scratching her face. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own

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misery for the compassion she took of him. Antony made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he prayed her that she would seek to save her life, if she could, without dishonour; and that she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar: and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received; considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world; and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.

As Antony gave the last gasp, Proculeius came from Cæsar. For as they carried Antony into the monument, one of his guard called Dercetas took his sword and hid it; then he stole away, and brought Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him the sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing this, straight withdrew into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard fortune that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for his friends, and showed them the letters Antony had written to him, and his answers also, during their quarrel and strife; and how fiercely and proudly the other answered to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him.

After this, he sent Proculeius to do what he could to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost; and he thought that if he could bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For he came to the gates that were thick and strong; yet there were some cranneys through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that she demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons. Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar; who immediately sent Gallus to speak again with her, and bade him hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius set up a ladder against the window by which Antony was trised up, and come down into the monument with two of his men. One of her women saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, — "O, poor Cleopatra! thou art taken." When she saw him behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger; but he came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, — "Cleopatra, thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and Cæsar also, to deprive him of the opportunity to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous

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and noble prince that ever was, as though he were a cruel man. So he took the dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her. Afterwards Cæsar sent one of his men, whom he straitly charged to look well unto her, and to beware that she made not herself away; and, for the rest, to use her with all the courtesy possible.

Now, she was altogether overcome with sorrow and passion of mind, so that she fell into a fever; whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to have a good colour to abstain from meat, that so she might die. But Cæsar mistrusted her, and therefore did threaten to put her children to a shameful death. With these threats, Cleopatra suffered herself to be cured and dieted as they listed. Shortly after, Cæsar came in person to see her. Cleopatra, being laid on a little low bed, when she saw him suddenly rose up, and fell down at his feet marvellously disfigured: for she had plucked her hair from her head, and martyred all her face with her nails; and her voice was small and trembling, and her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbering; yet her good grace and the force of her beauty were not altogether defaced. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, she began to excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antony, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die. At length, she gave him a brief of all the money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to disprove her, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back. Cleopatra was in such a rage that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair and boxed him well. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. "Alas!" said she, "O Cæsar, is not this a great shame, that, thou having vouchsafed to come unto me, and done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, mine own servants should come to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles fit for women, not for me to set out myself withal, but to give some pretty presents to Octavia and Livia; that, they making intercession for me, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me." Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure, which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more bountifully than she would think for; and so he took his leave, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself.

There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and, besides, did bear no ill-will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. Now, whilst she was at dinner there came a

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countryman, and brought a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him what he had in his basket. He opened it, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all marvelled to see so goodly figs. He laughed to hear them, and bade them take some, if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commanded all to go out of the tomb but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her petition, requesting him to let her be buried with Antony, found straight what she meant, and sent one in all haste to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent ran thither and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her women, called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, — "Is that well done, Charmian?" "Very well," said she, "and meet for a princess descended of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.

Some report that the aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded to hide it under the leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see it: howbeit, when she would have taken away the leaves she perceived it, and said, — "Art thou there, then?" and so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Some say, also, that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned; the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto; because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspic biting of her arm. Now, Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried and laid by Antony; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial.

Several other points of the history, which are somewhat transposed in the drama, will be found duly placed in our notes. In one or two particulars the Poet is traceable to other sources than Plutarch; especially in the account which Antony gives to Cæsar, Act ii. sc. 7, how "they take the flow o'the Nile." For this matter he probably resorted either to Holland's translation of Pliny, or to Leo's History of Africa translated by John Pory, in which is a description of the Nileometer. Both these works were published early in the seventeenth century. In the case of Lepidus, again, Plutarch could but have yielded a few very slight hints, at the most, towards his character as drawn by Shakespeare. The

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Lepidus of the play, the "barren-spirited fellow," the "slight unmeritable man meet to be sent on errands," bears a strong likeness to the veritable pack-horse of the Triumvirate, trying to strut and swell himself up to the dimensions of his place, while his strutting and swelling only serve to betray his emptiness Such appears to have been about the real pitch and quality of the man, according to the notices given of him by other writers; as Paterculus, for example, who calls him "*vir omnium vanissimus:*" but whether the Poet used any of those authorities, or merely drew from his own intuitive knowledge of human nature, — thus in effect writing history without having studied it, — is a question not easily answered. — Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to remark that the events of the play cover a period of about ten years: as the death of Fulvia took place in the early part of the year, B. C., 40; the sea-fight at Actium, in September, 31, and the death of Cleopatra, the year after. As for the other dates, Antony's marriage with Octavia and the agreement of peace with Pompey occurred in 39; the return of Antony to the East, in 37; and his conquest of Armenia, in 34; soon after which, he set up his rest in Alexandria, laying off the style of a Roman citizen, and assuming that of an Eastern despot.

Judging by our own experience, Antony and Cleopatra is the last of Shakespeare's plays that one grows to appreciate. This seems owing partly to the excellence of the drama, and partly not. For it is marked beyond any other by a superabundance of external animation and diversion, as well as by a surpassing fineness of workmanship such as needs oft-repeated and most careful perusal to bring out full upon the mind's eye. The great number and variety of events crowded together in it, the rapidity with which they pass before us, and, consequently, the frequent changes of scene, hold curiosity on the stretch, and overfill the mind with sensuous effect, and thus for a long time distract and divert the thoughts from those subtleties of characterisation and delicacies of poetry which everywhere accompany them. In such a redundancy of incidental interest and excitement, one cannot without long familiarity so possess his faculties as to wait and take time for such recondite and protean efficacies to work their proper effect. We are by no means sure but that the two things necessarily go together; yet we have to confess it has long seemed to us, that by selecting fewer incidents for working out the sense and design of the play, or by extracting and condensing the import and spirit of the incidents into larger masses, what is now a serious fault in the drama might have been avoided.

Bating this defect, if indeed it be a defect, there is none of Shakespeare's plays that, after many years of study, leaves a profounder impression of his greatness. In quantity and variety of characterisation, it is equalled by few, and scarce surpassed by any, of his dramas. Antony, Cleopatra, Octavius, Octavia, Lep-

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idus, Pompey, Enobarbus, not to mention divers others of still less presence on the scene, are perfectly discriminated and sustained to the last; all being wrought out in such distinct, self-centred, and self-rounded individuality that we contract and keep up a sort of personal acquaintance with each and every one of them. In respect of style and diction, too, the best qualities of the Poet's best period are here concentrated in special force: the compressed and flashing energy, striking in new light from the very hardness of that which resists; the rugged and sometimes harsh severity of style, jolting the mind, as it were, into quicker and deeper pulsations of life by its abruptnesses of movement; the stern and solid ground-work of thought, with fresh images, or rather suggestions of images shooting up from it ever and anon, kindling the imagination with all the force of surprise, and setting their path on fire by the suddenness and swiftness of their coming; while their "piercing sweetness" prints a relish on the taste that adds zest and spirit to the whole preparation;—such, not indeed exclusively, but in a peculiar degree, are the characteristics of this astonishing drama.

We have often had occasion to enrich our Introductions with passages from Coleridge. One of the best specimens of particular criticism which we have from this prince of critics is on this play. "Of all Shakespeare's historical plays," says he, "Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much; perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether this play is not, in all the exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed."

Cleopatra herself is, in our view, Shakespeare's masterpiece in female characterisation. There is literally no measuring nor describing the art involved in the delineation. The character is made up of indescribable subtlety and intricacy, and presents such a varied involution and entanglement of conflicting elements, all, however, running within the lines of nature, as we cannot but fancy the Poet must have delighted to stretch his powers upon, and perhaps delighted all the more, forasmuch as it

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put him to his best exercise and proof of skill. She seems an inexhaustible magazine of coquetry; yet all along in her practice of this, and even in part as the motive and inspirer of it, there mingles a true and strong attachment, and a warm and just admiration of those qualities which ennoble the manly character. Her love is at once romantic and sensual, blending the two extremes of imagination and appetite: she is proud, passionate, ambitious, false, revengeful; abounding in wit, talent, tact, and practical sense; inscrutable in cunning and in the strategy of inventive passion for coming at its ends; vain, capricious, wilful, generous, and selfish. Yet all these traits are carried on with a quickness and vital energy that never flags nor falters; and all are fused into perfect consistency by the very heat, as it were, of their mutual friction. And this strange combination is all woven about with such a versatility and potency of enchantment, the whole is so redundant of essential witchcraft, that there is no resisting her nor escaping from her; none, that is, where there is any susceptibility answering to what flows from her. All these qualities, moreover, seem perfectly innate and spontaneous; nevertheless, she is fully conscious of them, and has them entirely under control, trained and disciplined to move at the bidding of her art. In short, there is a secret magic about her, that turns the very spots and blemishes of her character into enchantment. And what is perhaps most wonderful of all, while one knows that her power over him is but as the spell and fascination of a serpent, this knowledge still further disables him from shaking it off; nay, the very wonder how she can so fascinate becomes itself a new fascination.

In the real greatness of Antony, united as it is with just the right kind and degree of weakness, Cleopatra's pride, passion, vanity, and ambition have an object that they can all meet and draw together upon. To her enthusiastic fancy he seems "the demi-Atlas of this earth;" she honours him as "the greatest soldier of the world;" admires him as "the garland of the war," "the arm and burgonet of men;" his heroism in his better hours, his eloquence of speech and person at all times, and his generous and magnificent dispositions, kindle whatsoever of womanhood there is in her nature: and for all these reasons she glories the more in knowing that "her beck might from the bidding of the gods command him;" and the greatest triumph of her life is, that while her "man of men" is in Rome and she in Egypt, she can still overtake him with her sorcery and pull him to her, outwrestling at once his duty, his honour, his interest, and even, what is stronger in him than any or all of these, his ambition.

All this, to be sure, was virtually contained in the history as Shakespeare found it; but he has seldom shown more fertility and felicity of art and invention than in so ordering the situations and accompaniments as to bring out the full sense of the character in dramatic exhibition. It scarce need be said, that the inexpressi-

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ble bewitchments with which he has clothed the heroine almost gain for her the same "full supremacy" over the reader's spirit which she wields over the hero's; insomuch that at the close, so far from wondering at what she has done, we are ready to exclaim with Cæsar,—"She looks as she would catch another Antony in her strong toil of grace."

The leading traits of the hero have been partly anticipated in what we have said of the heroine. Antony is the same character here as in the preceding play, only in a further stage of development: brave and magnanimous to a fault; transported with ambition, and somewhat bloated with success; bold, strong, and reckless alike in the good and the bad parts of his composition; undergoing a long and hard struggle between the heroism and voluptuousness of his nature, the latter of which, with the unfathomable seductions of Cleopatra to stimulate it, at last acquires the full sway and mastery of him. His powers are indeed great, but all unbalanced. Even when the spells of Egypt are woven thick and fast about him, the lingerings of his better spirit, together with the stinging sense of his present state, arouse him from time to time to high resolutions and to deeds of noble daring; yet these appear rather as the spasms of a dying manhood than as the natural and healthy beatings of its heart; the poison of a fevered ambition overmastering for a while the subtler poison of a gorged and pampered sensuality. Yet the ignoble thraldom to which his heart is reduced stands half excused to us from our own sense of the too potent enchantment that subdues him. And he is himself sensible that under her bewitchments his manhood is thawing away, and thence takes a most pathetic forecast, which is only bound the closer upon his thoughts by his inability to escape them, of the perdition that is coming upon him. The cluster and succession of images at the opening of the twelfth scene in Act iv., where the hero dimly anticipates his own fall, is perhaps unequalled for the union of poetry and pathos. It seems as if the great Triumvir's irregular grandeur of soul were here melting out its innermost sweets in the eloquence of sorrow.

Antony and Cleopatra seem made for each other: their fascination, howsoever begotten, is mutual; and if in the passion that draws and holds them together there be nothing to engage our respect, there is much that compels our sympathy. When Cleopatra, with the "case of that huge spirit" lying cold before her, says,—"It were for me to throw my sceptre at the injurious gods; to tell them that this world did equal theirs, till they had stolen our jewel,"—we feel that the poetry of passion can go no further. Our reprobation, too, of their life is softened with a just and wholesome flow of pity at their death.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild steady, serene light would needs be paralysed by

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the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has not done justice to her sweet and solid qualities, and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice they had received, the more had they suffered by contrast with the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression others take of her. Her behaviour is always most dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgment in never bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated.

Schlegel and others have justly observed that the great fame and fortune of Augustus did not prevent Shakespeare from seeing quite through him and understanding his character perfectly; yet he managed the representation so adroitly as not to offend the prevalent opinion of his time, which, dazzled by the man's astonishing success, rated him greatly above his true measure. The Poet sets him forth as a piece of cold, dry contractedness, yet he weaves into the portrait something of the guile of the subject: there is not a generous sentiment comes from him, save in reference to his sister, and even then there is somewhat ambiguous about it; it seems more than half born of the occasion he has for using her in order to his self-ends. He is just the man for the full-souled Antony to think of with scorn, even while the dread and awe of his better stars put him to a constrained and studied respect. Ever playing at hide-and-seek with his conscience, his artful but mean-spirited tackings and shiftings, to keep the ship of state, freighted as he has it with the only-beloved treasure of his own ascendency, before the gale of fortune, make a fine contrast to the frank and forthright lustihood of Antony, bold and free alike in his sinnings and his self-accusings. Octavius is indeed plentifully endowed with prudence, foresight, and moderation; and these, if not virtues themselves, naturally infer, as their root and basis, the cardinal virtue of self-control; and the cunning of the delineation lies partly in that the reader is left to derive them from this source, if he be so disposed; yet it is easy to see that the Poet regarded them as springing not so much from self-control as from the want of any hearty impulses to be controlled.

On the whole, after Octavia, Enobarbus is rather the noblest character in the play. His blunt, prompt, rough-spoken sagacity, mingled with a certain slyness of thought, a racy infusion of humour, and a pungent, searching irony of discourse, interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him; while the splitting of his heart with grief and remorse for having deserted the ship of his master which he knew to

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be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could do, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it. In the play, he seems designed in part to serve as the organ and mouth-piece of the author's judgment respecting the other persons; so that in him we have at once a character and a commentary. — The play has several other characters informed with significance; such as Charmian and Iras especially the former, whose spirited, frolicsome levity and wantonness of thought and speech, together with their death-braving constancy to their mistress, reflect the moral and social qualities of the atmosphere which Cleopatra creates about her.

We cannot make up our mind to leave this bewitching theme without quoting a part of Campbell's delightful criticism, as it starts an apt and skilful contrast between this play and Dryden's All for Love. "In the portraiture," says he, "of Antony there is perhaps a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her, than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth: — he paints her as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil. At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton Queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding match. Dryden's Mark Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him, that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, 'There's a great spirit gone!' and his reflections on his own enthralment by Cleopatra, mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, whilst an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero"

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs.
SEXTUS POMPEY.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } Friends of Antony.
MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } Friends of Cæsar.
MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } Friends of Pompey.
TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.
SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.
EUPHRONIUS, an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, Attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, and IRAS, Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria.

A Room in CLEOPATRA's Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,[1]
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

[1] *Reneges* is an old word for *renounce* or *refuse*; here to be pronounced in two syllables, as if it were spelt *renegues* or *reneys*. The word is met with in an old poem called "Skelton Laureat upon the dolourous dethe of the moost honourable Erle of Northumberlande:"

> "The commouns *reneyed* ther taxes for to pay
> Of them demaunded and asked by the kinge."

Likewise in Chaucer's Man of Lawes Tale:

> "She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
> And sayd him, that she wold *reneie* hire lay,
> And cristendom of prestes hondes fong,
> Repenting hire she hethen was so long."

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Flourish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple[2] pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: — The sum.[3]

Cleo. Nay, hear them,[4] Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in[5] that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance, — nay, and most like, —
You must not stay here longer; your dismission
Is come from Cæsar: therefore hear it, Antony. —

[2] *Triple* is here used for *third*, or *one of three*; one of the *Triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. To sustain the pillars of the earth is a scriptural phrase. *Triple* is used for *third* in All's Well that Ends Well:

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
He bade me store up as a *triple* eye."

[3] That is, give me the sum of it in a word. — "*Grates* me," is offensive or grating to me. H.

[4] *News* was sometimes used as plural in Shakespeare's time.

[5] *Take in* signifies *subdue, conquer.*

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Where's Fulvia's process?[6] Cæsar's, I would say? — both? —
Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. — The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall![7] Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet[8]
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.[9] —
Now, for the love of Love,[10] and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

[6] *Process* here means *summons*. "Lawyers call that the processe by which a man is called into the court, and no more. To serve with processe is to *cite*, to *summon*." — MINSHEU.

[7] The *rang'd* empire is the *well*-arranged, *well-ordered* empire. Shakespeare uses the expression again in Coriolanus: "Bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*, in heaps and piles of ruins."

[8] To *weet* is to *know*.

[9] That is, *not unless* stirred or inspired by Cleopatra. Mason explains the passage thus: "Cleopatra means to say that Antony will act like himself, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar or the anger of Fulvia. To which he replies, '*But* stirr'd by Cleopatra,' that is, *Add* if *moved to it* by Cleopatra." H.

[10] That is, for the sake of the Queen of Love. — To *confound* the time, is to *consume* it, to *lose* it

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen.
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives[11]
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO. *with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,[12] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most-any-thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to th' queen? O, that I knew this husband, which you say must charge his horns with garlands.[1]

[11] Mr. Collier's second folio reads "*fitly* strives." *Fitly* may be the better word; but the change is not needed, the sense being clear enough as it stands. H.

[12] Of course the common liar is Fame or Rumour. *Approves* is evidently here used in the sense of *proves true.* H.

[1] The original reads "*change* his horns," which Knight retains and explains it,—"Vary, give a different appearance to." *Charge* is the reading generally agreed upon. H

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Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.[2]

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:[3] find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

[2] The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

[3] "This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex than breeding at an advanced period of life."

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Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names.[4] Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, and fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.[5]

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be, drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

[4] That is, prove bastards. Thus Launce, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*"

[5] That is, I *acquit* thee *of being* a witch. This has allusion to the common proverbial saying, "You'll never be burnt for a witch," spoken to a silly person, who is indeed no conjurer.

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Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune! — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus, —

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

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Alex. Here, madam, at your service. — My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, *Soothsayer, and Attendants.*

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. — On.
Things that are past are done, with me. — 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.[6]

Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates;[7]
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia; whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome;

[6] That is, as *if* he flatter'd.

[7] To *extend* is a law term for to *seize*. See As You Like It Act iii. sc. 1, note 1.

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Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.[8] Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon. — Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. —
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

[8] The proper meaning of *quick*, it scarce need be said, is *living* or *alive*. Here it seems to mean *pregnant*, *prolific*, in which sense it forms an apt and natural epithet for *soil*. Of course the *mind* is here compared to a fat and generous *soil*, which, if suffered to *lie still*, if not stirred with the plough, shoots forth weeds; and the telling us plainly our faults is as the *earing*, that is, the *ploughing*, to make the soil productive of better things. Surely, nothing could well be more apposite and expressive than such a simile. But the old copies have *winds* here instead of *minds*. Every one much acquainted with proof-reading must know how apt *w* and *m* are to be misprinted for each other; and in these plays we have frequent instances of such misprinting. In this place Warburton changed *winds* to *minds*, and has been followed by divers later editors. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *winds*, explaining it thus: "When do we 'bring forth weeds?' In a heavy and moist season, when there are no 'quick winds' to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The Poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but the 'winds of March,' rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The 'quick winds,' then, are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds 'lie still,' we 'bring forth weeds.' But the metaphor is carried further: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults — ills — is the ploughing itself — the *earing*." This is certainly ingenious, perhaps plausible; but it seems to us very strained and far-fetched, and savoring more of a commentator's sense than of common sense. We therefore stick to the usual reading. — For this use of *earing*, see King Richard II., Act iii. sc. 2, note 16.

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Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you ?
2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she ?
2 *Mess.* In Sicyon :
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter*
Ant. Forbear me. — [*Exit Messenger*
There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it :
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself :[9] she's good, being gone ;
The hand could[10] pluck her back, that shov'd her on
I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. — Ho, Enobarbus ![11]

[9] The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *revolution lowering* to *reputation souring*. Of course the image is of a wheel, which *revolving*, what is at the top to-day is at the bottom to-morrow. H.

[10] *Could* is here used in an optative, not a potential, sense, the same as *would ;* a common usage in the Poet's time. Antony is referring to his own hand : " *My* hand *would now* pluck her back." H.

[11] We here adopt a slight but important change proposed by Mr. Dyce. The original and all subsequent editions read,— " *How now !* Enobarbus ! " Upon which Mr. Dyce remarks as follows : " It would be impossible, I presume, to point out, in any old writer, an instance of *how now !* used as *the exclamation of a person summoning another into his presence.* Here the right reading is, indubitably, — ' *Ho,* Enobarbus ! ' " Mr. Dyce also shows that *ho* was often spelt *how ;* and he adds, — " The probability is, that in the present passage the author's manuscript had *how ;* to which either some transcriber or the original compositor, who did not understand what was meant, added *now,* making the line over measure." H.

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Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment.[1] I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir! no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bless'd withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

[1] That is, for much less reason, upon a far weaker motive.

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Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,[13]
And get her leave to part: for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters, too,
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son: who, high in name and power,

[13] Shakespeare often used *expedience* for *expedition*. — In the next line, the original has *love* instead of *leave*. What should be the meaning of *love*, is hard to tell. The change was proposed long ago by Monck Mason, and is made in Mr. Collier's second folio. H.

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Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.[14] Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Same.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you.[1] — If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.
[*Exit* ALEXAS.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

[14] An allusion to the ancient superstition, that a horse-hair laid in water would turn to a poisonous serpent. Coleridge remarks upon it thus: "This is so far true in appearance, that a horse-hair, laid in a pail of water, will become the supporter of seemingly one worm, though probably of an immense number of small slimy water-lice. The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it. It is a common experiment with school-boys in Cumberland and Westmoreland." We remember very well when the same thing was believed by children in Vermont; as it also was that if one swallowed a hair, it would turn into a snake in the stomach. H.

[1] That is, go as of your own motion; *as if* I did not send you. H

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Cleo What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go:
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

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Ant. Most sweet queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then; —
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent;[2] none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use[3] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:[4]
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,

[2] "Our brows' *bent*" is the bending or inclination of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions.

[3] The Poet here means *in pledge*: the *use* of a thing is the *possession* of it. Thus in The Merchant of Venice: "I am content, so he will let me have the other half *in use*."

[4] That is, the *gate* of Rome. *Port* was continually so used. H.

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And that which most with you should safe my going,[5]
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: — Can Fulvia die?[6]

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd;[7] at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O, most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water?[8] Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come: —
But let it be. — I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.[9]

[5] Make my going safe for you, or so far as you are concerned. H.

[6] Cleopatra means, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it."

[7] *Garboil* was often used for *tumult* or *commotion*. It occurs frequently in North's Plutarch. H.

[8] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

[9] That is, *such* is Antony's love; as fickle as my health; as quickly hot and cold, as I am sick and well. Some editions point the passage thus: "I am quickly ill, and well, so Antony loves." Which gives the meaning, "*provided*, or *if so be* Antony loves." This would imply a compliment to Antony. But he takes it as a reproach, as is clear from his meeting it with a remonstrance. H.

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Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.[10]

Cleo. So Fulvia told me
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:[11] Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target. — Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman[12] does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, — but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.[13]

Ant. But that your royalty

[10] Mr. Collier's second folio changes *evidence* to *credence;* and he is so confident the change is right as to affirm that "so it must be given in future." Why, the whole idea of Antony's speech is of a court of justice where his love is arraigned or put on trial; and he implies a charge upon Cleopatra of having borne false-witness against it. Of course, *evidence* is *testimony.* It will hardly do to talk about the *authority* of such corrections. H.

[11] To me, the queen of Egypt.

[12] Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

[13] *Oblivion* is used for *forgetfulness.* She means, apparently, that her memory is as treacherous or deceitful as Antony; and he is so treacherous that she is all forgotten by him. K.

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Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.[14]

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you:[15] Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome.

An Apartment in Cæsar's House.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor.[1] From Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy

[14] An antithesis seems intended between *royalty* and *subject*. "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

[15] "That which becomes me is hateful to me, when not precious in your sight."

[1] The original has *one* instead of *our*. — *Competitor* was often used in the sense of *colleague* or *confederate*. H.

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More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness;[2] hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant 'tis not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.[3] If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't;[4] but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, — 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, immature in knowledge,

[2] "As the stars of heaven appear larger from the darkness of the night, so the faults of Antony seem enlarged by his goodness."

[3] "His *levity* throws so much weight on us." *Foil*, in the preceding line, is commonly changed to *soil*. See Cymbeline, Act ii. sc. 3, note 11.

[4] That is, demand payment of him for it; or, it may be, *visit* him for it. Collier's second folio changes *call* to *fall*; which is plausible, but not necessary.

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Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar:[5] to the ports
The discontents[6] repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.[7] This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,[8]
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear[9] and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads

[5] "Those whom *fear*, not *love*, made Cæsar's friends."

[6] That is, the *malecontents*. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *ports* to *fleets*; the only advantage of which is, that it avoids the cacophony of *ports* and *reports*. H.

[7] The old copy reads, "Comes *fear'd* by being lack'd." Warburton made the correction, which is necessary to the sense.

[8] The original has "*lacking* the varying tide;" an easy misprint for *lackeying*. The change was first made by Theobald, who affirms *lashing* to be the reading of the old copies; wherein he has been followed by ever so many editors. H.

[9] To *ear* is to *plough*. See scene 2, note 8. H

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They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:[10]
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels.[11] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,

[10] To *lack blood* is to turn pale. *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow.

[11] *Wassel*, formerly spelt *wassaile*, was used for any kind of revelry, rioting, or debauchery; though its primitive use had reference only to the drinking of health. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 2, note 19. In the original the word is printed *vasciles;* and whether it is meant for *wassels* or *vassals*, is not easy to decide. In every other case where it occurs, the first folio prints the former word *wassel* or *wassell;* while it prints the latter sometimes *vassaile* and sometimes *vassall.* Knight and Verplanck read *vassals* in this place, and explain it thus: "'Leave thy 'lascivious *vassals*' expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the Queen being one of his tributaries." This is plausible, and pleads strongly for admission. Still we cannot quite yield to it, as it strikes quite from the drift and line of all that Cæsar has been saying of Antony. Besides, it spoils the contrast which Cæsar seems to be aiming at here, between Antony as he is now, with his manhood melting away in the lap of voluptuous indulgence, and as he was at the former time referred to. All modern editions, but those specified, print *wassels.* R.

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Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.[12]

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i'the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we[13] immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

[12] This superb speech is based upon the following passage in Plutarch's Life of Antonius, where the writer is relating what happened after the death of Julius Cæsar, but before the Triumvirate was formed: "Cicero, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, stirred up all men against Antonius, and sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive him out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once; but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit, he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant he shewed himselfe. And it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eate wild fruits and roots. And moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes they did eate the barkes of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before." H.

[13] The original has "assemble *me*." The misprint of *me* for *we* was easy; and in fact *m* and *w* were, as they still are, often put the one for the other. It seems to us nowise likely that Cæsar would use *me* in such a connection. Nevertheless, *me* is retained by Knight and Verplanck, the former remarking upon it thus: "The modern reading is 'assemble *we*;' and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself." But who told him, or how does he know, that they "forget" so many things which he has the wit to remember? We believe the change was made for some better reason, and that some better reason should be alleged for unmaking it H.

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Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.[14] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN

Cleo. Charmian, —
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha! —
Give me to drink mandragora.[1]
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch, Mardian!

[14] That is, to be my bounden duty.

[1] A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to induce sleep. Thus in Adlington's translation of The Golden Ass of Apuleius: "I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead"

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Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O, Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.[2] — He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: — Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

[2] A *burgonet* is a *helmet*, a *head piece*.

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Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.[3]—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd — the last of many doubled kisses —
This orient pearl: — His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed,[4]
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

[3] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which by its touch converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation a *medicine*.

[4] The original has, "an *arme-gaunt* steed," which presents an inextricable puzzle, and has proved a wit-graveller to the critics. The only explanation given of it, that can look probability in the face, is Warburton's: "Worn lean and thin by much service in war." But, if the horse were worn so horribly, it does not well appear how he should go it so high in the neighing line, unless he were bawling for food. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed *arm-girt*, which is also found in Mr. Collier's second folio, and is approved by Mr. Dyce. Of course its meaning is, girt with arms, or with armour. Monck Mason proposed "a *termagant* steed," which was adopted with high commendation by Steevens. *Arrogant* was proposed by Mr. Boaden. As formerly written, *arrogaunt*, it might easily be misprinted *arme-gaunt*. And it has this advantage over *termagant*, that it requires the original article *an* before it, instead of *a*. Besides, *termagant* means *furious*; while *arrogant*, answering to the Latin *ferox*, is *fierce, proud*. The epithet, besides having good authority, is certainly a noble and fitting one for the place, and is accordingly preferred by Singer and Verplanck. H.

[5] That is, was *in a* beastly *manner made* dumb by him; *dumb*

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Cleo. What! was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'the year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O, well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O, heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?[6]
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O, that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

being here used as a verb. So in Pericles, Act v., Chorus: "Deep clerks she *dumbs*." Tooke derives *dumb* from the Anglo-Saxon *denman*, to obstruct, or *dam*; and hence he thinks, that when the dumb recover their speech their mouth is said to be opened, the *dam* being, as it were, removed. Theobald changed the word in the text to *dumb'd*, and has been followed by some editors. H.

[6] That is, in such *quick* succession. See Macbeth, Act i. sc. 3 note 12.

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Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: — Cold in blood,
To say as I said then! — But come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina.

A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Menc. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent,[1] and my auguring hope

[1] So in the original, but commonly changed in modern editions to, "My *power's a* crescent," to suit the pronoun *it* in the next

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Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip![2]
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till[3] a Lethed dulness. — How now, Varrius!

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

line. But *it* probably refers to the *idea* naturally suggested by *crescent*. Of course the meaning is, "My powers are *growing*." H.

[2] "*Wan'd* lip" is *pale* or *faint coloured* lip; a lip that shows age or sickness; *waned* being a participle of the verb *wane*. Cleopatra has spoken of the waning of her beauty: "Think on me, that am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black, and wrinkled deep in time!" Mr. Dyce quotes an apt though comic passage from Fletcher's Queen of Corinth: "Oh, ruby *lips*, love hath to you been like wine-vinegar; now you look *wan* and pale, lips' ghosts ye are." There were no occasion for so much note, but that Mr. Collier would read *wand-lip*, as if Cleopatra's lip were a *wand*, and had magic in it. The context plainly requires the sense of *waned*. H.

[3] *Till* was formerly used for *to*.

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Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.[4]

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck[5]
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,[6]
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square[7] between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon,[8] to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt*

[4] That is, since he left Egypt, there has been time enough for a longer journey. H.

[5] Julius Cæsar had married Cleopatra to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.

[6] That is, I cannot *expect*.

[7] That is, *quarrel*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act i. sc. 1, note 12. So in one of Leicester's Letters: "How thinges have bredd this lytle *square* between these two so well affected princes, I cannott tell." H.

[8] That is, it behooves us, as we hold life dear. *It stands one*

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SCENE II. Rome.

A Room in the House of LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall intreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.[1]

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

upon, is an old phrase often so used in Shakespeare's time. It occurs repeatedly in North's Plutarch. Thus, in the Life of Brutus, speaking of the conspiracy: "So high an enterprise as that did not so much require men of courage to draw their swords, as *it stood them upon* to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man thinke that by his onely presence the fact were holy and just." See, also, King Richard II., Act ii. sc. 3, note 10.

H.

[1] That is, I would meet him undressed, without any show of respect.

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Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose[2] well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness[3] grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so,
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

[2] That is, if we come to a lucky *composition*, or *agreement*.
[3] *Curstness* is *scolding*. Shakespeare uses the adjective *curst*, to denote a *scold*.

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Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you;[4] you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act:[5] I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,[6]
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.[7]

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

[4] This passage has been misunderstood. Its meaning evidently is, "You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation; you were the word of war." Mason supposed some words had been transposed, and that the passage ought to stand thus: "And for contestation their theme was you; you were the word of war."

[5] That is, never urged my name as a pretence for the war.

[6] *Reports* for *reporters*; the same as the Poet uses *trumpet* for *trumpeter*, and *fife* for *fifer*. See The Merchant of Venice, Act ii. sc. 5, note 2. H.

[7] That is, "If you'll patch a quarrel, it must not be with this, as here the matter you are making it with is whole; there is no flaw, no ground of quarrel, in it." *Whole* is opposed to *patch*. The passage not being understood, all modern editions from Rowe's till Knight's have interpolated a negative, thus: "As matter whole you have *not* to make it with;" to the great harming of both metre and sense. H

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes[8] attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive[9] out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself,[10] which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

[8] That is, could not look graciously upon them. *'Fronted* is affronted, *opposed.*

[9] Messenger.

[10] "I told him the condition I was in at his coming."

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Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.[11] But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.[12] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.[13]

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

[11] Mason explains, and rightly, we think, that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks*, but with *is sacred*; "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now*, however negligent, or untrue to my oath I may have been *then*." He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation. H.

[12] "Nor my greatness work without mine honesty."

[13] That is, to reconcile, or *at-one* you. *Atone* is always so used by Shakespeare. See King Richard II., Act i. sc. 1, note 29 — *Griefs*, second line above, is used for *grievances*. H.

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Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.[14]

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O'the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.[15]

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;

[14] That is, "*I am* your considerate stone;" like a statue, which seems to think, but speaks not. "As mute as a stone," and "as silent as a stone," were common phrases. H.

[15] A rather obscure and awkward expression; but the meaning seems to be,—"Your proposal, if Cleopatra had been by to hear it, had well deserved the reproof of rashness." Collier's second folio has "*for* rashness," which gives the same sense. The original has *proof* instead of *reproof*. The emendation is Warburton's, and is universally received H

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Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half-tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

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Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! —my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there: is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

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Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you :[16]

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water ; the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them : the oars were silver ;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see

[16] The reader may be pleased to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare :

" Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails :
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another seaborn Venus, lay. —
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em : Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face : But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object : To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more,
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."

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The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,[17]
And made their bends adornings:[18] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office.[19] From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharves. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i'the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,

[17] That is, waited upon her looks, caught her will by her eyes.

[18] That is, made their bowings to her serve as ornaments of their own persons, heightened their own beauty by the gracefulness of their homage and their attendance. Such is the plain meaning of an innocent passage, which has sometimes been swamped and strangled in a perfect quagmire of annotation. H.

[19] *Yarely frame* is *dexterously perform*. In the line before, the original has *swell* instead of *smell*. The change is adopted from Mr. Collier's second folio. Mr. Singer says of it, — "The substitution of *smell* for *swell* is specious, but not necessary; yet, as a probable misprint easily made, we might be inclined to adopt it" H

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Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And, having lost her breath, she spoke and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.[20]

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.[21]

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt*

[20] *Riggish* is *wanton, immodest.*
[21] *Lottery,* for *allotment.*

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SCENE III. The Same.

A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia *between them and Attendants.*

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.
Octa. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæs. *and* Octa.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear,[1] as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

[1] Alluding, no doubt, to a personage called *Fear* in some of

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Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.—
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.[3] I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I'the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius!
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

the old Moralities. We meet with a similar allusion in Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. sc. 2: "O! let my lady apprehend no *fear:* in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no such monster." H.

[2] So in Macbeth, "light *thickens.*"

[3] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practise these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *inhooped.*

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SCENE IV. The Same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount[1]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.[2]

[1] Mount Misenum.

[2] "An anachronism," say the critics; "*billiards* were not known to the ancients." But how do they know this? Late researches have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt, which, afterwards lost, have been re-invented in modern times.

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Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. — Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now: —
Give me mine angle, — we'll to th' river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.[3] O! from Italy? —

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.[4]

But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless, not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he should lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism? H.

[3] The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it.

[4] So in all the old copies. Many modern editions substitute

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Mess. Madam, madam, —

Cleo. Antony's dead? —
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.[6]

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

rain for *ram*, as being more congruous with *fruitful* and *barren*, and, in confirmation, quote from Timon, — "*Rain* sacrificial whisperings in his ear." But *ram* may have a meaning equally congruous with *fruitful* and *barren*. Besides, the word is spelt *ramme* in the original, so that it could hardly be a misprint for *rain*. H.

[5] We here stick to the wording and pointing of the original. Divers modern editions give the passage thus, to the great marring of the sense:

"Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and healthful, — *why* so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings?" H.

[6] A *formal* man is a man in his senses, in his right mind. See Measure for Measure, Act v. sc. 1, note 19. H.

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Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam, —

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
"But yet" is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam? no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i'the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? — Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I'll unhair thy head.
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

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Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a Dagger.*
Mess. Nay, then I'll run. —
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt. —
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! — Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. — Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him. —
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause. — Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes

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Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst!
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not! — What! thou'rt sure of't? — Get thee hence:[7]
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now
Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! — 'Tis no matter. —

[7] The original has this line thus: "That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence." Mr. Dyce is strongly for keeping to this reading, and thinks the meaning to be, — "That art not thyself the evil tidings of which thou art so certain, or givest me such assurance." Which were indeed apt enough and clear enough, if the line stood alone; but we cannot make it fadge at all with the rest of the speech, and therefore adopt the reading proposed by Monck Mason. Dr. Johnson observes that the line consists of abrupt starts.

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Go to the fellow, good Alexas: bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go:—let him not, Charmian:[9]
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars.— [*To* MARD.] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall[1] youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods: I do not know

[9] Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

[1] *Tall* was used for *stout, brave.* See Twelfth Night Act 1 sc. 3, note 1. H.

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Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him.[2] What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us,[3] Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.[4]

[2] There is some obscurity here, which may be removed thus: "Julius Cæsar, after his death, saw you his son and friends labouring for his revenge at Philippi: therefore I know no reason why my father should want revengers, as he has also a son and friends surviving him." H.

[3] To *fear* was often a transitive verb; as in Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 1: "We must not make a scare-crow of the law, setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey." H.

[4] The naughty custom, here referred to, of the cuckoo is explained in 1 Henry IV., Act v. sc. 1, note 4. In this speech, *o'ercount* is used equivocally, implying that Antony has overreached as well as outnumbered him. Antony had in fact worked himself into the possession of the house of Pompey's father. Thus in North's Plutarch: "Antonius asked him, And where shall we suppe? 'There,' said Pompey; and shewed him his admirall gallie, which had sixe bankes of oares: 'That, said he, is my fathers house they have left me.' He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his fathers house, that was Pompey the Great." H.

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Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present[5]) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

[5] That is, foreign to the object of our present discussion.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts[6] harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.[7]

[6] A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts in arithmetic.

[7] The incident here alluded to is related in Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar. After telling how, upon Cæsar's coming to Alexandria, Pothinus the eunuch drove Cleopatra from the court into the country, and how Cæsar sent secretly for her to come to him, he goes on thus: "She, only taking Apollodorus of all her friends, took a litle bote, and went away with him in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herselfe downe upon a mattresse or flockbed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his backe, and brought her thus hamperec in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first

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Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee. —
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give

occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her." The incident is dramatized with much spirit in Fletcher's False One. H.

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me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the

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strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On Board POMPEY's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o'their plants[1] are ill-rooted already; the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.[2]

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,[3] he cries out, "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great

[1] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is used here for the *foot*, from the Latin. Thus in Chapman's version of the sixteenth Iliad: "Even to the low *plants* of his feete his forme was altered."

[2] "A phrase," says Warburton, "among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy."

[3] Meaning much the same as the phrase now current, of "touching one in a sore place." H.

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men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.[4]

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.[5]

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. [*To* CÆSAR.] Thus do they, sir: They take the flow o'the Nile
By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foizon[6] follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, — and some wine! — A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies'

[4] A *partizan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*, not being so long: it was made use of in mounting a breech, &c.

[5] That is, *a sight as unseemly* as the holes where the eyes should be, *without the kindling presence of the eye to fill them.*

[6] *Foizon* is *plenty, abundance.*

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pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so: and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* MENAS *aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

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Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,[7]
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,[8]
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd[9] fortunes more.

[7] *Pales* is *includes; inclips, embraces.* The Tempest has *pole-clipt* vineyard." H.

[8] That is, *confederates.* See Act i. sc. 4, note 1.

[9] *Pall'd* is vapid, past its time of excellence.

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Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man: seest not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels,[10] ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To* ANTONY.] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

[10] That is, *tap* them, *broach* them. So in Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, Act v. sc. 10: "Home, Launce, and *strike* a fresh piece of wine." H.

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands. —
Make battery to our ears with the loud music; —
The while I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding[11] every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:[12]
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? — Pompey, good night. — Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let's part:
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe

[11] The *holding* is the *burden* or *under-song*. Thus in The Serving Man's Comfort, 1598: "Where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is —

'It is merrie in haul,
When beards wag all.'"

[12] *Pink eyne* are *small eyes*. "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied*. Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519. The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the God of wine.

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Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—
Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir: Give's your hand.
Pom. O, Antony!
You have my father's house.—But what! we are
friends:
Come down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.— [*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd!
sound out! [*A Flourish.*
Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain! come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as after Conquest, with* SILIUS, *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;[1] and now

[1] *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

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Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. — Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,[2]
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius:
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction.[3] Thou wilt write to Antony?

[2] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

[3] *Grants* for *affords*. "Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword."

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Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. — On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome.

An Antechamber in Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa *and* Enobarbus, *meeting.*

Agr. What! are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.[1]

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

[1] Alluding, perhaps, ironically, to the signification of the word *lepidus* H.

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Agr. O Antony! O, thou Arabian bird![2]

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar; — go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; — yet he loves Antony.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho! his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,[3] and he their beetle. So, — [*Trumpets.*
This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't. — Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. — Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we

[2] The phœnix. So in Cymbeline: "She is alone the *Arabian bird*, and I have lost my wager." — Of course it must be understood that in this dialogue the speakers are but travestying the flights of Lepidus in praise of his colleagues. H.

[3] That is, they are the *wings* that raise this *lumpish insect* from the ground. So in Macbeth, "The *shard-borne* beetle."

Band and *bond* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time.

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Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.[6]

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

[6] A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and is thought to indicate an ugly temper. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herselfe—thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c

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He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound,[6] he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.[7]
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

[6] To *confound* is to *consume*, to *destroy*.
[7] Steevens explains the passage thus: "Believe that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which in reality will be tears of joy."

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued, or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station[1] are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

[1] *Station* here means *standing*.

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Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't. — There's nothing in her yet: —
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? — Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?
Mess. Round, even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.[2] —
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That I so harry'd him.[3] Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

[2] Thus in Hill's Pleasant History, 1613: "The head *very round* to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "The *head* long, to be prudent and wary."

[3] To *harry* is to harass, to worry, to use roughly, from the old Norman-French *harier* of the same meaning.

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Cleo I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian :—
But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Athens.

A Room in ANTONY'S House.

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, —but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it
To public ear ;
Spoke scantly of me ; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.[1]
Octa. O, my good lord !
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts :
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband ! "

[1] That is, *to appearance only, not seriously.* Thus Dryden in his Wild Gallant : "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." So Chapman, in his version of the fifteenth Iliad : "She laught, but *meerly from her lips.*" And Fuller, in his Holy Warre : "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."

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Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stay your brother.[2] Make your soonest haste:
So, your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

[2] The original has *stain* instead of *stay*. *Stay* was proposed by Boswell, and is found written in Mr. Collier's second folio.

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Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[1] would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and, not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;[2]
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind each other.[3] Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught,
But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[1] That is, *equal rank*. In Hamlet Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo the *rivals* of his watch.

[2] *No more* does not signify *no longer*; but has the same meaning as *and* no more.

[3] The old copies have simply *the other* instead of *each other* Some modern editions read *the one the other*; which does not suit the verse so well as *each other*. H.

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SCENE VI.

Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this
And more:
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of 't,—
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I'the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

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Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the isle: then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, *with her Train.*[1]

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,

[1] Such is the stage-direction in all the old copies. Modern editions generally omit the words, *with her Train*, thinking them, probably, inconsistent with what Cæsar says, that she "should have an army for an usher." Not being able to perceive any such inconsistency, we retain the words in question. H.

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Long ere she did appear; the trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which left unshown,
Is often felt unlov'd:[2] we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct[3] 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her: he hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying[4]
The kings o'the earth for war. He hath assembled

[2] The original reads, "Is often *left* unlov'd." Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *held* for *left*. Mr. Singer proposes *felt*, as it consists of the same letters as *left*, and gives substantially the same sense as *held*. The passage is commonly so pointed as to make *which*, referring to *love*, the subject of *is felt*; whereas it should be the clause itself, — "which *being* left unshown," or "the leaving of which unshown." H.

[3] The old copy reads *abstract*. The alteration was made by Warburton.

[4] That is which two persons are now levying.

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Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,[5]
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers[6]
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large

[5] Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *wronged* for *wrong led*; but Cæsar probably means that his sister had been *misled* in what she had written to him. H.

[6] The old copies read, "*makes his* ministers." But as *gods* is evidently the subject of the verb, and the pronoun as evidently refers to *gods*, there can be no doubt that both the verb and the pronoun should be in the plural. Mr. Collier, however, changes *makes* to *make*, and yet leaves *his* unchanged! H.

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In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,[7]
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke[1] my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should not we
Be there in person?[2]

[7] *Regiment* is *government, authority;* he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a *harlot*. *Regiment* is used for *regimen* or government by most of our ancient writers.

[1] To *forespeak* here is to *speak against*, to *gainsay*, to *contradict;* as to *forbid* is to order negatively. The word had, however, the meaning of to *charm* or *bewitch*, like *forbid* in Macbeth, Act i. sc. 3, note 5.

[2] The original gives this speech thus, precisely: "If not, denounced against us, why should we not be there in person?" The emendation which we adopt is Singer's. Malone, Knight, and some others retain the original reading, explaining it thus "If there be no special denunciation against us, why should we not be there?" It seems not to have occurred to these editors to consult the authority which Shakespeare followed, and so ascertain whether in fact the war was denounced against Cleopatra or not. In the passage of Plutarch which supplied the basis of this scene, we have the following: "Now, after that Cæsar had made

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Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.[3]

sufficient preparation, he *proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra*, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said, furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himselfe, but Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizeled her haire and dressed her head) and Charmian; the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire." H.

[3] Plutarch gives the following account of this matter: "Antonius, through the perswasion of Domitius, commanded Cleopatra to returne into Ægypt, and there to understand the successe of this warre. But Cleopatra, fearing lest Antonius should againe be made friends with Cæsar by the meanes of his wife Octavia, so plied Canidius with money, that he became her spokesman unto Antonius, and told him there was no reason to send her from this warre, who defrayed so great a charge; neither was it for his profit, because thereby the Ægyptians would be utterly discouraged, which were the chiefest strength of the army by sea: that he could see no king of all their confederates, that Cleopatra

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Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?[4] — You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. — Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare,[5] yours, heavy: No disgrace

was inferiour unto either for wisdome or judgment; seeing that, long before, she had wisely gouverned so great a realme as Ægypt; and besides that, she had bene so long acquainted with him, by whom she had learned to manage great affaires. These faire perswasions won him; for it was predestinated that the gov ernment of all the world should fall into Octavius Cæsars hands.' H.

[4] To *take in* is to *conquer, subdue.*

[5] *Yare* is *quick, nimble, ready.* So in the Tempest, Act v. sc. 1: "Our ship is tight and *yare*." The word seems to have been much in use with sailors formerly. "The lesser ship will come

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Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar: But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible:
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse: we'll to our ship

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis![6]—How now, worthy soldier!

and go, leave and take, and is *yare*; whereas the greater is slow." —*Raleigh.*

[6] Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids.

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Sold. O, noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i'the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:[7] so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,[8] as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

[7] An obscure phrase; but meaning, perhaps, — "His action grows not, proceeds not, where his power to act is greatest." Or it may refer, not merely to the present action, but to Antony's whole course of late, where his action grows, takes its shape, not from the power that executes it, that is, himself, but from the will of another. H.

[8] Detachments, separate bodies.

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Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes[9] forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and Others.*

Cæs. Taurus!
Taur. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole.
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.[1] [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond' side o'the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
Th' Antoniad,[2] the Egyptian admiral,

[9] In Shakespeare *throe* and *throw* are always spelt alike; so that it is not quite certain which word was intended here. Collier prints *throw*; but, surely, *throe* is much the more expressive word, and equally fitting, at least, to the context. H.

[1] That is, this hazard. See Coriolanus, Act iii. sc. 1, note 13

[2] The *Antoniad* was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

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With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion!

Scar. The greater cantle[3] of the world is lost
With very ignorance: we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,[4]
Where death is sure. Yon ribald nag of Egypt,[5]
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,[6]
Hoists sails, and flies.

[3] A *cantle* is a portion, a fragment: it also signified a corner. See 1 Henry IV., Act iii. sc. 1, note 8.

[4] In cases of the plague, the symptoms that betokened death were called *God's tokens*. H.

[5] The original reads,—"Yon *ribaudred Nagge* of Egypt." Steevens and Malone changed *ribaudred* into *ribald-rid*; and Singer, following the opinion of Tyrwhitt, changed *nag* into *hag*. *Ribald* and *ribaldry* were anciently spelt *ribaud* and *ribaudrie*. Here the verse obviously requires a word of two syllables; and we have almost no doubt that the Poet wrote *ribaud*, which somehow got misprinted *ribaudred*. Of course the epithet is applied to Cleopatra to express her notorious profligacy. It seems to us, also, that the Poet meant to use the term *nag*, in reference to her speedy flight from the battle, carrying Antony off, as it were, on her back. And the words, "the brize upon her," and "like a cow in June," naturally infer that such was the image intended.—The *brize* is the *gad-fly*, the summer torment of "the mute creation." H.

[6] In this line, *her* refers to *cow*, not to *ribald nag*; the logical order being thus: "Like a cow in June, the brize upon her." The two parts of the line were transposed for the sake of the metre. H.

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Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O! he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Ay, are you thereabouts? Why, then, good night indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

[7] To *loof*, commonly pronounced and spelt *luff*, is a sea term, meaning to ply to windward, or to sail before the wind. Shakespeare met with the word in Plutarch's description of this fight: "Now, Publicola, seeing Agrippa put forth his left wing of Cæsare army, to compass in Antonius ships, was driven also to *loofe* off to have more roome, and to go a litle at one side to put those further off that were afraid." n.

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SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is asham'd to bear me! — Friends, come hither.
I am so lated[1] in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. — I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders. — Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. — O!
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the seaside straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now: —

[1] Belated, benighted. So in Macbeth: "Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace."

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Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,[2]
Therefore I pray you: — I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him; comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam, —
Iras. Madam: O, good empress! —
Eros. Sir, sir, —
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes. — He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer,[3] while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[4] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now — No matter
Cleo. Ah! stand by.

[2] "I *entreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence."

[3] The meaning appears to be, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in All's Well that Ends Well:

> "I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
> Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
> Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*,
> But one to *dance* with."

[4] That is, only fought by proxy, made war by his lieutenants. In Plutarch's Life of Antony it is said of both Cæsar and Antony, that "they were always more fortunate when they made warre by their lieutenants than by themselves." H.

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Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, — Sustain me: — O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her,[5] but
Your comfort make the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

[5] Such is the reading of the original. Modern editions, going with the second folio, read *seize* instead of *cease*. Who made the change, why it was made, and why it has been retained, are questions that we cannot answer. For *cease* was not unfrequently thus used as a transitive verb, in the sense of to *end*, or *put an end to*. Thus in Timon of Athens, Act ii. sc. 1: "Be not *ceas'd* with slight denial." And in Cymbeline, Act v. sc. 5: "I did compound for her a certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would *cease* the present power of life." And in 2 Henry VI., Act v. sc. 2: "Now let the general trumpet blow his blast, particularities and petty sounds to *cease*." Moreover, *seize* was spelt by the Poet just precisely as we spell it. We should not strain the point so much, but that all modern editions, so far as we know, are against us. — In this line *but* is used in its exceptive sense; for *but that*, or *unless*. H.

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Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all causes.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE X. Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, *and Others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,

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As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so. Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle[2] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee! [*Exit* EUPHRO

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.—
[*To* THYREUS.] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;[3]

[1] "*His* grand sea" appears to mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. *His* was constantly used for *its*. See 2 Henry IV., Act i. sc. 2, note 16. H.

[2] The diadem, the crown.

[3] That is, how he bears himself in the *flaw* or *breach* in his fortunes.

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And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.[1]

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question.[2] 'Twas a shame no less

[1] To *think*, or *take thought*, was anciently synonymous with to *grieve*. Thus in Julius Cæsar, Act ii. sc. 1: "All that he can do is to himself; *take thought*, and die for Cæsar."

[2] That is, himself being the matter to which the dispute is *limited*. *Mere*, sometimes spelt *meare*, is used both as a noun and a verb by divers old writers; the verb signifying to *bound* or *limit*. Thus, in Spenser's Ruines of Rome: "When that brave honour of the Latine name, which *mear'd* her rule with Africa." And in The Faerie Queene, Book iii. can. 10:

> "So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
> Ne in small *meares* containe his glory great."

Dr. Johnson conjectured that *mered*, spelt *meered* in the original, might be a misprint for *mooted;* and *mooted* is found written in Mr Collier's second folio. H.

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Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace!

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'the command of Cæsar: I dare him, therefore,
To lay his gay caparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' show
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream.

[3] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit, but to answer me man to man in this *decline* of my age and power. JOHNSON.

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Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What! no more ceremony? — See, my women!
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, sir.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.[4]
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: — Yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So. —
Thus, then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

[4] To *square* is to *quarrel*. See Act ii. sc. 1, note 7.

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. — Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar, that in deputation[5]
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying[6] breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,

[5] That is, kiss his hand by proxy, through you as deputy. The original reads, "*this* in *disputation*." Warburton and Mason thought it should be *deputation*, and the change is made in Collier's second folio, as is also the change of *this* into *that*. H.

[6] That is, breath which all obey. As in many other places, the active form in a passive sense; *obeying* for *obeyed*. M

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No chance may shake it. Give me grace[7] to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there. — Ay, you kite! — Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "ho!"
Like boys unto a muss[8] kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. — Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of — she here — what's her name,

[7] Grant me the favour.

[8] A *muss* is a scramble. Dryden uses the word in the Prologue to Widow Ranter:

"Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's *a muss* of more than half the town."

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Since she was Cleopatra? — Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again. — This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. —

[*Exeunt Attend. with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you: Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders.[9]

Cleo. Good my lord, —

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;[10]
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure,

[9] That is, on *menials*. Servants are called *eaters* and *feeders* by several of our old dramatic writers. Morose, in the Silent Woman of Ben Jonson, says: "Where are all my *eaters*, my mouths, now? Bar up my doors, you varlets." Thus also in Fletcher's Nice Valour, Act iii. sc. 1: "*Servants* he has, lusty tall *feeders*." "Have I," says Antony, "abandoned Octavia, a gem of women, to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants!" We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for fully establishing this explanation.

[10] *Seel* was a word used in falconry for closing up the eyes of a hawk. See Macbeth, Act iii. sc. 2, note 8. H.

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Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare[11] about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has

[11] That is, ready, nimble, active. See sc. 7, note 4.

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Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me.[12] Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes; begone. [*Exit* THYREUS

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?[13]

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah! dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[14] so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite![15]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[16] of this pelleted storm,

[12] To *requite* me.

[13] *Points* means the laces formerly used for fastening the hose. See The Winter's Tale, Act iv. sc. 3, note 19. H.

[14] That is, as the hailstone *dissolves* or wastes away.

[15] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. The old copies have *smile* instead of *smite*. H.

[16] The original has *discandering*. *Discandying* was proposed by Thirlby, and has been generally received. Of course it signifies melting out of a *candied*, that is, a solid state; which agrees well with the context, "a *pelleted* storm" being a storm of *bullets*. Moreover, *discandy* occurs, in a similar sense, in Act iv. sc. 10 of this play. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *discandering*, and explain it to mean *dis-squandering*, that is, *scattering*. It is true, as they remark, that *squander* was sometimes used for *scatter*; as in The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 3, note 1. It is also true, that the prepositive *dis*, *di*, was often used augmentatively or intensively. And it is also true, that the sense of *scattering* is congruent to the rest of the expression. All which

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Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy, too,
Have knit again, and fleet,[17] threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night.[18] — Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought t'have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

might be good reason for adopting *disquandering*; but not, it seems to us, for retaining *discandering*. H.

[17] To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous. Thus Baret: — "To *fleete* above the water: flotter."

[18] Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court. "From *gaudium*," says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

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Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. — The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. *and Attendants.*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge: and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a Letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,

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I have many other ways to die;[1] meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: — Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,

[1] Upton would read: "*He* hath many other ways to die: meantime *I* laugh at his challenge." This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so"

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Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."[1]
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv d me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Servants. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,

[1] Let the survivor *take all*; no composition; victory or death

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As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

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3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts*

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*They take their Posts.*] and if to-morrow our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Music of Hautboys under the Stage*

4 *Sold.* Peace! what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i'the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs[1] well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace! I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another Post*

2 *Sold.* How now, masters!

All. How now! how now! do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter: let's see how it will give off.

All. Content: 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN *and Others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

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[1] That is, it bodes well

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, *with Armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:[1] —
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. — Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart. — False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help.

Ant. Thus it must be. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. — Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.[2]

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm. —
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight[3] at this, than thou: Despatch. — O, love!

[1] The original has *thine* here instead of *mine*. The occurrence of *mine* in the two preceding lines shows that it should be mine here. The change is made accordingly in Collier's second folio. H.

[2] *Briefly* is here used for *quickly*. — The original prints this part of the dialogue somewhat confusedly; the whole passage beginning with, "Nay, I'll help too," and ending with, "Thus it must be," being assigned to Cleopatra. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Malone gave the arrangement of the dialogue as it here stands, save that they made "Thus it must be" a part of Cleopatra's speech. This judicious change is derived from Mr. Collier's second folio, which sets the whole passage in the order here given. In the next speech of Antony, the same volume substitutes "shall *bear* a storm" for "shall *hear* a storm." The change is plausible, but not necessary. H.

[3] *Tight* is *handy, adroit.* So in The Merry Wives of Wind-

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an armed Soldier.

A workman in't. — Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. — Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. —
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. — You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. — Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

sor: "Bear you these letters *tightly*." And in Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn, Act ii. sc. 2: "But, my dear Jewstromp, for thou art but my instrument, I am the plotter, and when we have cozen'd 'em most *tightly*, thou shalt steal away the innkeeper's daughter." H.

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He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."
Ant. What sayest thou?
Sold. Sir, he is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master—O, my fortunes have

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Corrupted honest men! — Despatch. — Enobarbus![4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar *with* Agrippa, Enobarbus, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive:
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Agrippa.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.[1]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the van,

[4] For this scene and a subsequent one where Enobarbus dies, Plutarch furnished only the following basis: "Antonius dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatras mind. For he being sicke of an ague when he went and tooke a little boate to go unto Cæsars camp, Antonius was very sorie for it, but yet he sent after him all his cariage, traine, and men; and the same Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented his open treason, died immediately after. There were certaine kings also that forsooke him, and turned on Cæsars side, as Amyntas and Deiotarus." H.

[1] "The *three-nook'd* world" is "the *three corner'd* world." So in King John: "Come *the three corners of the world* in arms, and we shall shock them." How the world came to be thus spoken of as having *three corners* only, has not been satisfactorily explained. Such, however, was the usage of the time. — The Poet elsewhere refers to the *olive* as the symbol of *peace*. Thus in 2 Henry VI.: "But peace puts forth her olive every where." E.

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That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade[2]
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you saf'd the bringer[3]
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,

[2] The original has *dissuade*, which Mr. Collier retains, against all propriety. The correction, evident in itself, is confirmed by Plutarch: "Alexas Laodician, who was brought unto Antonius house and favour by meanes of Timagenes, afterwards was in greater credit with him than any other Grecian. Him Antonius had sent unto Herodes king of Jurie, hoping still to keepe him his friend. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *perswaded* him to turne to Cæsar; and trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Cæsars presence. Howbeit, Herodes did him no pleasure, for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chains to his owne countrey, and there by Cæsars commandment put to death." H.

[3] That is, "get him off safe." We have a similar instance in Act i. sc. 3: "And that which most with you should *safe* my going." H

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Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony!
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:[4]
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel
I fight against thee? — No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and Others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[1]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

Scar. O, my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

[4] "This generosity *swells* my heart, so that it will quickly break, if *thought* break it not." *Blown* is used for *puffed* or *swelled* in the last scene: "On her breast there is a vent of blood, and something *blown*." And in Lear: "No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite." *Thought* here also signifies *grief*. See Act iii. sc. 11, note 1.

[1] The force by which we are *oppressed* or overpowered.

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Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes:[2] I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.[1] — To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;

[2] The hole in a bench, *ad levandum alvum.* Thus in Cecil's Secret Correspondence, published by Lord Hailes, 1766: "And beside, until a man be sure that this embryo is likely to receive life, I will leave it like an abort in a *bench-hole.*"

[1] That is, our *deeds*, or our *exploits*. The original has *guests* The correction is self-evident.

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For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine: you have shown all Hectors
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.— [*To* SCARUS.] Give
me thy hand:

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy[2] I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.— O, thou day o'the
world!
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[3] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!
though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.[4] Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior.— He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

[2] *Fairy*, in former times, did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an *enchanter*; in which sense it is used here.

[3] That is, armour of proof.

[4] At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal* is to be a superior in a contest of activity

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Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. — Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.[5]
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter Enobarbus.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' court of guard.[1] The night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By th' second hour i'the morn.
2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night! —
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O, thou blessed moon!
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent. —

[5] That *own* them.
[1] The *court of guard* is the *guard-room*, the place where the guard musters

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1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace! hark further.

Eno. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy!
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him; for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught[2] him.
Hark! the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To th' court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt with the Body*

[2] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*

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SCENE X. Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea:
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us, (order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven,)
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.[1] [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd,[2] we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage! [*Exeunt.*

[1] The original here presents a singularly impracticable reading, which we subjoin, pointing and all:

"But this it is, our Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the Citty
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven:
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And looke on their endevour."

Modern editions, until Knight's, supposing some words to have dropped out after *haven*, have supplied either *Further on*, proposed by Rowe, or *Let's seek a spot*, proposed by Malone. The parenthesis relieves the whole difficulty, as it makes *where* refer naturally to *hills*. H.

[2] That is, "*unless* we be charg'd;" *but* being used in its exceptive sense, for "*be out that* we be charg'd." *But* was often thus used as equivalent to *without* or *except*, as Mr. Collier says it still is in the North of England. H.

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Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond' pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests:[3] the augurers
Say they know not, — they cannot tell; — look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. — Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou

[3] Plutarch speaks of this and divers other ominous events as occurring before the battle of Actium: "Before this warre, it is reported, many signes and wonders fell out. One of the images of stone, which was set up in honour of Antonius in the city of Alba, did sweate many daies together; and though some wiped it away, yet it left not sweating still. And in the city of Athens also, in a place where the warre of the Giants against the gods is set out in imagerie, the statue of Bacchus with a terrible wind was throwne downe in the theatre. It was said, that Antonius came of the race of Hercules, and in the manner of his life he followed Bacchus, and therefore was called the new Bacchus. The admirall galley of Cleopatra was called Antoniade, in the which there chanced a marvellous ill signe: swallowes had bred under the poope of her ship, and there came others after them, and drave the first away, and plucked downe their nests."

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Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all: — Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit* SCARUS.
O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. — All come to this? — The hearts
That spaniel'd[4] me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O! this false soul of Egypt, this grave charm,[5]
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet,[6] my chief end;
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[7]

[4] The old editions read *pannelled*. *Spaniel'd* is the happy emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer. In A Midsummer Night's Dream, Helena says to Demetrius: "I am your *spaniel*, — only give me leave, unworthy as I am, to *follow you*."

[5] "This *grave charm*" probably means this deadly or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. Thus in the nineteenth book: "But not far hence the fatal minutes are of thy *grave* ruin." It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*. Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *spell* for *soul*, and *great* for *grave*; and Mr. Singer tells us the latter change is also made in one of his own copies. Both changes seem plausible.
H.

[6] "That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*.

[7] The allusion is to the game of *fast and loose*, or *pricking at the belt or girdle*, which was practised by the gipsies in Shakespeare's time, as appears by an Epigram of Thomas Freeman's in his collection, called "Run and a great Cast," 1614:

"Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
Make *fast* or *loose*, or whatsoere he would." H

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Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. —
What, Eros. Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish! or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;[8] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEOPATRA.
'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. — Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

[8] The old copies have *dolts* instead of *doits*. The emendation is Warburton's. Shakespeare often uses *doits*, meaning, of course, small pieces of money. Tyrwhitt proposed, and Steevens adopted "*to* dolts" as the right reading. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *dolts*, and explain the passage thus: "*Poor'st diminutives* are the children of the humblest condition, and classed with *dolts* — the silly and ignorant of a larger growth; the whole forming what Cleopatra, in the last scene of the play, calls the 'shouting varletry' of Rome. We must therefore understand *for* to mean *for the gratification of*, or adopt a suggestion by Malone, 'be shown' *fore!*" H.

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SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Telamon [1] for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.[2]
Char. To th' monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To th' monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.—
To th' monument! [*Exeunt*

SCENE XII. The Same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain or blue promontory

[1] That is, than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by Meleager.

[2] When a hunted animal is so hard run that it foams at the mouth, it is said to be *emboss'd*. See The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, sc. 1, note 7.

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With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.[1]

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns,[2] and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave,[3] Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost;—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar,[4] and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

[1] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Mr. Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre."

[2] That is, "the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture." For the meaning of *rack*, see The Tempest, Act iv. sc. 1, note 16; also, 3 Henry VI., Act ii. sc. 1, note 4. H.

[3] *Knave* was familiarly used for *servant*. Thus in A Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode: "I shall thee lende lyttle John my man, for he shall be thy *knave*."

[4] To *pack the cards* was often used metaphorically, for contriving together to deceive another. The meaning is, that Cleopatra, by collusion, falsely played the great game they were engaged in, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.*

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Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony,
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. — That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. — [*Exit* MARDIAN.]
Off, pluck off: —
The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides![5]
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier: — bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me awhile. —
[*Exit* EROS
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

[5] That is, "the battery *proceeding from* my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax: would it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me

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All length is torture:[6] since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength. seal, then, and all is done.—
Eros! — I come, my queen. — Eros! — Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind[7]
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

[6] That is, all length of *journey* or *travel;* as is shown by the following part of the sentence. Steevens thought the Poet must have written *life* instead of *length*. H.

[7] "Less *noble mind*" is to be taken in the sense of "less *noble-minded*." Plutarch gives the passage thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sory that, having bene so great a captaine and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman." H.

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Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,[8] bending down
His corrigible neck,[9] his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?[10]
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir! pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

[8] "*Pleach'd* arms" is arms *interwoven*, or *folded together*. The word is sometimes spelt *plash*. Thus, in Miller's Gardener's Dictionary: "When an hedge is of eight or nine years' growth, it will be proper to *plash* it." The word occurs in Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 1:

> "And bid her steal into the *pleached* bower,
> Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter."

[9] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and *penetrative* for *penetrating*

[10] Branded with baseness him that follow'd.

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Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his Sword.*]
Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros! what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his Sword.*
I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

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Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd[11] with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

[11] Mr. Collier's second folio alters *dispos'd* to *compos'd*; an argument that those corrections are much more modern than the text. *Dispose* was sometimes used for *arrange*. Thus in Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book ii. can. 8: "Words, well *dispost*, have secret powre t'appease inflamed rage." H.

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Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides:
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XIII. The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it. — How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

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Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in![1] — darkling stand
The varying shore o'the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! — Help, Charmian! help, Iras, help!
Help, friends below! let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. —
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken:[2] not th' imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd[3] with me; if knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes

[1] According to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

[2] Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.

[3] *Brooch* was used for an *ornament* of any kind. So in Ben Jonson's Poetaster: "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." And in Hamlet, Act iv. sc. 7: "He is the *brooch*, indeed, and gem of all the nation." See, also, King Richard II., Act v. sc. 5, note 6. H.

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And still conclusion,[4] shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. — But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up: —
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick! or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed![5] — How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
Wishers were ever fools; — O, come, come, come!
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing;[6] had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety. — O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

[4] That is, her deep silent way of concluding; or, it may be, *looking* forth her reproaches, without *speaking*. H.

[5] Divers editors have made a strange stumbling-block out of this use of *sport*; just as if any thing were more common or more natural, than for people to express the intensest feeling by words of a contrary meaning! Mr. Collier's second folio changes *sport* into *port*, which is supposed to be from a French word meaning weight; and Mr. Singer proposes to read *support*. We believe that *sport* is not only the word used by Shakespeare, but the *fittest* word he could use in the place. H.

[6] That is, *revive by my kiss*. To *quicken*, according to Baret, is "to make livelie and lustie; to make strong and sound, to refresh."

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Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see! my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen![7] young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!—

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman;[8] and commanded

[7] That is, their *standard* or rallying point is thrown down.

[8] That is, no more *Egypt* or *Empress*, but a mere woman. The original has, "but *in* a woman." Dr. Johnson made the correction. *E'en* was often misprinted thus.

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By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.[9] — It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out. — Good sirs, take heart:
[*To the Guard below.*
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *Body.*

[9] *Chares* is an old word for divers little items and patches of work, such as commonly fall to boys and servant-girls. In New England *chores* is still used in the same way for such matters as feeding the pigs, watering the horses, milking the cows, &c.
H.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate,[1] tell him he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with the Sword of* Antony.

Cæs. Whorefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?[2]

Der. I am call'd Dercetas.
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke
He was my master, and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,

[1] In such verbs as frustrate, contaminate, and consummate, the participle was often so formed. In the Psalter we have a similar usage: "Be ye *lift* up, ye everlasting doors." The two words ending this line, *us by*, are not in the old copies. They were supplied by Malone; and something of the kind is evidently necessary to the sense. H.

[2] That is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand

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And citizens to their dens.[3]—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom: in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.[4]

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd[5] equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!

[3] Commentators have puzzled a good deal over this passage, and most of them have concluded that some words had been lost in the printing. From the defectiveness of the measure it seems not unlikely that such may be the case. Still the sense is complete enough. Of course the idea is of a shaking, such as to confound cities and deserts together, throwing lions into the streets of men, and men into the dens of lions. We follow the arrangement of the original. H.

[4] "May the gods rebuke me *if it be not* tidings to make kings weep." *But* again in its exceptive sense.

[5] *Wag'd* here must mean to be *opposed*, as equal stakes in a wager: unless we suppose that *weighed* is meant.

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I have follow'd thee to this; — but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd on thine: we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his[6] thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
Unreconcileable, should divide
Our equalness to this.[7] — Hear me, good friends, —
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet.[8] The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart,
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So, the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

[6] *His* for *its*. See Act iii. sc. 10, note 1.

[7] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

[8] That is, yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

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Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA,[1] CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

[1] The Poet here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be difficult to represent this scene on the stage in any other way than making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized within the monument.

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Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.[2]

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I[3]
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him

[2] Voluntary death is an act *which bolts up change;* it produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. It has been already said in this play: "Our *dungy* earth feeds man as beast." "The Æthiopian king," says Herodotus, "upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprised if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life." Mr. Collier's second folio changes *dung* to *dug*. Warburton thought it should be *dug*. H.

[3] In Shakespeare's time, *as* was often used where we should use *that*. H.

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Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,[4]
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.[5] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.
[PROCULEIUS *and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.*[6]

[*To* PROCU.] Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold! [*Disarming her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What! of death, too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by

[4] *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

[5] "In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself has achieved."

[6] There is no stage-direction here in the old copy: that now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch. In the original the speech here assigned to Gallus is given to Proculeius, as is also the preceding speech. S.

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Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,[7]
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,

[7] That is, if for once it be necessary to use idle talk; implying that her purposes are for action, not for speech. Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without reference to the future. M.

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I shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[*To* CLEOPATRA.] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams:
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.[8]

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery

[8] Shakespeare uses O for an orb or circle. Thus in A Midsummer Night's Dream: "Thus all you fiery *Oes*, and eyes of light."

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Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.[9]

Dol. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy;[10] yet, t' imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is, as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites[11]
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dol. Though he be honourable, —

[9] *Plates* was a term in use for silver money, *plata* being the Spanish word for it. H.

[10] To *vie* here has its metaphorical sense of to *contend in rivalry*. Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by nature than fancy could present in sleep. See The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii. sc. 1, note 9.

[11] The original has *suites* instead of *smites*. Modern editions generally, until Collier's, substitute *shoots*. *Smites* was proposed by Mr. Barron Field, a friend of Collier's. H.

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Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know't.
Within. Make way there!—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*She kneels*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:—
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus: my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project [12] mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,

[12] To *project* is to *delineate*, to *shape*, to *form*.

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord;—

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. — Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my
lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! — What! goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this
That, thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should

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Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy![13] Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern[14] friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred?[15] Ye gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.— [*To* SELEU.] Pr'ythee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance.[16] Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* SELEU.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits[17] in our name;
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,

[13] That this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely his own *malice*.

[14] That is, *common, ordinary*.

[15] *With* is here used with the power of *by*. The original has "*The* gods" instead of "*Ye* gods." *Ye* was probably mistaken by the printer for the usual contraction of *The*. H.

[16] That is, "my *fortune*." Of course the meaning is, that her native fire, which is now so overlaid with the ashes of misfortune as to seem extinguished, will flame up through them. The image, though oddly expressed, is not uncommon. Chaucer has a similar one: "Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken." H.

[17] That is, we answer for that which others have *merited* by their transgressions.

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Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:[18] no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where's the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days

[18] Be not a prisoner in imagination

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You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.— [*Exit* DOLABELLA
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians[19]
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony

[19] *Quick* probably means *lively, quick-witted.* — The dread of being "executed in a ballad" is a theme of frequent allusion with the dramatists of Shakespeare's time. One of Falstaff's threats, in 1 Henry IV., Act ii. sc. 2, turns upon it: "An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." And in Massinger's Bondman, Act v. sc. 3, one of the insurgent slaves, humbly begging he "may not twice be executed," when asked what he means, answers thus:

"At the gallows first, and after in a ballad
Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers
About the town, grown fat on these occasions.
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fir'd,
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
Or any such like accident, and, before
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's made,
Which makes their ghosts walk." R

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Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy[20] my greatness
I'the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most assur'd intents.[21]—Now, Charmian!—

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah,[22] Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit* IRAS. *A Noise within.*

[20] It has been already observed that the parts of females were played by boys on our ancient stage. Nash, in his Pierce Pennilesse, makes it a subject of exultation that "our players are not as the players beyond sea, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts."

[21] The old copies have *absurd* instead of *assur'd*. The change was proposed by Theobald, and is made in Mr. Collier's second folio. There seems no reason why *absurd* should be used here, while *assur'd* just fits the place. Collier's folio has also *foil* instead of *fool*. *Foil* does not express enough for the person and the occasion. H.

[22] *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women. See 1 Henry IV., Act i. sc. 2, note 18.

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Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. — [*Exit Guard*
How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon [23]
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. — [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not? [24]

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty;

[23] *Fleeting*, or flitting, is *changeable, inconstant.*

[24] *Worm* is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent.* The word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north in the same sense. We have it still in the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm.* Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.

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how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. — Truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do.[25] But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence: farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[26]

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more

[25] Warburton observes that "Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire:" but he would have *all* and *half* change places. The confusion was probably designed to heighten the humour of the clown's speech.

[26] That is, act according to his *nature*.

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The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. —
Yare, yare,[27] good Iras; quick! — Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.[28] — So, — have you done?
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; — Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies*[29]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch, [*Applying an Asp to her Breast.*

[27] That is, be *nimble*, be *ready*. See Act iii. sc. 7, note 4.

[28] According to the old philosophy, there were four *elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In King Henry V., Act iii. sc. 7, the Dauphin describes his horse thus: "He is pure *air* and *fire;* and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." H.

[29] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

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With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world?[30]—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.[31]

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly; wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

[30] Some modern editions substitute *wide* for *wild*, the original reading. Steevens conjectured it should be *vile*, which in the Poet's time was commonly spelt *vild*. Mr. Dyce says "Steevens was doubtless right;" and he adds,—"The misprint of *wild* for *vild* is one of the commonest in early books." Still we do not find sufficient reason for departing from the old text; as *vile*, besides that it fits the sense no better, seems something tame and unspirited. H.

[31] Charmian remembers the words: "When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday."

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Char. Too slow a messenger. [*Applies an Asp*
O, come! apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar · call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, sir! you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar!
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake

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I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O, noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:[32]
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail; and these fig leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite[33]
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

[32] That is, swelled, puffed See Act iv. sc. 6, note 4.

[33] To *pursue conclusions* is to *try experiments*. Plutarch gives the following account of these experiments: "Cleopatra was very carefull in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proofe of those poisons which made men die with least paine, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. She afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applyed unto men in her sight. So, when she had daily made diverse and sundry proofes, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspicke; the which causeth only a heavinesse of the head, without swouning or complaining, and bringeth also a great desire to sleepe, with a sweate in the face; and so by litle and litle taketh away the senses and vitall powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feele any paine. For they are so sorie when any body awaketh them and taketh them up, as those that be taken out of a sound sleepe."

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A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

IL MORO DI VENEZIA is the title of one of the novels in Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*. The material for THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE, was partly derived from this source. Whether the story was accessible to Shakespeare in English, we have no certain knowledge. No translation of so early a date has been seen or heard of in modern times; and we have already in several cases found reason to think he knew enough of Italian to take the matter directly from the original. We proceed, as usual, to give such an abstract of the tale as may fully discover the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations:

There lived in Venice a valiant Moor who was held in high esteem for his military genius and services. Desdemona, a lady of great virtue and beauty, won by his noble qualities, fell in love with him. He also became equally enamoured of her, and, notwithstanding the opposition of her friends, married her. They were altogether happy in each other until the Moor was chosen to the military command of Cyprus. Though much pleased with this honour, he was troubled to think that he must either part from his wife or else expose her to the dangers of the voyage. She, seeing him troubled and not knowing the cause, asked him one day how he could be so melancholy after being thus honoured by the Senate; and, on being told the reason, begged him to dismiss such idle thoughts, as she was resolved to follow him wherever he should go, and, if there were any dangers in the way, to share them with him. So, the necessary preparations being made, he soon afterwards embarked with his wife, and sailed for Cyprus. In his company he had an ensign, of a fine-looking person, but exceedingly depraved in heart, a boaster and a coward, who by his craftiness and pretension had imposed on the Moor's simplicity, and gained his friendship. This rascal also took his wife along, a handsome and discreet woman, who, being an Italian, was much cherished by Desdemona. In the same company was also a

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lieutenant to whom the Moor was much attached, and often had him to dine with him and his wife; Desdemona showing him great attention and civility for her husband's sake.

The ensign, falling passionately in love with Desdemona, and not daring to avow it lest the Moor should kill him, sought by private means to make her aware of his passion. But when he saw that all his efforts came to nothing, and that she was too much wrapped up in her husband to think of him or any one else, he at last took it into his head that she was in love with the lieutenant, and determined to work the ruin of them both by accusing them to the Moor of adultery. But he saw that he would have to be very artful in his treachery, else the Moor would not believe him, so great was his affection for his wife, and his friendship for the lieutenant. He therefore watched for an opportunity of putting his design into act; and it was not long before he found one. For, the lieutenant having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard, the Moor cashiered him. Desdemona tried very hard to get him pardoned, and received again to favour. When the Moor told his ensign how earnest she was in this cause, the villain saw it was the proper time for opening his scheme: so, he suggested that she might be fond of the lieutenant's company; and, the Moor asking him why, he replied, — "Nay, I do not choose to meddle between man and wife; but watch her properly, and you will then understand me." The Moor could get no further explanation from him, and, being stung to the quick by his words, kept brooding upon them, and trying to make out their meaning; and when his wife, some time after, again begged him to forgive the lieutenant, and not to let one slight fault cancel a friendship of so many years, he at last grew angry, and wondered why she should trouble herself so much about the fellow, as he was no relation of hers. She replied with much sweetness, that her only motive in speaking was the pain she felt in seeing her husband deprived of so good a friend.

Upon this solicitation, he began to suspect that the ensign's words meant that she was in love with the lieutenant. So, being full of melancholy thoughts, he went to the ensign, and tried to make him speak more intelligibly; who, feigning great reluctance to say more, and making as though he yielded to his pressing entreaties, at last replied, — "You must know, then, that Desdemona is grieved for the lieutenant only because, when he comes to your house, she consoles herself with him for the disgust she now has at your blackness." At this, the Moor was more deeply stung than ever; but, wishing to be informed further, he put on a threatening look, and said, — "I know not what keeps me from cutting out that insolent tongue of yours, which has thus attacked the honour of my wife" The ensign replied that he expected no other reward for his friendship, but still protested that he had spoken the truth "If," said he, "her feigned affection has blinded you to such a degree that you cannot see what is so very visible, that

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does not lessen the truth of my assertion. The lieutenant himself, being one of those who are not content unless some others are made privy to their secret enjoyments, told me so; and I would have given him his death at the time, but that I feared your displeasure: but, since you thus reward my friendship, I am sorry I did not hold my tongue." The Moor answered in great passion, — "If you do not make me see with my own eyes the truth of what you tell me, be assured that I will make you wish you had been born dumb." — "That would have been easy enough," said the ensign, "when the lieutenant came to your house; but now that you have driven him away, it will be hard to prove it. But I do not despair of causing you to see that which you will not believe on my word."

The Moor then went home with a barbed arrow in his side, impatient for the time when he was to see what would render him forever miserable. Meanwhile, the known purity of Desdemona made the ensign very uneasy lest he should not be able to convince the Moor of what he had said. He therefore went to hatching new devices of malice. Now, Desdemona often went to his house, and spent part of the day with his wife. Having observed that she brought with her a handkerchief which the Moor had given her, and which, being delicately worked in the Moorish style, was much prized by them both, he devised to steal it. He had a little girl of three years old, who was much caressed by Desdemona. So, one day, when she was at his house, he put the child into her arms, and while she was pressing the little girl to her bosom, he stole away the handkerchief so dexterously that she did not perceive it. This put him in high spirits. And the lady, being occupied with other things, did not think of the handkerchief till some days after, when, not being able to find it, she began to fear lest the Moor should ask for it, as he often did. The ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and left the handkerchief on his bolster. When the lieutenant found it, he could not imagine how it came there; but, knowing it to be Desdemona's, he resolved to carry it to her: so, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went to the back door, and knocked. The Moor, having that instant returned, went to the window, and asked who was there; whereupon the lieutenant, hearing his voice, ran away without answering. The Moor then went to the door, and, finding no one there, returned full of suspicion, and asked his wife if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with truth that she did not; but he, thinking it was the lieutenant, went to the ensign, told him what had happened, and engaged him to ascertain what he could on the subject.

The ensign, being much delighted at this incident, contrived one day to have an interview with the lieutenant in a place where the Moor could see them. In the course of their talk, which was on a different subject, he laughed much, and by his motions expressed

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great surprise. As soon as they had parted, the Moor went to the ensign, to learn what had passed between them; and he, after much urging, declared that the lieutenant withheld nothing from him, but rather boasted of his frequent wickedness with Desdemona, and how, the last time he was with her, she made him a present of the handkerchief her husband had given her. The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife no longer had the handkerchief, this would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. So, one day after dinner he asked her for it; and she, being much disconcerted at the question, and blushing deeply, all which was carefully observed by the Moor, ran to her wardrobe, as if to look for it; but, as she could not find it, and wondered what had become of it, he told her to look for it some other time; then left her, and began to reflect how he might put her and the lieutenant to death so as not to be held responsible for the murder.

The lieutenant had in his house a woman who, struck with the beauty of the handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned. While she was at the work, sitting by a window where any one passing in the street might see her, the ensign pointed it out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded of his wife's guilt. The ensign then engaged to kill both her and the lieutenant. So, one dark night, as the lieutenant was coming out of a house where he usually spent his evenings, the ensign stealthily gave him a cut in the leg with his sword, and brought him to the ground, and then rushed upon him to finish the work. But the lieutenant, who was very brave and skilful, having drawn his sword, raised himself for defence, and cried out murder as loud as he could. As the alarm presently drew some people to the spot, the ensign fled away, but quickly returned, pretended that he too was brought thither by the noise, and condoled with the lieutenant as much as if he had been his brother. The next morning, Desdemona, hearing what had happened, expressed much concern for the lieutenant, and this greatly strengthened the Moor's conviction of her guilt. He then arranged with the ensign for putting her to death in such a manner as to avoid suspicion. As the Moor's house was very old, and the ceiling broken in divers places, the plan agreed upon at the villain's suggestion was, that she should be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, as this would leave no marks upon her; and that when this was done they should pull down the ceiling over her head, and then give out that she was killed by a beam falling upon her. To carry this purpose into effect, the Moor one night had the ensign hidden in a closet opening into his chamber. At the proper time, the ensign made a noise, and when Desdemona rose and went to see what it was, he rushed forth and killed her in the manner proposed. They then placed her on the bed, and when all was done according to the arrangement, the Moor gave an alarm that his house was falling. The neighbours running thither found the lady

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dead under the beams. The next day, she was buried, the whole island mourning for her.

The Moor, not long after, became distracted with grief and remorse. Unable to bear the sight of the ensign, he would have put him openly to death, but that he feared the justice of the Venetians; so he drove him from his company and degraded him, whereupon the villain went to studying how to be revenged on the Moor. To this end, he disclosed the whole matter to the lieutenant, who accused the Moor before the Senate, and called the ensign to witness the truth of his charges. The Moor was imprisoned, banished, and afterwards killed by his wife's relations. The ensign, returning to Venice, and continuing his old practices, was taken up, put to the torture, and racked so violently that he soon died.

Such are the materials out of which was constructed this greatest of domestic dramas. A comparison of Cinthio's tale with the tragedy built upon it will show the measure of the Poet's judgment better, perhaps, than could be done by an entirely original performance. For, wherever he departs from the story, it is for a great and manifest gain of truth and nature; so that he appears equally judicious in what he borrowed and in what he created, while his resources of invention seem boundless, save as they are self-restrained by the reason and logic of art. The tale has nothing anywise answering to the part of Roderigo, who in the drama is a vastly significant and effective occasion, since upon him the most profound and subtle traits of Iago are made to transpire, and that in such a way as to lift the characters of Othello and Desdemona into a much higher region, and invest them with a far deeper and more pathetic interest and meaning. And even in the other parts, the Poet can scarce be said to have taken any thing more than a few incidents and the outline of the plot; the character, the passion, the pathos, the poetry, being entirely his own.

Until a recent date, the tragedy of Othello was commonly supposed to have been among the last of Shakespeare's writing. Chalmers assigned it to 1614, Drake, to 1612; Malone at first set it down to 1611, afterwards to 1604. Mr. Collier has produced an extract from "The Egerton Papers," showing that on the 6th of August, 1602, the sum of ten pounds was paid "to Burbage's Players for Othello." At that time, Queen Elizabeth was at Harefield on a visit to Sir Thomas Egerton, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, afterwards Lord Ellesmere; and it appears that he had the tragedy performed at his residence for her delectation. The company that acted on this occasion were then known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, and in the Egerton Papers were spoken of as Burbage's Players, probably because Richard Burbage was the leading actor among them. And an elegy on the death of Burbage, lately discovered among Mr. Heber's manuscripts, ascertains him to have been the original per-

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former of Othello's part. After mentioning various characters in which this actor had been distinguished, the writer proceeds thus:

> "But let me not forget one chiefest part
> Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart;
> The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
> Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
> Then slew himself upon the bloody bed."

When selected for performance at Harefield, Othello was doubtless in the first blush and freshness of its popularity, having probably had a run at the Globe in the spring of that year, and thus recommended itself to the audience of the Queen. Whether the play were then in its finished state, we have no means of ascertaining. Its workmanship certainly bespeaks the Poet's highest maturity of power and art; which has naturally suggested, that when first brought upon the stage it may have been as different from what it is now, as the original Hamlet was from the enlarged copy. Such is the reasonable conjecture of Mr. Verplanck, — a conjecture not a little approved by the fact of the Poet's having rewritten so many of his dramas after his mind had outgrown their original form. The style, however, of the play is throughout so even and sustained, so perfect is the coherence and congruity of part with part, and its whole course so free from redundancy and impertinence, that, unless some further external evidence should come to light, the question will have to rest in mere conjecture.

The drama was not printed during the author's life. On the 6th of October, 1621, it was entered at the Stationers' by Thomas Walkley, "under the hands of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens." Soon after was issued a quarto pamphlet of forty-eight leaves, the title-page reading thus: "The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice. As it hath been divers times acted at the Globe and at the Blackfriars, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child in Britain's Bourse. 1622." This edition was set forth with a short preface by the publisher, which will be found at the end of this Introduction.

In the folio of 1623, Othello stands the tenth in the division of Tragedies, has the acts and scenes regularly marked, and at the end a list of the persons, headed, "The Names of the Actors." Iago is here called "a villain," and Roderigo "a gull'd gentleman." In the folio, the play has a number of passages, some of them highly important, amounting in all to upwards of 160 lines, which are not in the preceding quarto. On the other hand, the folio omits a few lines that are found in the earlier issue. These variations will be specified in our notes, and therefore need not be pointed out here.

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The play was again set forth in quarto form in 1630, with a title-page reading substantially the same as that of 1622, save as regards the name and address of the publisher.

Neither one of these copies was merely a repetition of another: on the contrary, all three of them, as the several variations marked in our notes will show, were printed from different and probably independent manuscripts. All, therefore, are used as authorities in this edition; the folio being taken as the standard, and both the quartos drawn upon for completing and correcting the text. There are, besides, divers various readings in the several copies, which appear to have equal authority, and between which it is not always easy to choose. Wherever the folio text is in any important respect departed from, such departures are duly noted in our margin; so that the reader can use his own judgment in the matter. It will be seen that the quarto of 1630 is of great value in correcting or confirming the text of the other copies.

The island of Cyprus became subject to the republic of Venice, and was first garrisoned with Venetian troops, in 1471. After this time, the only attempt ever made upon that island by the Turks, was under Selim the Second, in 1570. It was then invaded by a powerful force, and conquered in 1571; since which time it has continued a part of the Turkish empire. We learn from the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first sailed towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its course to Cyprus. These are historical facts, and took place when Mustapha, Selim's general, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570; which is therefore the true period of the action.

In respect of general merit, Othello unquestionably stands in the same rank with the Poet's three other great tragedies, Macbeth, Lear, and Hamlet. As to the particular place it is entitled to hold among the four, the best judges, as we might expect, are not agreed. In the elements and impressions of moral terror, it is certainly inferior to Macbeth; in breadth and variety of characterisation, to Lear; in compass and reach of thought to Hamlet: but it has one advantage over all the others, in that the passion, the action, the interest, all lie strictly within the sphere of domestic life; for which cause the play has a more close and intimate hold on the common sympathies of mankind. On the whole, perhaps it may be safely affirmed of these four tragedies, that the most competent readers will always like that best which they read last. We have already, in our Introduction to King Lear, expressed a slight general preference for that drama; but we find it not easy to keep up such preference while either of the others is dwelling more freshly in the mind.

Dr. Johnson winds up his excellent remarks on this tragedy as follows: "Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting

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to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity." This means, no doubt, that the play would have been improved by such a change. The whole of Act i. would thus have been spared, and we should have, instead, various narrations in the form of soliloquy, but addressed to the audience. Here, then, would be two improprieties, — the turning of the actor into an orator by putting him directly in communication with the audience, and the making him soliloquize matter inconsistent with the nature of the soliloquy.

But, to say nothing of the irregularity thus involved, all the better meaning of Act i. would needs be lost in narration. For the very reason of the dramatic form is, that action conveys something which cannot be done up in propositions. So that, if narrative could here supply the place of the scenes in question, it does not appear why there should be any such drama at all. We will go further: This first Act is the very one which could least be spared, as being in effect fundamental to the others, and therefore necessary to the right understanding of them.

One great error of criticism has been, the looking for too much simplicity of purpose in works of art. We are told, for instance, that the end of the drama is, to represent actions; and that, to keep the work clear of redundances, the action must be one, with a beginning, a middle, and an end; as if all the details, whether of persons or events, were merely for the sake of the catastrophe. Thus it is presumed, that any one thing, to be properly understood, should be detached from all others. Such is not the method of nature: to accomplish one aim, she carries many aims along together. And so the proper merit of a work of art, which is its truth to nature, lies in the harmony of divers co-ordinate and concurrent purposes, making it, not like a flat abstraction, but like a round, plump fact. Unity of effect is indeed essential; but unity as distinguished from mere oneness of effect comes, in art as in nature, by complexity of purpose; — a complexity wherein each purpose is alternately the means and the end of the others.

Whether the object of the drama be more to represent action, or passion, or character, cannot be affirmed, because in the nature of things neither of these can be represented save in vital union with the others. If, however, either should have precedence, doubtless it is character, forasmuch as this is the common basis of the other two: but the complication and interaction of several characters is necessary to the development of any one; the persons serving as the play-ground of each other's transpirations, and reciprocally furnishing motives, impulses, and occasions. For every society, whether actual or dramatic, is a *concrescence* of individuals: men do not grow and develop alone, but by and from each other; so that many have to grow up together in order for any one to grow; the best part even of their individual life coming to them from or through the social organisation. And as men are made, so they must be studied; as no one can grow by him-

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self, so none can be understood by himself: his character being partly derived, must also be partly interpreted, from the particular state of things in which he lives, the characters that act with him, and upon him.

It may be from oversight of these things, that the first Act in Othello has been thought superfluous. If the rise, progress, and result of the Moor's passion were the only aim of the work, that Act might indeed be dispensed with. But we must first know something of his character and the characters that act upon him, before we can rightly decide what and whence his passion is. This knowledge ought to be, and in fact is, given in the opening scenes of the play.

Again: We often speak of men as acting thus or thus, according as they are influenced from without. And in one sense this is true, yet not so, but that the man rather determines the motive, than the motive the man. For the same influences often move men in different directions, according to their several predispositions of character. What is with one a motive to virtue, is with another a motive to vice, and with a third no motive at all. On the other hand, where the outward motions are the same, the inward springs are often very different: so that we cannot rightly interpret a man's actions, without some forecast of his actuating principle; his actions being the index of his character, and his character the light whereby that index is to be read. The first business, then, of a drama is, to give some preconception of the characters which may render their actions intelligible, and which may itself in turn receive further illustration from the actions.

Now, there are few things in Shakspeare more remarkable than the judgment shown in his first scenes; and perhaps the very highest instance of this is in the opening of Othello. The play begins strictly at the beginning, and goes regularly forward, instead of beginning in the middle, as Johnson would have it, and then going both ways. The first Act gives the prolific germs from which the whole is evolved; it is indeed the seminary of the whole play, and unfolds the characters in their principles, as the other Acts do in their phenomena. The not attending duly to what is there disclosed has caused a good deal of false criticism on the play; as, for example, in the case of Iago, who, his earlier developments being thus left out of the account, or not properly weighed, has been supposed to act from revenge; and then, as no adequate motives for such a revenge are revealed, the character has been thought unnatural.

The main passions and proceedings of the drama all have their *primum mobile* in Iago; and the first Act amply discloses what he is made of and moved by. As if on purpose to prevent any mistake touching his springs of action, he is set forth in various aspects having no direct bearing on the main course of the play. He comes before us exercising his faculties on the dupe Roderigo,

and thereby spilling out the secret of his habitual motives and impulses. That his very frankness may serve to heighten our opinion of his sagacity, the subject he is practising upon is at once seen to be a person who, from strength of passion, weakness of understanding, and want of character, will be kept from sticking at his own professions of villany. So that the freedom with which he here unmasks himself only lets us into his keen perceptions of his *whens* and *hows*.

We know from the first, that the bond of union between them is the purse. Roderigo thinks he is buying up Iago's talents and efforts. This is just what Iago means to have him think; and it is something doubtful which glories most, the one in having money to bribe talents, or the other in having wit to catch money. Still it is plain enough that Iago, with a pride of intellectual mastery far stronger than his love of lucre, cares less for the money than for the fun of wheedling and swindling others out of it.

But while Iago is selling pledges of assistance to his dupe, there is the stubborn fact of his being in the service of Othello; and Roderigo cannot understand how he is to serve two masters at once whose interests are so conflicting. In order, therefore, to engage his faith without forsaking the Moor, he has to persuade Roderigo that he follows the Moor but to serve his turn upon him. A hard task indeed; but, for that very cause, all the more grateful to him, since, from its peril and perplexity, it requires the great stress of cunning, and gives the wider scope for his ingenuity. The very anticipation of the thing oils his faculties into ecstacy; his heart seems in a paroxysm of delight while venting his passion for hypocrisy, as if this most Satanical attribute served him for a muse, and inspired him with an energy and eloquence not his own.

Still, to make his scheme work, he must allege some reasons for his purpose touching the Moor: for Roderigo, gull though he be, is not so gullible as to entrust his cause to a groundless treachery; he must know something of the strong provocations which have led Iago to cherish such designs. Iago understands this perfectly: he therefore pretends a secret grudge against Othello, which he is but holding in till he can find or make a fit occasion; and therewithal assigns such grounds and motives as he knows will secure faith in his pretence; whereupon the other gets too warm with the anticipated fruits of his treachery to suspect any similar designs on himself. Wonderful indeed are the arts whereby the rogue wins and keeps his ascendancy over the gull! During their conversation, we can almost see the former worming himself into the latter, like a corkscrew into a cork.

But Iago has a still harder task, to carry Roderigo along in a criminal quest of Desdemona; for his character is marked rather by want of principle than by bad principle, and the passion with which she has inspired him is incompatible with any purpose of

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dishonouring her. Until the proceedings before the Senate, he hopes her father will break off the match with Othello, so that she will again be open to an honourable solicitation; but, when he finds her married, and the marriage ratified by her father, he is for giving up in despair. But Iago again besets him, like an evil angel, and plies his witchcraft with augmented vigour. Himself an atheist of female virtue, he has no way to gain his point but by debauching Roderigo's mind with his own atheism. With an overweening pride of wealth Roderigo unites considerable respect for womanhood. Therefore Iago at once flatters his pride by urging the power of money, and inflames his passion by urging the frailty of woman: for the greatest preventive of dishonourable passion is faith in the virtue of its object. Throughout this undertaking, Iago's passionless soul revels amid lewd thoughts and images, like a spirit broke loose from the pit. With his nimble fancy, his facility and felicity of combination, fertile, fluent, and apposite in plausibilities, at one and the same time stimulating Roderigo's inclination to believe, and stifling his ability to refute what is said, he literally overwhelms his power of resistance. By often iterating the words, "put money in your purse," he tries to make up in earnestness of assertion whatever may be wanting in the cogency of his reasoning, and, in proportion as Roderigo's mind lacks room for his arguments, to subdue him by mere violence of impression. Glorying alike in mastery of intellect and of will, he would so make Roderigo part of himself, like his hand or foot, as to be the immediate organ of his own volitions. Nothing can surpass the fiendish chuckle of self-satisfaction with which he turns from his conquest to sneer at the victim:

> "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
> For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
> If I would time expend with such a snipe,
> But for my sport and profit."

So much for Iago's proceedings with the gull. The sagacity with which he feels and forescents his way into Roderigo is only equalled by the skill with which, while clinching the nail of one conquest, he prepares the subject, by a sort of forereaching process, for a further conquest.

Roderigo, if not preoccupied with vices, is empty of virtues; so that Iago has but to play upon his vanity and passion, and ruin him through these. But Othello has no such avenues open: the villain can reach him only through his virtues; has no way to work his ruin but by turning his honour and integrity against him. And the same exquisite tact of character, which prompts his frankness to the former, counsels the utmost closeness to the latter. Knowing Othello's "perfect soul," he dare not make to him the least tender of dishonourable services, lest he should repel his confidence, and incur his resentment. Still he is quite moderate in his

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professions, taking shrewd care not to whiten the sepulchre s much as to provoke an investigation of its contents. He therefore rather modestly acknowledges his conscientious scruples than boasts of them; as though, being a soldier. he feared that such things might speak more for his virtue than for his manhood. And yet his reputation for exceeding honesty has something suspicious about it, for it looks as though he had studied to make that virtue somewhat of a speciality in his outward carriage; whereas true honesty, like charity, naturally shrinks from being matter of public fame, lest by notoriety it should get corrupted into vanity or pride.

Iago's method with the Moor is, to intermix confession and pretension in such a way that the one may be taken as proof of mod esty, the other, of fidelity. When, for example, he affects to disqualify his own testimony, on the ground that "it is his nature's plague to spy into abuses," he of course designs a contrary impression; as, in actual life, men often acknowledge real vices, in order to be acquitted of them. That his accusation of others may stand the clearer of distrust, he prefaces it by accusing himself. Acting, too, as if he spared no pains to be right, yet still feared he was wrong, his very opinions carry the weight of facts, as hav ing forced themselves upon him against his will. When, watching his occasion, he proceeds to set his scheme of mischief at work, his mind seems struggling with some terrible secret which he dare not let out, yet cannot keep in; which breaks from him in spite of himself, and even because of his fear to utter it. He thus manages to be heard and still seem overheard, that so he may not be held responsible for his words, any more than if he had spoken in his sleep. In those well-known lines, — "Good name, in man and woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls," &c., — he but gives out that he is restrained only by tenderness to others from uttering what would blast them. And there is, withal, a dark, frightful significance in his manner, which puts the hearer in an agony of curiosity: the more he refuses to tell his thoughts, the more he sharpens the desire to know them: when questioned, he so states his reasons for not speaking, that in effect they compel the Moor to extort the secret from him. For his purpose is, not merely to deceive Othello, but to get his thanks for deceiving him.

It is worth remarking, that Iago has a peculiar classification, whereby all the movements of our nature fall under the two heads of sensual and rational. Now, the healthy mind is marked by openness to impressions from without; is apt to be overmastered by the inspiration of external objects; in which case the understanding is kept subordinate to the social, moral, and religious sentiments. But our ancient despises all this. Man, argues he, is made up altogether of intellect and appetite, so that whatever motions do not spring from the former must be referred to the latter. The yielding to inspirations from without argues an ignoble want of spiritual force; to be overmastered by external objects

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infers a conquest of the flesh over the mind; all the religions of our nature, as love, honour, reverence, according to this liberal and learned spirit are but "a lust of the blood and a permission of the will," and therefore things to be looked down upon with contempt. Hence, when his mind walks amidst the better growings of humanity, he is "nothing, if not critical:" so he pulls up every flower, however beautiful, to find a flaw in the root; and of course flaws the root in pulling it. For, indeed, he has, properly speaking, no susceptibilities; his mind is perfectly unimpressible, receives nothing, yields to nothing, but cuts its way through every thing like a flint.

It appears, then, that in Iago intellectuality itself is made a character; that is, the intellect has cast off all allegiance to the moral and religious sentiments, and become a law and an impulse to itself; so that the mere fact of his being able to do a thing is sufficient reason for doing it. For, in such cases, the mind comes to act, not for any outward ends or objects, but merely for the sake of acting; has a passion for feats of agility and strength; and may even go so far as to revel amid the dangers and difficulties of wicked undertakings. We thus have, not indeed a craving for carnal indulgences, but a cold, dry pruriency of intellect, or as Mr. Dana aptly styles it, "a lust of the brain," which naturally manifests itself in a fanaticism of mischief, a sort of hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness. Of course, therefore, Iago shows no addiction to sensualities: on the contrary, all his passions are concentrated in the head, all his desires eminently spiritual and Satanical; so that he scorns the lusts of the flesh, or, if indulging them at all, generally does it in a criminal way, and not so much for the indulgence as for the criminality involved. Such appears to be the motive principle of Satan, who, so far as we know, is neither a glutton, nor a wine-bibber, nor a debauchee, but an impersonation of pride and self-will; and therefore prefers such a line of action as will most exercise and demonstrate his power.

In our remarks on Edmund, we have observed that he does not so much make war on morality, as shift her out of the way, to make room for his wit: seeing his road clear but for moral restraints, he politely bows them out of door, lest they should hinder the free working of his faculties. Iago differs from him, in that he chooses rather to invade than elude the laws of morality: when he sees Duty coming, he takes no pains to play round or get by her, but rather goes out of his way to meet her, as if on purpose to spit in her face and walk over her. That a thing ought not to be done, is thus with him a motive for doing it, because, the worse the deed, the more it shows his freedom and power. When he owns to himself that "the Moor is of a constant, loving, noble nature," it is not so much that he really feels these qualities in him, as that, granting him to have them, there is the greater merit

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in hating him. For anybody can hate a man for his faults; but to hate a man for his virtues, is something original; involves, so to speak, a declaration of moral independence. So, too, in the soliloquy where he speaks of loving Desdemona, he first disclaims any unlawful passion for her, and then adds, parenthetically "though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin;" as much as to say, that whether guilty or not he did not care, and dared the responsibility at all events. So that, to adopt a distinction from Dr. Chalmers, he here seems not so much an atheist as an antitheist in morality. We remember that the late Mr. Booth, in pronouncing these words, cast his eyes upwards, as if looking Heaven in the face with a sort of defiant smile!

That Iago prefers lying to telling the truth, is implied in what we have said. Perhaps, indeed, such a preference is inseparable from his inordinate intellectuality. For it is a great mistake to suppose that a man's love of truth will needs be in proportion to his intellectuality: on the contrary, an excess of this may cause him to prefer lies, as yielding larger scope for activity and display of mind. For they who thrive by the truth naturally attribute their thrift to her power, not to their own; and success, coming to them as a gift, rather humbles than elates them. On the other hand, he who thrives by lying can reckon himself an overmatch for truth; he seems to owe none of his success to nature, but rather to have wrung it out in spite of her. Even so, Iago's characteristic satisfaction seems to stand in a practical reversing of moral distinctions; for example, in causing his falsehood to do the work of truth, or another's truth, the work of falsehood. For, to make virtue pass for virtue, and pitch for pitch, is no triumph at all; but to make the one pass for the other, is a triumph indeed! Iago glories in thus seeming to convict appearances of untruth; in compelling nature, as it were, to own her secret deceptions, and acknowledge him too much for her. Hence his adroit practice to appear as if serving Roderigo, while really using him. Hence his purpose, not merely to deceive the Moor, but to get his thanks for doing so. Therefore it is that he takes such a malicious pleasure in turning Desdemona's conduct wrong side out; for, the more angel she, the greater his triumph in making her seem a devil.

There is, indeed, no touching the bottom of Iago's art: sleepless, unrelenting, inexhaustible, with an energy that never flags, and an alertness that nothing can surprise, he outwits every obstacle and turns it into an ally; the harder the material before him, the more greedily does he seize it, the more adroitly work it, the more effectively make it tell; and absolutely persecutes the Moor with a redundancy of proof. When, for instance, Othello drops the words, "and yet how nature, erring from itself;" meaning simply that no woman is altogether exempt from frailty; Iago with inscrutable sleight-of-hand forthwith steals in upon him, under cover of this remark, a cluster of pregnant insinuations, as but so

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many inferences from his suggestion; and so manages to impart his own thoughts to the Moor, by seeming to derive them from him. Othello is thus brought to distrust all his original perceptions, to renounce his own understanding, and accept Iago's instead. And such, in fact, is Iago's aim, the very earnest and pledge of his intellectual mastery. Nor is there any thing that he seems to take with more gust, than the pain he inflicts by making the Moor think himself a fool; that he has been the easy dupe of Desdemona's arts; and that he owes his deliverance to the keener insight and sagacity of his honest, faithful ancient.

But there is scarce any wickedness conceivable, into which such a lust and pride of intellect and will may not carry a man. Craving for action of the most exciting kind, there is a fascination for him in the very danger of crime. Walking the plain, safe, straightforward path of truth and nature, does not excite and occupy him enough; he prefers to thread the dark, perilous intricacies of some hellish plot, or to balance himself, as it were, on a rope stretched over an abyss, where danger stimulates and success demonstrates his agility. Even if remorse overtake such a man, its effect is to urge him deeper into crime; as the desperate gamester naturally tries to bury his chagrin at past losses in the increased excitement of a larger stake.

Critics have puzzled themselves a good deal about Iago's motives. The truth is, "natures such as his spin motives out of their own bowels." What is said of one of Wordsworth's characters in The Borderers, holds equally true of our ancient:

> "There needs no other motive
> Than that most strange incontinence in crime
> Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him
> And breath and being; where he cannot govern,
> He will destroy."

If it be objected to this view, that Iago states his motives to Roderigo; we answer, Iago is a liar, and is trying to dupe Roderigo; and knows he must allege some motives, to make the other trust him. Or, if it be objected that he states them in soliloquy, when there is no one present for him to deceive; again we answer, Yes there is; the very one he cares most to deceive, namely, himself. And indeed the terms of this statement clearly denote a foregone conclusion, the motives coming in only as an after-thought. The truth is, he cannot quite look his purpose in the face; it is a little too fiendish for his steady gaze; and he tries to hunt up or conjure up some motives, to keep the peace between it and his conscience. This is what Coleridge justly calls "the motive-hunting of a motionless malignity;" and well may he add, "how awful it is!"

Much has been said about Iago's acting from revenge. But he has no cause for revenge, unless to deserve his love be such a cause.

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For revenge supposes some injury received, real or fancied; and the sensibility whence it springs cannot but make some discrimination as to its objects. So that, if this were his motive, he would respect the innocent while crushing the guilty, there being, else, no revenge in the case. The impossibility, indeed, of accounting for his conduct on such grounds is the very reason why the character, judged on such grounds, has been pronounced unnatural. It is true, he tries to suspect, first Othello, and then Cassio, of having wronged him: he even finds or feigns a certain rumour to that effect; yet shows, by his manner of talking about it, that he does not himself believe it, or rather does not care whether it be true or not. And he elsewhere owns that the reasons he alleges are but pretences, after all. Even while using his divinity, he knows it is the "divinity of hell," else he would scorn to use it; and boasts of the intention to entrap his victims through their friendship for him, as if his obligations to them were his only provocations against them. For, to bad men, obligations often are provocations. That he ought to honour them, and *therefore* envies them, is the only wrong they have done him, or that he thinks they have done him, and he means to indemnify himself for their right to his honour, by ruining them through the very gifts and virtues which have caused his envy. Meanwhile, he amuses his reasoning powers by inventing a sort of *ex-post-facto* motives for his purpose; the same wicked busy-mindedness, that suggests the crime, prompting him to play with the possible reasons for it.

We have dwelt the longer on Iago, because without a just and thorough insight of him Othello cannot be rightly understood, as the source and quality of his action require to be judged from the influences that are made to work upon him. The Moor has for the most part been regarded as specially illustrating the workings of jealousy. Whether there be any thing, and, if so, how much, of this passion in him, may indeed be questions having two sides; but we may confidently affirm that he has no special predisposition to jealousy; and that whatsoever of it there may be in him does not grow in such a way, nor from such causes, that it can justly be held as the leading feature of his character, much less as his character itself; though such has been the view more commonly taken of him. On this point, there has been a strange ignoring of the inscrutable practices in which his passion originates. Instead of going behind the scene, and taking its grounds of judgment directly from the subject himself, criticism has trusted overmuch in what is said of him by other persons in the drama, to whom he must perforce seem jealous, because they know and can know nothing of the devilish cunning that has been at work with him. And the common opinion has no doubt been much furthered by the stage; Iago's villainy being represented as so open and barefaced, that the Moor must have been grossly stupid or grossly jealous not to see through him; whereas, in fact, so subtle is the villain's craft,

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so close and involved are his designs, that Othello deserves but the more respect and honour for being taken in by him.

Coleridge is very bold and clear in defence of the Moor. "Othello," says he, "does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago,—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained, who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but, in considering the essence of the Shakespearian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall immediately feel the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousy of Leontes." And in our Introduction to The Winter's Tale is a passage from the same hand, giving such an account of the nature and workings of jealousy as would fully clear the Moor of acting from that passion. So, too, in this play Iago describes jealousy as "the monster that doth make the meat it feeds on." And Emilia speaks to the same sense, when Desdemona acquits her husband of jealousy on the ground that she has never given him cause: "But jealous souls will not be answer'd so; they are not ever jealous for the cause, but jealous, for they're jealous."

If jealousy be indeed such a thing as is here described, it seems clear enough that a passion thus self-generated and self-sustained ought not to be confounded with a state of mind superinduced, like Othello's, by forgery of external proofs,—a forgery wherein himself has no share but as the victim. And we may safely affirm that he has no aptitude for such a passion; it is against the whole grain of his mind and character. Iago evidently knows this; knows the Moor to be incapable of spontaneous distrust; that he must see, before he'll doubt; that when he doubts, he'll prove; and that when he has proved, he will retain his honour at all events, and retain his love, if it be compatible with honour. Accordingly, lest the Moor should suspect himself of jealousy, Iago pointedly warns him to beware of it; puts him on his guard against such self-delusions, that so his mind may be more open to the force of evidence, and lest from fear of being jealous he should entrench himself in the opposite extreme, and so be proof against conviction.

The struggle, then, in Othello is not between love and jealousy, but between love and honour; and Iago's machinations are exactly adapted to bring these two latter passions into collision. Indeed it is the Moor's very freedom from a jealous temper, that enables the villain to get the mastery of him. Such a character as his, so open, so generous, so confiding, is just the one to be taken in the strong toils of Iago's cunning; to have escaped them, would have argued him a partaker of the strategy under which he falls. It is both the law and the impulse of a high and delicate honour,

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to rely on another's word, unless we have proof to the contrary; to presume that things and persons are what they seem: and it is an impeachment of our own veracity to suspect falsehood in one who bears a character for truth. Such is precisely the Moor's condition in respect of Iago; a man whom he has long known, and never caught in a lie; whom he as often trusted, and never seen cause to regret it. So that, in our judgment of the Moor, we ought to proceed as if his wife were really guilty of what she is charged with; for, were she ever so guilty, he could scarce have stronger proof than he has; and that the evidence owes all its force to the plotting and lying of another, surely makes nothing against him.

Nevertheless, we are far from upholding, that Othello does not at any stage of the proceedings show signs of jealousy. For the elements of this passion exist in the strongest and healthiest minds, and may be kindled into a transient sway over their motions, or at least so as to put them on the alert; and all we mean to affirm is, that jealousy is not Othello's characteristic, and does not form the actuating principle of his conduct. It is indeed certain that he doubts before he has proof; but then it is also certain that he does not act upon his doubt, till proof has been given him. As to the rest, it seems to us there can be no dispute about the thing, but only about the term; some understanding by *jealousy* one thing, some another. We presume that no one would have spoken of the Moor as acting from jealousy, in case his wife had really been guilty: his course would then have been regarded simply as the result of conviction upon evidence; which is to our mind nearly decisive of the question.

Accordingly, in the killing of Desdemona we have the proper marks of a judicial as distinguished from a revengeful act. The Moor goes about her death calmly and religiously, as a duty from which he would gladly escape by his own death, if he could; and we feel that his heart is wrung with inexpressible anguish, though his hand is firm. It is a part of his heroism, that as he prefers her to himself, so he prefers honour to her; and he manifestly contemplates her death as a sacrifice due to the institution which he fully believes, and has reason to believe, she has mocked and profaned. So that we cordially subscribe to the words of Ulrici respecting him: "Jealousy and revenge seize his mind but transiently; they spring up and pass away with the first burst of passion; being indeed but the momentary phases under which love and honour, the ruling principles of his soul, evince the deep wounds they are suffering."

The general custom of the stage has been, to represent Othello as a full-blooded Negro; and criticism has been a good deal exercised of late on the question whether Shakespeare really meant him for such. The only expression in the play that would fairly infer him to be a Negro, is Roderigo's "thick-lips." But Rod

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erigo there speaks as a disappointed lover, seeking to revenge himself on the cause of his disappointment. We all know how common it is for coxcombs like him, when balked and mortified in rivalry with their betters, to fly off into extravagant terms of disparagement and reproach; their petulant vanity easing and soothing itself by calling them any thing they may wish them to be. It is true, the Moor is several times spoken of as black; but this term was often used, as it still is, of a tawny skin in comparison with one that is fair. So in Antony and Cleopatra the heroine speaks of herself as being "with Phœbus' amorous pinches *black*," and in The Two Gentlemen of Verona Thurio, when told that Silvia says his face is a fair one, replies, — "Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is *black*." But, indeed, the calling a dark-complexioned white person black is as common as almost any form of speech in the language.

It would seem, from Othello's being so often called "the Moor," that there ought to be no question about what the Poet meant him to be. For the difference between Moors and Negroes was probably as well understood in his time as it is now; and there is no more evidence in this play that he thought them the same, than there is in The Merchant of Venice, where the Prince of Morocco comes as a suitor to Portia, and in a stage-direction of the old quarto is called "a *tawny* Moor." Othello, as may be seen in Act iv. sc. 2, note 22, was a Mauritanian prince, for Iago there speaks of his purposed retirement to Mauritania as his home. Consistently with this, the same speaker in another place uses terms implying him to be a native of Barbary, Mauritania being the old name of one of the Barbary States. Iago, to be sure, is an unscrupulous liar; but then he has more cunning than to lie when telling the truth will stand with his purpose, as it evidently will here. So that there needs no scruple about endorsing the argument of Mr. White, in his Shakespeare's Scholar. "Shakespeare," says he, "nowhere calls Othello an Ethiopian, and also does not apply the term to Aaron in the horrible *Titus Andronicus*; but he continually speaks of both as Moors; and as he has used the first word elsewhere, and certainly had use for it as a reproach in the mouth of Iago, it seems that he must have been fully aware of the distinction in grade between the two races. Indeed I never could see the least reason for supposing that Shakespeare intended Othello to be represented as a Negro. With the Negroes, the Venetians had nothing to do, that we know of, and could not have in the natural course of things; whereas, with their over-the-way neighbours, the Moors, they were continually brought in contact. These were a warlike, civilized, and enterprising race, which could furnish an Othello."

That the question may, if possible, be thoroughly shut up and done with, we will add the remarks of Coleridge on the aforesaid custom of the stage: "Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted

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tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, — would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous Negro plead royal birth, — at a time, too, when Negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and Negro; yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary horse.' Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakespeare ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility, instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other, as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt, Desdemona 'saw Othello's visage in his mind;' yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable Negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona, which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

The character of Othello, direct and single in itself, is worked out with great breadth and clearness. And here again the first Act is peculiarly fruitful of significant points; furnishing, in respect of him as of Iago, the seminal ideas of which the subsequent details are the natural issues and offshoots. In the opening scene we have Iago telling various lies about the Moor; yet his lying is so managed as, while effecting its immediate purpose on the gull, to be at the same time more or less suggestive of the truth: he caricatures Othello, but is too artful a caricaturist to let the peculiar features of the subject be lost in an excess of misrepresentation; that is, there is truth enough in what he says, to make it pass with one who wishes it true, and whose mind is too weak to prevent such a wish from growing into belief.

Othello's mind is strongly charged with the natural enthusiasm of high principle and earnest feeling, and this gives a certain elevated and imaginative turn to his manner of thought and speech. In the deportment of such a man there is apt to be something upon which a cold and crafty malice can easily stick the imputation of being haughty and grandiloquent, or of "loving his own pride and purposes." Especially, when urged with unseasonable or impertinent solicitations, his answers are apt to be in such a style, that they can hardly pass through an Iagoish mind, without catching

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the air of strutting and bombastic evasion. For a man like Othello will not stoop to be the advocate or apologist of himself: it is enough that he stands justified to his own sense of right; and if others dislike his course, this does not shake him, as he did not take it with a view to please them: he acts from his own mind; and to explain his conduct, save where he is responsible, looks like soliciting an endorsement from others, as though the consciousness of rectitude were not enough to sustain him. Such a man, if his fortune and his other parts be at all in proportion, commonly succeeds; for by his strength of character he naturally creates a sphere which himself alone can fill, and so makes himself necessary. On the other hand, a subtle and malignant rogue, like Iago, while fearing to be known as the enemy of such a man, envies his success, and from this envy affects contempt of his qualities. For the proper triumph of a bad man over his envied superiors is, to scoff at the very gifts which gnaw him.

The intimations, then, derived from Iago lead us to regard the Moor, before we meet with him, as one who deliberates calmly, and therefore decides firmly. His refusing to explain his conduct where he is not responsible, is a pledge that he will not shrink from any responsibility where he truly owes it. In his first reply when urged by Iago to elude Brabantio's pursuit, our expectations are made good. We see that, as he acts from honour and principle, so he will cheerfully abide the consequences. Full of equanimity and firmness, he is content to let the reasons of his course appear in the issues thereof; whereas Iago delights in stating his reasons, as giving scope for mental activity and display.

From his characteristic intrepidity and calmness, the Moor, as we learn in the sequel, has come to be esteemed, by those who know him best, as one whom "passion cannot shake." For the passions are in him both tempered and strengthened by the energy of higher principles; and, if kept under reason, the stronger they are, the more they exalt reason. This feature of Othello is well seen at his meeting with Brabantio and attendants, when the parties are on the point of fighting, and he quiets them by exclaiming, "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them;" where the belligerent spirit is as much charmed down by his playful logic, as overawed by his sternness of command. So, too, when Brabantio calls out, "Down with him, thief!" and he replies, "Good signior, you shall more command with years than with your weapons."

Such is our sturdy warrior's habitual carriage: no upstart exigency disconcerts him; no obloquy exasperates him to violence or recrimination: peril, perplexity, provocation rather augment than impair his self-possession; and the more deeply he is stirred, the more calmly and steadily he acts. This calmness of intensity is most finely displayed in his address to the Senate, where the words, though they fall on the ear as softly as an evening breeze,

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seem charged with life from every part of his being. All is grace and modesty and gentleness, yet what strength and dignity! the union of perfect repose and impassioned energy. Perhaps the finest point of contrast between Othello and Iago lies in the method of their several minds. Iago is morbidly introversive and self explicative; his mind is ever busy spinning out its own contents, and he takes no pleasure either in viewing or in showing things, till he has baptized them in his own spirit, and then seems chuckling inwardly as he holds them up reeking with the slime he has dipped them in. In Othello, on the contrary, every thing is direct, healthy, objective; and he reproduces in transparent diction the truth as revealed to him from without; his mind being like a clear, even mirror which, invisible itself, renders back in its exact shape and colour whatsoever stands before it.

We know of nothing in Shakespeare that has this quality more conspicuous than the Moor's account "how he did thrive in this fair lady's love, and she in his." The dark man eloquent literally speaks in pictures. We see the silent blushing maiden moving about her household tasks, ever and anon turning her eye upon the earnest warrior; leaving the door open as she goes out of the room, that she may catch the tones of his voice; hastening back to her father's side, as though drawn to the spot by some new impulse of filial attachment; afraid to look the speaker in the face, yet unable to keep out of his presence, and drinking in with ear and heart every word of his marvellous tale: the Moor, meanwhile, waxing more eloquent when this modest listener was by, partly because he saw she was interested, and partly because he wished to interest her still more. Yet we believe all he says, for the virtual presence of the things he describes enables us, as it were, to test his fidelity of representation.

In his simplicity, however, he lets out a truth of which he seems not to have been aware. At Brabantio's fireside he has been unwittingly making love by his manner, before he was even conscious of loving; and thought he was but listening for a disclosure of the lady's feelings, while he was really soliciting a response to his own: for this is a matter wherein heart often calls and answers to heart, without giving the head any notice of its proceedings. His quick perception of the interest he had awakened is a confession of the interest he felt, the state of his mind coming out in his anxiety to know that of hers. And how natural it was that he should thus honestly think he was but returning her passion, while it was his own passion that caused him to see or suspect she had any to be returned! And so she seems to have understood the matter; whereupon, appreciating the modesty that kept him silent, she gave him a hint of encouragement to speak. In his feelings, moreover, respect keeps pace with affection; and he involuntarily seeks some tacit assurance of a return of his passion as a sort of permission to cherish and confess it. It is this feeling that origi-

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nates the delicate, reverential courtesy, the ardent, yet distant, and therefore beautiful regards, with which a truly honourable mind instinctively attires itself towards its best object; — a feeling that throws a majestic grace around the most unpromising figure, and endows the plainest features with something more eloquent than beauty.

The often-alleged unfitness of Othello's match has been mainly disposed of by what we have already said respecting his origin. The rest of it, if there be any, may be safely left to the fact of his being honoured by the Venetian Senate, and a cherished guest at Brabantio's fireside. At all events, we cannot help thinking that the noble Moor and his sweet lady have the very sort of resemblance which people thus united ought to have; and their likeness seems all the better for being joined with so much of unlikeness. It is the chaste, beautiful wedlock of meekness and magnanimity, where the inward correspondence stands the more approved for the outward diversity; and reminds us of what we are too apt to forget, that the stout, valiant soul is the chosen home of reverence and tenderness. Our heroic warrior's dark, rough exterior is found to enclose a heart strong as a giant's, yet soft and sweet as infancy. Such a marriage of bravery and gentleness proclaims that beauty is an overmatch for strength; and that true delicacy is among the highest forms of power.

Equally beautiful is the fact, that Desdemona has the heart to recognise the proper complement of herself beneath such an uninviting appearance. Perhaps none but so pure and gentle a being could have discerned the real gentleness of Othello through so many obscurations. To her fine sense, that tale of wild adventures and mischances, which often did beguile her of her tears, — a tale wherein another might have seen but the marks of a rude, coarse, animal strength, — disclosed the history of a most meek brave, manly soul. Nobly blind to whatsoever is repulsive in his manhood's vesture of accidents, her thoughts are filled with "his honours and his valiant parts;" his ungracious aspect is lost to her in his graces of character; and the shrine, that were else so unattractive to look upon, is made beautiful by the life with which her chaste eye sees it irradiated.

In herself, Desdemona is not more interesting than several of the Poet's women; but perhaps none of the others is in a condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and sufferings there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind, and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beatings of his heart: his thoughts revert to her and linger about her, as under a mysterious fascination of pity which they cannot shake off, and which is only kept from being painful by the sacred charm of beauty and eloquence that blends with the feeling while kindling it. It is remarkable, that the sympathies are not so deeply moved in the scene of her death, as in

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that where by the blows of her husband's hand and tongue she is made to feel that she has lost him. Too innocent to suspect that she is suspected, she cannot for a long time understand nor imagine the motive of his harshness; and her errings in quest of excuses and apologies for him are deeply pathetic, inasmuch as they manifestly spring from her incapability of an impure thought. And the sense that the heart of his confidence is gone from her, and for what cause it is gone, comes upon her like a dead stifling weight of agony and woe, which benumbs her to all other pains. She does not show any thing that can be properly called pangs of suffering; the effect is too deep for that; the blow falling so heavy that it stuns her sensibilities into a sort of lethargy.

Desdemona's character may almost be said to consist in the union of purity and impressibility. All her organs of sense and motion seem perfectly ensouled, and her visible form instinct in every part with the spirit and intelligence of moral life.

> "We understood
> Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought."

Hence her father describes her as "a maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blush'd at itself." Which gives the idea of a being whose whole frame is so receptive of influences and impressions from without, who lives so entranced amid a world of beauty and delight, that her soul keeps ever looking and listening; and if at any time she chance upon a stray thought or vision of herself, she shrinks back surprised and abashed, as though she had caught herself in the presence of a stranger whom modesty kept her from looking in the face. It is through this most delicate impressibility that she sometimes gets frightened out of her real character; as in her equivocation about the handkerchief, and her childlike pleading for life in the last scene; where her perfect candour and resignation are overmastered by sudden impressions of terror.

But, with all her openness to influences from without, she is still susceptive only of the good. No element of impurity can insinuate itself. Her nature seems wrought about with some subtle texture of moral sympathies and antipathies, which selects as by instinct whatsoever is pure, without taking any thought or touch of the evil mixed with it. Even Iago's moral oil-of-vitriol cannot eat a passage into her mind: from his envenomed wit she extracts the element of harmless mirth, without receiving or suspecting the venom with which it is charged. Thus the world's contagions pass before her, yet dare not touch nor come near her, because she has nothing to sympathise with them or own their acquaintance. And so her life is like a quiet stream,

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"In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
Do hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them."

Desdemona's heroism, we fear, is not of the kind to take very well with such an age of individual ensconcement as the present. Though of a "high and plenteous wit and invention," this quality never makes any special report of itself: like Cordelia, all the parts of her being speak in such harmony that the intellectua tones may not be distinctly heard. Besides, her mind and character were formed under that old-fashioned way of thinking which, regarding man and wife as socially one, legislated *round* them, not *between* them; so that the wife naturally sought protection *in* her husband, instead of resorting to legal methods for protection *against* him. Affection does indeed fill her with courage and energy of purpose: she is heroic to link her life with the man she loves; heroic to do and suffer with him and for him after she is his; but, poor gentle soul! she knows no heroism that can prompt her, in respect of him, to cast aside the awful prerogative of defencelessness: that she has lost him, is what hurts her; and this is a hurt that cannot be salved with anger or resentment: so that her only strength is to be meek, uncomplaining, submissive in the worst that his hand may execute. Swayed by that power whose "favourite seat is feeble woman's breast," she is of course "a child to chiding," and sinks beneath unkindness, instead of having the spirit to outface it.

They err greatly, who think to school Desdemona in the doctrine of woman's rights. When her husband has been shaken from his confidence in her truth and loyalty, what can she care for her rights as a woman? To be under the necessity of asserting them, is to have lost and more than lost them. A constrained abstinence from evil deeds and unkind words bears no price with her; and to be sheltered from the wind and storm, is worse than nothing, unless she have a living fountain of light and warmth in the being that shelters her. But, indeed, the beauty of the woman is so hid in the affection and obedience of the wife, that it seems almost a profanation to praise it. As brave to suffer wrong as she is fearful to do it, there is a holiness in her mute resignation which ought, perhaps, to be kept, where the Poet has left it, veiled from all save those whom a severe discipline of humanity may have qualified for duly respecting it. At all events, whoever would get at her secret, let him study her as a pupil, not as a critic; and until his inmost heart speaks her approval, let him rest assured that he is not competent to judge her. But if he have the gift to see that her whole course, from the first intimation of the gentle, submissive daughter, to the last groan of the ever-loving, ever-obedient, broken-hearted wife, is replete with the beauty and grace and

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holiness of womanhood, then let him weep, weep, for her; so may he depart "a sadder and a wiser man." As for her unresisting submissiveness, let no man dare to defend it! Assuredly, we shall do her a great wrong, if we suppose for a moment that she would not rather die by her husband's hand, than owe her life to any protection against him. What, indeed, were life, what could it be to her, since suspicion has fallen on her innocency? That her husband could not, would not, *dare* not wrong her, even because she had trusted in him, and because in her sacred defencelessness she could not resist nor resent the wrong, — this is the only protection from which she would not pray to be delivered.

Coleridge has justly remarked upon the art shown in Iago, that the character, with all its inscrutable depravity, neither revolts nor seduces the mind: the interest of his part amounts almost to fascination, yet there is not the slightest moral taint or infection about it. Hardly less wonderful is the Poet's skill in carrying the Moor through such a course of undeserved infliction, without any loosening from him of our sympathy or respect. Deep and intense as is the feeling that goes along with Desdemona, Othello fairly divides it with her: nay, more; the virtues and sufferings of each are so managed as to heighten the interest of the other. The impression still waits upon him, that he does "nought in hate, but all in honour." Nor is the mischief made to work through any vice or weakness perceived or felt in him, but rather through such qualities as lift him higher in our regard. Under the conviction that she, in whom he had built his faith and garnered up his heart, — that she, in whom he looked to find how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, has desecrated all his gifts, and turned his very religion into sacrilege; — under this conviction, all the poetry, the grace, the consecration, every thing that can beautify or gladden existence is gone; his whole being, with its freight of hopes, memories, affections, is reduced to a total wreck; a last farewell to whatsoever has made life attractive, the conditions, motives, prospects of noble achievement, is all there is left him: in brief, he feels literally unmade, robbed not only of the laurels he has won, but of the spirit that manned him to the winning of them; so that he can neither live nobly nor nobly die, but is doomed to a sort of living death, an object of scorn and loathing unto himself. In this state of mind, no wonder his thoughts reel and totter, and cling convulsively to his honour, which is the only thing that now remains to him, until in his efforts to rescue this he loses all, and has no refuge but in self-destruction. He approaches the awful task in the bitterness as well as the calmness of despair. In sacrificing his love to save his honour, he really performs the most heroic self-sacrifice; for the taking of Desdemona's life is to him something worse than to lose his own. Nor could he ever have loved her so much, had he not loved honour more. Her love for him, too, is based upon the very principle that now prompts

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and nerves him to the sacrifice. And as at last our pity for her rises into awe, so our awe of him melts into pity; the catastrophe thus blending their several virtues and sufferings into one most profound, solemn, sweetly-mournful impression. "Othello," says Coleridge, "had no life but in Desdemona: — the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness, and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?"

PREFACE TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF 1622.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

To set forth a book without an epistle, were like to the old English proverb, "A blue coat without a badge;" and, the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it, I will not; for that which is good I hope every man will commend without intreaty; and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure.

Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The DUKE of VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus.
A Clown, Servant to Othello.
A Herald.

DESDEMONA, Othello's Wife, Daughter to Brabantio.
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.
BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.

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THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. TUSH! never tell me; I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.[1]

Iago. 'Sblood! but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not.[2] Three great ones of the city,

[1] That is, the intended elopement. Roderigo has been suing for Desdemona's hand, employing Iago to aid him in his suit, and paying his service in advance. Of course the play opens pat upon her elopement with the Moor, and Roderigo presumes Iago to have been in the secret of their intention. — The words, *Tush* in this speech, and *'Sblood* in the next, are not in the folio. H.

[2] Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakespearian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character, and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him;[3] and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,[4]

foundation of the friendship between him and Iago, — the purse, — as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness, — the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation, — "If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me," — which, falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint, — "Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate," — elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes. — COLERIDGE. H.

[3] So the folio; the quartos, "*Oft* capp'd." To *cap* was often used for a salutation of respect, made by taking off the cap. Modern editors generally prefer the quarto reading here. Knight, who adopts that of the folio, supports it with an argument that seems pretty conclusive: "As we read the passage, three great ones of the city wait upon Othello; they *off-capp'd* — they took cap in hand — in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant: but he evades them, &c.; he has already chosen his officer. Here is a scene befitting both the dignity of the great ones of the city and of Othello. The audience was given, the solicitation humbly made, the reasons for refusing it courteously assigned. But take the reading, *oft capp'd*, and we have Othello perpetually haunted by the three great ones, capping to him and repeating the same prayer, and he perpetually denying them with the same bombast circumstance." The only reply to this is, that Iago is so nimble and so fertile a liar, that we can scarce take his words in any case as a just account of what the Moor has done. For the only question with him is, not what is true, but what will be believed. But the sense of the folio reading seems more in proportion to the gullability of the gull. — *Circumstance* is *circumlocution;* often so used. Thus in The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 1: "You know me well, and herein spend but time, to wind about my love with *circumstance*." H.

[4] The words, "And, in conclusion," are not in the folio

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H.

Nonsuits my mediators; "for, certes,' says he,
"I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;[5]
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls[6] can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;
And I — of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen — must be be-lee'd and
calm'd

[5] So the old copies, *wife* being spelt with a capital letter. The passage has caused a great deal of controversy. Tyrwhitt would read "fair *life*," and Coleridge thinks this reading "the true one, as fitting to Iago's contempt for whatever did not display power, and that, intellectual power." The change, however, seems inadmissible. The reference probably is to Bianca, to whom, if Iago's word may be trusted, report said that Cassio was *almost* married; as he says to Cassio, in Act iv. sc. 1, — "The cry goes, that you shall marry her." But perhaps it is meant as characteristic of Iago to regard a wife and a mistress as all one. — Cassio is sneeringly called "a great arithmetician" and a "countercaster," in allusion to the pursuits for which the Florentines were distinguished. The point is thus stated by Charles Armitage Browne: "A soldier from Florence, famous for its bankers throughout Europe, and for its invention of bills of exchange, book-keeping, and every thing connected with a counting-house, might well be ridiculed for his promotion by an Iago in this manner." H.

[6] Instead of *toged* the folio has *tongued*, which is preferred by some editors as agreeing better with the words, "mere *prattle* without practice." In Coriolanus, Act ii. sc. 3, note 6, we have found *toge* misprinted *tongue*. Of course, "the *toged* consuls" are the civil governors; so called by Iago in opposition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he has been speaking. There may be an allusion to the adage, "Cedant arma togæ." *Theoric* was often used for *theory*. See King Henry V., Act i. sc. 1, note 3.

By debitor and creditor: [7] this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service:
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd [8]
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir! content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. [9] Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;

[7] That is, by a mere accountant, a keeper of debt and credit. Iago means that Cassio, though knowing no more of war than men of the gown, as distinguished from men of the sword, has yet *outsailed* him in military advancement. Again, he calls Cassio "*this counter-caster*," in allusion to the *counters* formerly used in reckoning up accounts. — The folio has *Christen'd* instead of *Christian*; and also "bless the mark," for "*God* bless the mark," in the last line of this speech. H.

[8] Whether I stand *within* any such *terms* of *affinity* to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him. — In the second line above, the folio reads, "*And* not by old gradation." H.

[9] *Knave* is here used for *servant*, but with a sly mixture of contempt. The usage was very common. H.

And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
Their coats, do themselves homage:
These fellows have some soul; and such a one
Do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern,[10] 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,[11]
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kinsmen;
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,

[10] That is, when his outward carriage answers to what is within, or when the thoughts of his heart are shown in external *completeness*. *Complement* is usually printed *compliment*, and the phrase explained, "outward show of civility." This does not accord with the sense of the passage; which is, that he scorns to have the inward and the outward keep touch or hold any acquaintance with each other, as being the next thing to wearing himself wrong side out. H.

[11] So both the quartos: the folio has *fall* instead of *full*. The meaning is, how fortunate he is, or how strong in fortune, if he can hold out against such practice. Similar language occurs in Cymbeline: "Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine." And in Antony and Cleopatra: "The imperious show of the *full-fortun'd* Cæsar." — Of course *owe* is used in the old sense of *own*, or *possess*. H.

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Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,[12]
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence,[13] the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir! you're robb'd;[14] for shame, put on your gown:
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

[12] Thus both the quartos: the folio has *chances* instead of *changes*. H.

[13] That is, *in the time of* night and negligence; a very common form of expression. — *Timorous* was sometimes used, as *fearful* still is, for that which *frightens*. Old dictionaries explain it 'fearful, horridus, formidolosus." Mr. Collier's second folio changes it here into *clamorous*. H.

[14] *'Zounds* is not in the folio. — *Burst*, in the next line, is used in the sense of *broken*. The usage was common. H.

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Bra. What! have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: What are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come[15]
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.[16]
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. 'Zounds, sir![17] you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter cover'd with a

[15] So both the quartos: the folio has *knavery* instead of *bravery*. H.

[16] That is, mine is not a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed. *Grange* is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; but, provincially, any lone house or solitary farm is called a *grange*. So in Measure for Measure: "At the moated *grange* resides this dejected Mariana."

[17] Here, again, *'Zounds* is wanting in the folio. Generally, indeed, all such expressions are disciplined out of that copy; probably by the Master of the Revels, on account of the statute against profane language. H.

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Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you;[18] you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.[19]

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,[20]
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,[21]
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,[22]
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, —
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,[23]

[18] *Nephews* here means *grandchildren.*

[19] A *gennet* is a Spanish or Barbary horse.

[20] This line, and what follows down to "Straight satisfy yourself," are not in the quarto of 1622. H.

[21] This *odd-even* appears to mean the interval between *twelve* at night and *one* in the morning.

[22] A writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare tells us, "that the gondoliers are the only conveyers of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptation to make profit of the secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in 'the dull watch o'the night, no worse nor better guard.'" H.

[23] That is, *departing from* the sense of all civility.

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I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,[24]
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream;[25]
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state—
However this may gall him with some check—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

[24] *Extravagant* is here again used in its Latin sense, for *wandering*. Thus in Hamlet: "The *extravagant* and erring spirit." Sir Henry Wotton thus uses it: "These two accidents, precisely true, and known to few, I have reported as not altogether *extravagant* from my purpose." — *In* is here used for *on*, a common substitution in ancient phraseology.

[25] The careful old senator, being caught careless, transfers his caution to his dreaming power at least.—COLERIDGE. H.

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;[26]
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit*

Enter BRABANTIO, *and Servants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. — Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? — O, unhappy girl! —
With the Moor, say'st thou? — Who would be a father? —
How didst thou know 'twas she? — O, she deceives me[27]
Past thought! — What said she to you? — Get more tapers!
Raise all my kindred! — Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven! — How got she out? — O, treason of the blood! —
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. — Is there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. — O, that you had had her! —
Some one way, some another. — Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

[26] The *Sagittary* was the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the army and navy of Venice. It is said that the figure of an archer, with his bow drawn, over the gates, still indicates the place; and some think the Poet had himself seen it. H.

[27] Thus the folio; the quartos, "thou *deceiv'st* me." H.

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Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. 'Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.[28] — Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night. —
On, good Roderigo; — I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. The Same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,[1]
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,[2]
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,[3]
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential

[28] That is, "I may command at most *of the houses*." — The folio reads "officers of *might*;" probably a misprint. H.

[1] That is, as we should say, a *point* of conscience, or *matter* of conscience. H.

[2] Of course Iago is speaking of Roderigo, and pretending to relate what he has done and said against Othello. H.

[3] Thus the quartos: the folio reads, "I pray *you*, sir." And in the next line the folio has, *Be assur'd* instead of, *For be sure*. — The chief men of Venice are called *magnifici*, or *magnifi·oes*. H

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As double as the Duke's:[4] he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;[5] and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd:[6] For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused[7] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.[8] But, look! what lights come yond'?

Iago. These are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

[4] That is, as *mighty*, as *powerful*; as *double* means as *strong* as *forcible*.

[5] That is, men who have sat on kingly *thrones*. *Siege* was often thus used for *seat*. The quartos read, "men of royal *height*." H.

[6] *Demerit* is the same in Shakespeare as *merit*. *Mereo* and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Roman language. Mr. Fuseli explains this passage as follows: "I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my *merits*, that *unbonneted*, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune," &c. At Venice the *bonnet*, as well as the toge, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day.

[7] That is, *unsettled*, free from *domestic cares*.

[8] Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on *the riches of the sea*. The expression seems to have been proverbial.

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Enter CASSIO, *and certain Officers with Torches.*

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieu tenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls,[9] rais'd, and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:[10]
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

[9] *Consuls* means the same here as the "toged consuls," or men of the gown, mentioned in note 6 of the preceding scene; that is, the *senators*. H.

[10] A *carack*, or *carrick*, was a ship of great burthen, a Spanish galleon; so named from *carico*, a lading, or freight.

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Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers, with Torches and Weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd:
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.[11]—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,

[11] If we mistake not, there is a sort of playful, good-humoured irony expressed in the very rhythm of this line. Throughout this scene, Othello appears at all points "the noble nature, whose solid virtue the shot of accident, nor dart of chance, could neither graze, nor pierce:" his calmness and intrepidity of soul, his heroic modesty, his manly frankness and considerative firmness of disposition are all displayed at great advantage, marking his character as one made up of the most solid and gentle qualities. Though he has nowise wronged Brabantio, he knows that he seems to have done so: his feelings therefore take the old man's part, and he respects his age and sorrow too much to resent his violence; hears his charges with a kind of reverential defiance, and answers them as knowing them false, yet sensible of their reasonableness, and how ouring him the more for making them. H.

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Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation;[12]
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,[13]
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That waken motion.[14] — I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. —
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time

[12] So both the quartos: the folio has *dearling* instead of *darlings*. Perhaps it should be *dearlings*. — In Shakespeare's time it was the fashion for lusty gallants to wear "a *curled* bush of frizzled hair." In Lear, Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curled his hair*. The Poet has other allusions to the custom among people of rank and fashion. H.

[13] This and the next five lines are not in the quarto of 1622. H.

[14] The old copies read, "That *weaken* motion." The emendation is Hanmer's. *Motion* is elsewhere used by our Poet precisely in the sense required here. So in Measure for Measure: "One who never feels the wanton stings and *motions* of the sense." And in a subsequent scene of this play: "But we have reason, to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." To *waken* is to *incite*, to *stir up*. We have in the present play, "*waken'd* wrath."

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Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior:
The Duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council!
In this time of the night! — Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.[15]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Same. A Council-Chamber

The DUKE, *and Senators, sitting at a Table; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,[1]
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd:
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.[2]

[15] This passage has been misunderstood. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology: "*Paganus*, villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a *pagus*, quod est villa. Et *quicunque habitat in villa est paganus*. Præterea quicunque est extra civitatem Dei, i. e., ecclesiam, dicitur paganus. Anglice, a *paynim*." — *Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1528.

[1] *Composition* for *consistency*. It has been before observed that *news* was considered of the plural number.

[2] The folio omits *and* in this speech.

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2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,[3]
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sail. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now! the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be
By no assay of reason:[4] 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,[5]
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,[6]

[3] So the folio; the quartos, "*they* aim reports." The meaning is the same either way; only in the one case *aim* is a noun, in the other a verb. The Poet elsewhere uses *aim* in the sense of *guess* or *conjecture*. Thus in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "Fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err." And in Julius Cæsar: "What you would work me to, I have some *aim*." H.

[4] That is, by no *trial* or *test* of reason.

[5] That he may carry it with *less dispute* or *opposition*.

[6] That is, in such *state of defence*. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour. The seven following lines are not in the quarto of 1622.

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But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in; — if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.[7]

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed with an after fleet.[8]

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought. — How many, as you guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. — Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus. —
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post, post-haste, despatch.

[7] To *wage* is to *undertake*. "To *wage* law (in the common acceptation) seems to be to *follow*, to *urge*, drive on, or prosecute the law or law-suits; as to *wage* war is *prœliari*, *bellare*, to drive on the war, to fight in battels as warriors do." — *Blount's Glossography.*

[8] So the quarto of 1622: the other old copies insert *them* after *injointed*; thus spoiling the metre without helping the sense. M.

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1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.[9] —
[*To* BRABAN.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me:
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells, and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding

[9] It was part of the policy of the Venetian state to employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. "By lande they are served of straungers, both for generals, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre, because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande; fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example." — *Thomas's History of Italye.*

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Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law[10]
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. [*To* OTHELLO.] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;[11]
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

[10] By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal, as appears in the Code Della Promission del Malefico.

[11] So the folio: both the quartos read, "the *set* phrase of peace." H.

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What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.[12]

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself;[13] and she — in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing —
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof:
Without more certain and more overt test,
These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.[14]

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

[12] The word *with*, supplied in the second folio, is wanting in the other old copies.

[13] Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal* instead of the *neutral* pronoun.

[14] We here follow the quarto of 1630; with which that of 1622 agrees, except that it has *youth* instead of *vouch*. The folio makes the whole speech a continuation of Brabantio's; has *wider* instead of *certain, over* instead of *overt*, "*Than* these," for "These *are*," and "*do* prefer," for "*you* prefer." — *Seeming* is printed *seemings* in the quartos. — *Modern* is here used in the sense of *common* or *vulgar*; as in the phrase, "full of wise saws and *modern* instances."

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Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. — [*Exeunt* IAGO *and Attendants.*
And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:[15]

[15] Thus the quarto of 1630: that of 1622 reads, "And *with it all* my travel's history;" the folio, "And portance in my *traveller's* history." *Portance* is *carriage* or *deportment*. So in Coriolanus, Act ii. sc. 3: "But your loves, thinking upon his services, took from you the apprehension of his present *portance*." And in The Faerie Queene, Book ii., can. 3:

"A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,

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Wherein of antres vast,[16] and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.[17] This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately *portance* borne of heavenly birth."

H.

[16] That is, caverns; from *antrum*, Lat. Warburton observes that Rymer ridicules this whole circumstance; and Shaftesbury obliquely sneers at it. "Whoever," says Johnson, "ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were magnified by her timidity."

[17] Nothing excited more universal attention than the account brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages in 1599, adorned with copper plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, &c. These extraordinary reports were universally credited; and Othello therefore assumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the Poet's time — The folio omits *Do*, and reads, "*These things* to hear."

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But not intentively.[18] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:[19]
She swore,[20] — in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man:[21] she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:

[18] *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. "*Intentive*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing," says Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616.

[19] Thus both the quartos: the folio has *kisses* instead of *sighs*. H.

[20] To *aver upon faith* or *honour* was considered swearing.

[21] A question has lately been raised whether the meaning here is, that Desdemona wished such a man had been made *for* her, or that she herself had been made such a man; and several have insisted on the latter, lest the lady's delicacy should be impeached. Her delicacy, we hope, stands in need of no such critical attorneyship. Othello was indeed just such a man as she wanted; and her letting him understand this, was doubtless part of the *hint* whereon he spoke. H.

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Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress·
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband·
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.--For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself;[22] and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers

[22] That is, let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.

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Into your favour.[23]
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended[24]
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.[25]

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. — Othello, the fortitude of the

[23] *Grise* or *greese* is a *step;* from *grés*, French. — The words, "Into your favour," are not in the folio. Both quartos have them. — In the fourth line after, the folio has "*new* mischief." H.

[24] This is expressed in a common proverbial form in Love's Labour's Lost: "Past cure is still past care."

[25] Thus read both the quartos; the folio, "*I humbly* beseech you, *proceed* to th' affairs of state." — The meaning of the fore going line is, that the wounded heart was healed with words; *pierced* being used simply in the sense of *reached* or *penetrated*. So in The Faerie Queene, Book vi., can. 9, stan. 26:

> "Whyl'st thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare
> Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
> Whose sensefull *words empierst* his *hart* so neare,
> That he was wrapt with double ravishment.' H.

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place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down:[26] I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition,
With such accommodation, and besort,[27]
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.[28]

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;[29]

[26] A *driven* bed is a bed for which the feathers have been selected by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. — To *agnize* is to *acknowledge*, *confess*, or *avow*. Thus in a Summarie Report relative to Mary Queen of Scots, 1586: "A repentant convert *agnizing* her Majesty's great mercie."

[27] *Besort* is *attendance* or *companionship*. — *Exhibition* is *allowance* or *provision*. See Cymbeline, Act i. sc. 7, note 12. H.

[28] The folio omits the words, "If you please," and reads, "*Why*, at her father's." H.

[29] That is, your *propitious* ear. The quartos read, "lend *a gracious* ear," thus repeating a word from the preceding line. H

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And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes[30]
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence.[31] Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords: 'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;[32]

[30] Thus the folio and the quarto of 1630: the quarto of 1622 has *scorn* instead of *storm*. *Scorn* will not cohere with *violence*, unless by making it express a quality of Desdemona herself, not of her fortunes; the sense in that case being, "my downright violence of behaviour, and scorn of fortune." She evidently means the violence and storm of fortunes which she has *braved* or *encountered* in marrying the Moor, and not any thing of a violent or scornful temper in herself. This hardly need be said, but that Mr. Dyce is very confident that *scorn* is right. H.

[31] We have repeatedly seen that *dear*, in its original sense, was an epithet of any thing that excited intense feeling, whether of pleasure or of pain. See Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2, note 24. H.

[32] This passage has caused a vast deal of discussion, and the mass of conjectural criticism accumulated on it is enough to strike one with dismay. The old copies give it thus, precisely:

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But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me.[33] No; when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,[34]
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my reputation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries, haste,
And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?[35]

> "Nor to comply with heat the young affects
> In my defunct, and proper satisfaction."

The change of *my* into *me* was proposed by Upton. There can be no rational doubt about accepting it, as it makes the sense of the whole passage both natural and clear. Of course *young affects* means the *affections* or *passions of youth*. *Affects* was often so used. *Heat* here means exactly the same as *young affects*. *Proper* is used for *my own*, one of its original Latin senses. So that the meaning may be given thus: Nor to indulge the passions of youth, (which in me have become extinct,) and procure my own personal satisfaction. That it was so understood in the Poet's time, is all but certain from a passage, evidently written in imitation of it, in Massinger's Bondman:

> "Let me wear
> Your colours, lady; and, though *youthful heats*,
> That look no further than your outward form,
> Are long since *buried in me*; while I live,
> I am a constant lover of your mind." H.

[33] That is, *because* she is with me. *For* was often used thus. The folio has *When* instead of *For*. — "Heaven defend your good souls, that you think," is the old language for, "Heaven defend your good souls *from thinking*." H.

[34] Thus the quartos: the folio has *seel* instead of *foil*, *offic'd* for *active*, and *instrument* for *instruments*. Also, in the last line of the speech the folio has *estimation* instead of *reputation*, which is the reading of both the quartos. H.

[35] This speech and the next are in both the quartos, but not in

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.— [*To* BRABAN.] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,[36]
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:[37]
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE, *Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.[38] — Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;

the folio. In the preceding speech, also, the folio has *away* instead of *hence*, the words, "you must away to-night," being assigned to a Senator. H.

[36] *Delighted* for *delighting*, or *delightful*. See Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. 1, note 20. H.

[37] So the folio, and the quarto of 1630: the other quarto reads "*have a quick eye* to see." H.

[38] In real life, how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them.— COLERIDGE. H

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And bring them after in the best advantage.[39] —
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years;[40] and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere

[39] That is, fairest opportunity.

[40] This clearly ascertains the age of Iago to be twenty-eight years; though the general impression of him is that of a much older man. The Poet, we doubt not, had a wise purpose in making him so young, as it infers his virulence of mind to be something innate and spontaneous, and not superinduced by harsh experience of the world. Mr. Verplanck remarks upon it thus: "An old soldier of acknowledged merit, who, after years of service, sees a young man like Cassio placed over his head, has not a little to plead in justification of deep resentment, and in excuse, though not in defence, of his revenge: such a man may well brood over imaginary wrongs. The caustic sarcasm and contemptuous estimate of mankind are at least pardonable in a soured and disappointed veteran. But in a young man the revenge is more purely gratuitous, the hypocrisy, the knowledge, the dexterous management of the worst and weakest parts of human nature, the recklessness of moral feeling, — even the stern, bitter wit, intellectual and contemptuous, without any of the gayety of youth, — are all precocious and peculiar; separating Iago from the ordinary sympathies of our nature, and investing him with higher talent and blacker guilt."

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I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen,[41] I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that, if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance[42] of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call — love, to be a sect, or scion.[43]

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I

[41] *Guinea-hen* was a cant term for a woman of easy virtue.

[42] So the quartos; the folio has *brain*, perhaps a misprint for *beam*. — In the second line of this speech, the folio has *our* before *gardens*. H.

[43] A *sect* is what the gardeners call a *cutting*. — "This speech," says Coleridge, "comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partizan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man." M.

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could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard:[44] I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;[45]—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,[46] shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must;[47] therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian[48] and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drown ing thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

[44] *Defeat* was used for *disfigurement* or *alteration* of features: from the French *défaire*. *Favour* is *countenance*.

[45] *Sequestration* is defined to be "a putting apart, a separation of a thing from the possession of both those that contend for it."

[46] Alluding, probably, to the *ceratonia* or *carob*, an evergreen growing in the south of Europe, and bearing sweet black pods. Commerce had made the fruit well known in London, and *locust* was the popular name for it. H.

[47] This iteration, "She must have change, she must," is in both the quartos, but not in the folio. H.

[48] *Erring* is here used in its Latin sense of *erratic* or *wandering*. So in Hamlet: "Th' extravagant and *erring* spirit."

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse,[49] go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. — Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?[50]

Iago. No more of drowning; do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.[51] — [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane.
If I would time expend with such a snipe,

[49] That is, *march*. See 2 Henry IV., Act iii. sc. 2, note 15.

[50] This speech, and all that follows, down to the *exit* of Roderigo, except the words, "I'll sell all my land," is wanting in the folio. The quarto of 1622 gives all of the text; and that of 1630 all but the words, "Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse." H.

[51] Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition, "Go, make money," to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre; and, when Roderigo is completely won, when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of his triumph: "Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse!" The remainder — Iago's soliloquy — the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity — how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view, — for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil; — and yet a character which Shakespeare has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal. — COLERIDGE. H.

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But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety.[52] He holds me well:
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
In double knavery,—How? how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false:—
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are:—
I have't!—it is engender'd!—Hell and night[53]
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

[52] That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. "He *holds* me well," is, he entertains a good opinion of me.

[53] Shakespeare has shown great judgment in the darkness which he makes to prevail in the first counsels of Iago. To the Poet himself, all the succeeding events must have been clear and determined; but to bring himself again into the situation of one who sees them in embryo, to draw a mist over that which he had already cleared, must have required an exertion of genius peculiar to this author alone. In so lively a manner does he make Iago show his perplexity about the future management of his conduct, that one is almost tempted to think that the Poet had determined as little himself about some of the particulars of Othello's destruction. — *Anderson's Bee*, vol. i. H.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.[1] A Platform.

Enter MONTANO *and Two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,[2]

[1] The principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta;* where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, "neare which," says Knolles, "standeth an old *castle*, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs.

[2] In the old copies, this word is spelt *maine* and *mayne;* but there can be no doubt that *mane* is the right word. Of course there is implied a comparison of the "wind-shak'd surge" to the war-horse; the Poet probably having in mind the passage of Job: "Hast Thou given the horse strength? Hast Thou clothed his *neck* with thunder?" Knight remarks upon the place thus: "The horse of Job is the war-horse, 'who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;' and when Shakespeare pictured to himself his mane wildly streaming, 'when the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield,' he saw an image of the fury of the 'wind-shak'd surge,' and of its very form; and he painted it 'with high and monstrous *mane*.'" H.

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Seems to cast water on the burning bear,[3]
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done:[4]
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa;[5] Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,

[3] The constellation near the polar star. The next line alludes to the star *Arctophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the bear.

[4] Thus the folio, and the quarto of 1630: the other quarto has *lords* instead of *lads*. H.

[5] So this name is spelt in the quartos; in the folio, *Verennessa*. Modern editions, generally, change it to *Veronese*, as referring, not to the ship, but to Cassio. It is true, the same speaker has just called the ship "a noble ship of *Venice*;" but Verona was tributary to the Venetian State; so that there is no reason why she might not belong to Venice, and still take her name from Verona. The explanation sometimes given is, that the speaker makes a mistake, and calls Cassio a *Veronese*, who has before been spoken of as a *Florentine*. H

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And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray Heaven, he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.[6]

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! — O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements!
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well-shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;[7]
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.[8]

[*Cry within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

[6] Observe in how many ways Othello is made, first our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the deeper interest is to be approached. — COLERIDGE. H.

[7] That is, of allowed and approved expertness.

[8] "Hopes, not surfeited to death," is certainly obscure. Dr. Johnson thought there must be some error in the text, not being able to understand how hope could be increased till it were destroyed. Knight explains it thus: "As 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' so hope upon hope, without realization, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being surfeited to death." H.

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Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?

Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o'the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail!"

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard.*

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency.[9] — How now! who has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He's had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands, —

[9] This is the reading of both the quartos: the folio has, Does *tyre the Ingeniuer*. By the *essential vesture of creation* the Poet means her *outward form*, which he in another place calls "the muddy *vesture* of decay." If the reading of the folio be adopted, the meaning would be this: She is one who excels all description, and in real beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist. — Flecknoe, in his discourse on the English Stage, 1664, speaking of painting, mentions "the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*." And Ben Jonson, in his Sejanus, Act i. sc. 1: "No, Silius, we are no good *inginers*; we want their fine arts." An *ingenier* or *ingeniuer* undoubtedly means an *artist* or *painter*; and is perhaps only another form of *engineer*, anciently used for any kind of artist or artificer.

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Traitors ensteep'd[10] to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures,[11] letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort![12]—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that's he's well, and will be shortly here.

[10] Thus the folio, and the quarto of 1630: the other quarto has *enscerp'd*, which may be a misprint for *enscarp'd*. *Ensteep'd* here means simply hid in the water, *submerged*; a frequent use of the word. Thus in The Faerie Queene, Book i., can. 11:

"Now gan the golden Phœbus for to *steepe*
His fierie face in billowes of the west." H.

[11] *Mortal* is *deadly, destructive.*

[12] These words, "And bring all Cyprus comfort," are not in the folio. Both quartos have them. H.

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Des. O, but I fear! — How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.
[*Cry within,* "*A sail, a sail!*" *Guns heard.*
But, hark! a sail.
2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news. —
[*Exit a Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome. — [*To* EMIL.] Welcome, mistress. —
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.[13]
[*Kissing her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas! she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:[14]
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.

[13] Observe Othello's "honest," and Cassio's "bold" Iago; and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and "the divine Desdemona." And note also the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains. — COLERIDGE. H.

[14] The quarto of 1622 has *list*; the folio, *leave*; doubtless a misprint. H.

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Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries,[15] devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

Iago. O, gentle lady! do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay. — There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. —
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd:
If she be fair and wise, — fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How, if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

[15] That is, when you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity.

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Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O, heavy ignorance! — thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself? [16]

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, "now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail; [17]
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, — if ever such wight were, —

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer. [18]

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! —

[16] The sense is this — one that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice. — WARBURTON. To *put on* is to provoke, to incite.

[17] That is, to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. So in Queen Elizabeth's Household Book: "Item, the master cookes have to fee all the *salmons' tailes*," 296.

[18] That is, to suckle children and keep the accounts of the household.

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Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. — How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?[19]

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.[20] You say true; 'tis so indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! — [*Trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O, my fair warrior![21]

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,

[19] *Liberal* was very often used in the sense of *loose-spoken* or *licentious.* H.

[20] To *gyve* is to *fetter*, to *shackle.* It may be as well to observe that *courtship* is the same as *courtesy*, that is, complimentary or courtly behaviour. *To play the sir* is to show good breeding and gallantry.

[21] Perhaps Othello intends a playful allusion to the unwillingness Desdemona has expressed to "be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war." Steevens, however, thinks it was a term of endearment derived from the old French poets; as Ronsard, in his sonnets, often calls the ladies *guerrieres.* H.

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To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers —
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O, you are well tun'd now.
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.[22]

Oth. Come, let us to the castle. —
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle? —
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;

[22] Coleridge, as we have seen in a former note, pronounces Iago "a being next to devil, and only not quite devil." It is worth noting that Milton's Satan relents at the prospect of ruining the happiness before him, and prefaces the deed with a gush of pity for the victims; whereas the same thought puts Iago in a transport of jubilant ferocity. Is our idea of Satan's wickedness enhanced by his thus indulging such feelings, and then acting in defiance of them, or as if he had them not? or is Iago more devilish than he? H.

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I have found great love amongst them. O, my sweet!
I prattle out of fashion,[23] and I dote
In mine own comforts. — I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel:
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. — Come, Desdemona
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither. If thou be'st valiant, — as they say base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, — list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.[24] — First, I must tell thee this, — Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger — thus,[25] and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? [26] let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be — again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite — loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her

[23] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse.

[24] That is, the place where the guard musters.

[25] On thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.

[26] So both the quartos; the folio, "*To* love him still," &c.

H.

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delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slippery and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.[27]

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by his hand; an index[28] and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the in-

[27] Qualities, disposition of mind.

[28] It has already been observed that *indexes* were formerly *prefixed* to books. See Hamlet, Act iii. sc. 4, note 4

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corporate conclusion. Pish! — But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not: — I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline;[29] or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you:[30] Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification[31] shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it,
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor — howbeit that I endure him not —
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

[29] Throwing a slur upon his discipline.

[30] The words, "with his truncheon," are not in the folio. H.

[31] *Qualification*, in our old writers, signifies *appeasement, pacification, asswagement of anger.* "To appease and *qualifie* one that is angry; tranquillum facere ex irato." — BARET.

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And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace[32]
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,[33]
For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,

[32] This is the reading of the folio, which, though it has a plain and easy sense, would not do for the commentators. The fact is to *trace* means neither more nor less than to *follow*, the appropriate hunting term; the old French *tracer*, *tracher*, *trasser*, and the Italian *tracciare* having the same meaning. Bishop Hall, in the third satire of his fifth book, uses *trace* for to *follow*:

"Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorn thou to live, if others live beside;
And *trace* proud Castile, that aspires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy."

[33] "In the *rank garb*" is merely in the *right-down*, or *straight forward fashion*. In As You Like It we have "the right butter woman's *rank* to market." And in King Lear, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he "doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the *garb* quite from his nature." Gower says of Fluellen, in King Henry V., "You thought, because he could not speak English in the native *garb*, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel." The folio reads, "in the *right* garb."

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And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.[34]
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere[1] perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices[2] are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight:

[34] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution.—JOHNSON.

[1] *Mere* is *entire.*

[2] All *rooms*, or *places* in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared or served out.

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Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.— [*To* DESDEMO.]
Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and Attend.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?[1]

[1] In these few short speeches of Iago is disclosed the innermost soul of a cold intellectual sensualist, his faculties dancing and capering amidst the provocatives of passion, because himself without passion. Senseless or reckless of every thing good, but keenly alive to whatsoever he can turn to a bad use, his mind acts like a sieve, to strain out all the wine and retain only the lees of woman

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Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O! they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified[2] too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

hood; which 'ees he delights to hold up as the main constituents of the sex. And Cassio's very delicacy and religiousness of thought prevent his taking offence at the villain's heartless and profane levity. Iago then goes on to suit himself to all the demands of the frankest joviality. As he is without any feelings, so he can feign them all indifferently, to work out his design. Knight justly observes that "other dramatists would have made him gloomy and morose; but Shakespeare knew that the boon companion, and the cheat and traitor, are not essentially distinct characters."

[2] Slily mixed with water.

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Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus — noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle[3] —
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. — But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,[4]
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *and Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.[5]

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings.*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man, a life's but a span;[6]
Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where indeed they

[3] As quarrelsome as the discordia semina rerum; as quick in opposition as fire and water. — JOHNSON.

[4] Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*.

[5] *Rouse* is the same in sense and in origin as our word *carouse*. See Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2, note 15. H.

[6] Thus both the quartos: the folio reads, "*O, man's* life's but a span." H.

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are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, — Drink ho! — are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?[7]

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.[8]

Iago. O, sweet England!

[*Sings.*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.[9]

Some wine, ho!

[7] The folio and the quarto of 1630 read *exquisite;* the other quarto, *expert.* — In the Captain of Beaumont and Fletcher, one of the persons asks, "Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers?" and another answers thus: "Not a leak at sea can suck more liquor: you shall have their children christened in mull'd sack, and at five years old able to knock a *Dane* down." And in Henry Peacham's Compleat Gentleman, 1622, we have the following: "Within these fiftie or threescore yeares it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man. But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their owne judges, if we equall them not; yea, I think, rather excell them." H.

[8] That is, drink as much as you do.

[9] This stanza is copied, with a few slight variations, from an old ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," which is reprinted entire in Percy's Reliques. H.

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Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. — Well, Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, — no offence to the general, or any man of quality, — I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. — Forgive us our sins! — Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; — this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: — I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let's see the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction;[10] and do but see his vice.
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

[10] How differently the liar speaks of Cassio's soldiership to Montano and to Roderigo! He is now talking where he is liable to be called to account for his words. H.

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Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,[11]
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [*Aside.*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[*Cry within — "Help! help!"*

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave! — teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.[12]

[11] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours. The word *horologe* is familiar to most of our ancient writers: Chaucer often uses it.

[12] Thus both the quartos; the folio, "a *twiggen* bottle." Both mean the same; a bottle enclosed in *wicker*-work of *twigs*.

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Rod. Beat me!

Cas. [*Striking him.*] Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mon. [*Staying him.*] Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. [*Aside to* Rod.] Away, I say! go out, and cry a mutiny. — [*Exit* Roderigo.

Nay, good lieutenant, — alas, gentlemen! —
Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, — Montano, — sir; —
Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell? — Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You will be sham'd for ever.[13]

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds! I bleed still; I am hurt to th' death. [*He faints.*[14]

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant! sir, Montano, — gentlemen! —
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?[15]
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

[13] The folio substitutes "fie, fie!" for "God's will!" and omits '*Zounds* in Montano's next speech. H.

[14] This stage-direction is found only in the quarto of 1630: the other quarto and the folio have "He dies" as a part of Montano's speech. H.

[15] In all the old copies these words are transposed, thus: "Have you forgot all *place* of *sense* and duty?" H.

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Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. —
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety. — What is the matter, masters? —
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: — friends all, but now, even now,
In quarter,[16] and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?[17]

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion,[18] for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

[16] That is, on our station.

[17] That is, you have thus forgot yourself. — The quartos have *came* and *were* for *comes* and *are*. H.

[18] Opinion for *reputation* or *character* occurs in other places.

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Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you —
While I spare speech, which something now offends me —
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,[19]
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,[20]
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and safety![21]
'Tis monstrous. — Iago, who began't?

Mon. If, partially affin'd[22] or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

[19] *Collied* is *blackened*, as with smut or coal, and figuratively means here *obscured, darkened*. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act i. sc. 1, note 7.

[20] *Approv'd in* means *proved to be in*.

[21] The old copies read, "and on the court *and* guard *of* safety." Malone made the transposition.

[22] *Affin'd* is linked in *affinity*. See Act i. sc. 1, note 8. Here it seems to mean an official, not a natural, relation

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Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. — Thus it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report: —
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. — Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. —

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up! —
I'll make thee an example

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed. —

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Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon. —
Lead him off. — [MONTANO *is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted. —
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. — My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation.[23] Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood,[24] a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.[25] Drunk? and speak

[23] Thus both the quartos: the folio has *sense* instead of *offence.* H.

[24] Thrown off, dismissed in his anger.

[25] The folio has *slight* instead of *light*, the reading of both the quartos — The passage beginning with *Drunk*, and ending with *shadow* is not in the first quarto. H.

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parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? — O, thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! — Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

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Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath dévoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her: she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining[26] Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful[27]
As the free elements. And, then, for her

[26] *Inclining* here signifies *compliant.*

[27] Corresponding to *benigna.* Liberal, bountiful as the elements, out of which all things were produced

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To win the Moor, — were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, —
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,[28]
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now:[29] for while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, —
That she repeals him for her body's lust;[30]
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor:
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all. — How now, Roderigo!

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd: and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

[28] *Parallel course* for course level or even with his design.

[29] That is, when devils will *instigate* to their blackest sins, they *tempt*, &c. We have repeatedly met with the same use of *put on* for *instigate*, and of *suggest* for *tempt*. H.

[30] *Repeal* in the sense of *recall*; formerly a common use of the word H.

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Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:[31]
Content thyself awhile. — By th' mass, 'tis morning:
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. — [*Exit* RODER.] Two things are to be done.
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on:
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,[32]
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. — Ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, *and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains

[31] The *blossoming* of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good hope that the fruits of it would soon be *ripe*. — The folio substitutes *In troth* for *By th' mass*.

[32] The old copies read "*a* while" instead of "*the* while." Theobald made the change. R

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Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, general.[1] [*Music.*

Enter the Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?[2]

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

[1] It was usual for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow.

[2] Thus both the quartos: the folio omits *call'd*.

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Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.[3] —In happy time, Iago

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.[4]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure;[5] but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

[3] These words are in both the quartos, but not in the folio. H.

[4] In consequence of this line a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a Venetian is proved by a speech in the third scene of this act, and by what he says in the fifth act, after having stabbed Roderigo. All that Cassio means to say in the present passage is, I never experienced more honesty and kindness even in one of my own countrymen.

[5] That is, the displeasure you have incurred from Othello. The folio has *sure* instead of *soon*

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He might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,[6]
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you, —
If you think fit, or that it may be done, —
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:[1]
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

[6] This line is wanting in the folio, and the last speech of the scene in the quarto of 1622. H.

[1] Thus the folio: both quartos have *state* instead of *senate*. W.

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Emil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.[2]
Des. O, that's an honest fellow!—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. O, sir![3] I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,[4]
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame,[5] and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;

[2] Thus both the quartos: the folio has *warrant* instead of *know*, and *cause* instead of *case*. H.

[3] The folio has *I know't* instead of *O, sir*.

[4] He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. — JOHNSON.

[5] Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep. To this Shakespeare alludes.

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For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, *and* IAGO, *at a distance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purpose.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,[6]
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,

[6] *Cunning* here means *knowledge*, the old sense of the word.

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That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent,
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of the [7] best,) is not, almost, a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on.[8] What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. 'Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

[7] The old copies have *her* instead of *the*. The change is from Singer. H.

[8] So *hesitating*, in such doubtful suspense. So in Lyly's Euphues, 1580: "Neither stand in a *mamering* whether it be best to depart or not."

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Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should intreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. — Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit, with* EMILIA.

Oth. Excellent wretch![9] Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.[10]

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

[9] The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally understood. It is now in some parts of England a term of the fondest and softest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her *Excellent wretch!* It may be expressed, "Dear, harmless, helpless excellence." — JOHNSON.

[10] The meaning is, "Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos." — *But* is used in its exceptive sense, *be out, but that,* or, "*if* I do *not* love thee." H.

Oth. He did, from first to last:[11] Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes! and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord! By Heaven, thou echo'st me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

[11] In Act i. sc. 2, when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, "He's married," Cassio asks, "To whom?" Yet here he seems to have known all about it. Of course the explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret till it should be publicly known. H.

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Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost:
And — for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath —
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're close delations,[12] working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst
Of thoughts the worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false;
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things

[12] Thus the folio and the quarto of 1630; the other quarto, *denotements*. "Close delations" are secret accusings, intimations, or informations. So in Ben Jonson's Volpone, Act ii. sc. 3: "Yet, if I do it not, they may *delate* my slackness to my patron." — It should be noted, that in all this part of the dialogue the doubts started in Otheilo by the villain's artful insinuations have reference only to Cassio. There is not the least sign that the Moor's thoughts anywise touch his wife; and Iago seems perplexed that his suspicions have lighted elsewhere than he had intended.

H.

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Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?[13]

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,)—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,[14]
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

[13] Who has so virtuous a breast that some impure conceptions and uncharitable surmises will not sometimes enter into it; hold a session there, as in a regular court, and "bench by the side" of authorised and lawful thoughts? A *leet* is also called a *law-day*. "This court, in whose manor soever kept, was accounted the king's court, and commonly held every half year:" it was a meeting of the hundred "to certify the king of the good manners and government of the inhabitants."

[14] We here follow the quarto of 1630, with which the folio agrees, except that it reads *of* instead of *oft*, and omits *yet* after *wisdom*. The quarto of 1622 reads the same, except that it has "I entreat you, then," instead of "that your wisdom yet," and *conjects* instead of *conceits*. It has been proposed to read "*of* my jealousy," and change *shapes* into *shape*. At first sight, this is plausible, as it satisfies the grammar perfectly. But jealousy is itself, evidently, the "nature's plague" of which Iago is speaking. So that the sense would be,—"It is my nature's plague to spy into abuses, and of my *nature's plague to shape* faults that are not;" which comes pretty near being nonsense. On the other hand, if we read,—"It is my nature's plague to spy into abuses, and oft my *nature's plague* shapes faults that are not,"—the language is indeed not good, but the sense is perfect. H

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Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make[15]
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless,[16] is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

[15] The old copies all read *mocke* instead of *make*. The sense evidently requires *make*, and the change, first made by Hanmer, has been almost universally adopted. There cannot well be a truer description of jealousy, than that it creates its own food Mr. Collier tells us that a copy of the fourth folio belonging to Mr Holgate has *make* substituted in the hand-writing of Southern.— In the last line of this speech, the folio has *soundly* instead of *strongly*, which is the reading of both quartos. H.

[16] That is, endless, unbounded. Warburton observes that this is finely expressed — *winter* producing no fruits.

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Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,[17]
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.

[17] This is the only known instance of *exsufflicate*. Phillips interprets *suffation* "a puffing up, a making to swell with blowing." In Plautus we have, "*Sufflavit* nescio quid uxore;" which Cooper renders, "He hath *whispered* something in his wifes eare whatsoever it be." Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, explains the word thus: "*Exsufflicate* may be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon, an ancient form of exorcising; and, figuratively, to spit out in abhorrence or contempt. *Exsufflicate* may thus signify contemptible." We will add Richardson's explanation, and then leave the reader to choose for himself: "*Exsufflicate*, in Shakespeare, is not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate*, that is, *efflate* or *efflated*, puffed out, and, consequently exaggerated, extravagant; to which *blown* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first." H.

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Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio:
Wear you eye — thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty,[18] be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.[19]

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then:
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak, —
He thought 'twas witchcraft. — But I am much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

[18] *Self-bounty* for *inherent generosity.*

[19] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence. — The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shown that their passions are too powerful for their prudence will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue JOHNSON.

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Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love.—But I do see you're mov'd:
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success[20]
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd.—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.[21]

[20] *Success* here means *consequence* or *event*; as *successo*, in Italian. So in Sidney's Arcadia: "Straight my heart misgave me some evil *success!*"

[21] Where a word of three syllables is wanted, the poets often used *happily* for *haply*, that is, *perhaps*. H.

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Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would I might intreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:[22]
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;[23]
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,[24]
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,[25]
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

[22] You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady.

[23] That is, press his readmission to pay and office.

[24] The construction is, "He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings."

[25] *Haggard* is *wild, unreclaimed;* commonly used of a hawk. So in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*: "Thus I teach my *haggard* and *unreclaimed* reason to stoop to the lure of faith." A passage in The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona, 1612, shows that the term was sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard?* fly to the *stews*." H.

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I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.[26] Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have;[27] — or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, — yet that's not much; —
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,[28]
When we do quicken.[29] Desdemona comes:

[26] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. — "The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and preyed at fortune." This was told to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Clark. So in Dryden's Annus Mirabilis:

"Have you not seen, when, *whistled* from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it *down the wind?*"

[27] Men of intrigue. Chambering and wantonness are mentioned together in the Scriptures.

[28] One of Sir John Harington's Epigrams will illustrate this:

"Actæon guiltless unawares espying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre
Was plagued with HORNES; his dogs did him devoure;
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads see your faults be written"

[29] That is, when we begin to live. — In what follows, the folio reads, "*Look, where she* comes: If she be false, heaven *mock'd* itself." Both quartos have it as in the text.

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Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself! —
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint?[30] are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:[31]
[*He puts the Napkin from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it;[32] but she so loves the token,

[30] Thus both the quartos; the folio, "*Why do you speak so faintly?*" H.

[31] In the north of England this term for a *handkerchief* is still used. The word occurs in Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, and other of these plays.

[32] Of course *hundred* is here used for an indefinite number; still it shows that the unity of time is much less observed in this play than some have supposed. The play indeed seldom gives any note of the lapse of time, save by *inference*, as in the case before us. Thus far, only one night, since that of the marriage has been *expressly* accounted for; and this was the night when the nuptials were celebrated, and Cassio cashiered; though several must have passed during the sea-voyage. From Iago's soliloquy at the close of Act i., it is clear he had his plot even then so far

(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,[32]
And give 't Iago:
What he'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing,—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

matured, that he might often woo his wife to steal the handkerchief while at sea. Moreover, we may well enough suppose a considerable interval of time between the first and third scenes of the present Act; since Cassio may not have had the interview with Desdemona immediately after he engaged Emilia to solicit it for him. H.

[32] That is, *copied*. Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona; but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him.

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Iago. Why, what's that to you?
[*Snatching it*

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't;[34] I have use for it.
Go, leave me.— [*Exit* EMILIA
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;—

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes![35] Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.[36]

[34] The folio and the quarto of 1630 have *acknown;* the other quarto reads, "Be not *you known on't.*" The word occurs in Harrington's Life of Ariosto, 1607: "Some say he was married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknown* of it." Of course the meaning in the text is, "do not *acknowledge* it."—The seventh line of this speech, "The Moor already changes with my poison," is not in the first quarto. Both the other old copies have it. H

[35] That is, I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look, where Othello approaches, to confirm my observation.—STEEVENS.

[36] The mandrake has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. sc. 5, note 1.—*Ow'dst* for *own'dst;* an usage constantly occurring in old writers.

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Oth. Ha! ha! false to me, to me?[37]

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all,[38] had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell![39]
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

[37] The repetition of *to me* is in both quartos, but not in the folio. It more than doubles the sense. H.

[38] *Pioneers* were generally degraded soldiers. — In the third line of Othello's preceding speech, the folio inserts *fed well*, after the words, "I slept the next night well." The insertion greatly mars both the sense and the metre of the line. Both quartos have it as in the text. The folio has several other slight variations in this part of the scene. H.

[39] There is some resemblance between this speech and the following lines in Peele's "Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces," 1589:

"Change love for armes; gyrt to your blades, my boyes;
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
The *roaring cannon*, and the brazen trumpe,
The *angry-sounding drum*, the *whistling fife*,
The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's nay*."

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The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,[40]
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewe l! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible!—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Seizing him by the Throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;[41]
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O Heaven, defend me![42]

[40] In mentioning the *fife* joined to the *drum*, Shakespeare, as usual, paints from life; those instruments, accompanying each other, being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards discontinued for many years, but at length revived by the British guards under the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped before Maestricht in 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the allies with whom they served.

[41] That is, all tenderness of nature, all pity; the sense in which *remorse* is most frequently used by Shakespeare.

[42] Thus both quartos; the folio has *forgive* instead of *defend*.

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Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O, wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O, monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervision grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,

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Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry, "O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried, "Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

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Oth. I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell![43]
Yield up, O love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues![44]

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb,[45] but keeps due on

[43] Thus the folio: both quartos have *cell*, which is strangely preferred by several editors. To speak of a hollow cell as the abode of vengeance seems very tame. Besides, as Othello has just blown all his love to *heaven*, harmony of thought and language seems to require that he should invoke revenge from *hell*. Readers of Milton will be apt to remember. "He call'd so loud, that all the *hollow* deep of *hell* resounded;" and, "The universal host sent up a shout that tore *hell's concave*." H.

[44] That is, *swell*, because the fraught thou art charged with is of poison.

[45] Thus the quarto of 1630: the folio has *keeps* instead of *feels*, the word having most likely got repeated in the printer's hands. Pope, without any knowledge of the text of 1630, conjectured that it should be *feels*. Mr. Collier's second folio has *knows*, which would answer equally well, provided it had any authority. The

To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge [46]
Swallow them up. — Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneeling.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. — [*Kneeling*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit,[47] hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soe'er.[48]

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

passage beginning with *Iago*, and ending with *swallow them up*, is not in the quarto of 1622. — Pliny's Natural History, 1601, may have furnished the illustration: "And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis; but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus." H.

[46] *Capable* is here used for *capacious, comprehensive*. So Nashe, in his Pierce Pennilesse, 1592: "Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a *capable* name, of gods, of men, of devils."

[47] The first quarto reads *excellency*. By *execution* Shakespeare meant *employment* or *exercise*. So in Troilus and Cressida: "In fellest manner *execute* your arms."

[48] The folio reads, "What bloody *business ever*." — The Poet commonly uses *remorse* in the sense of *pity*. The meaning here is, "Let him command what bloody work he will, in me it shall be an act, not of *cruelty*, but of *pity* or *commiseration*, to obey." H.

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Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her, damn her![49]
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The Same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and the Clown.*

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to: Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.[1]

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.[2]

[49] The repetition of "damn her" is found only in the folio. It helps to give the idea of passion "wreaking upon expression," yet wanting words. H.

[1] This and the next speech are not in the first quarto.

[2] That is, and by them, *when answered*, form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the answer is in character.

Des. Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.[3]

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes:[4] and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

[3] Objection has been made to the conduct of Emilia in this scene, as inconsistent with the spirit she afterwards shows. We can discover no such inconsistency. Want of principle and strength of attachment are often thus seen united. Emilia loves her mistress deeply; but she has no *moral* repugnance to theft and falsehood, apprehends no *fatal* consequences from the Moor's passion, and has no soul to conceive the agony her mistress must suffer by the charge of infidelity; and it is but natural, that when the result comes she should be the more spirited for the very remembrance of her own guilty part in the process. It is the seeing of the end, that rouses such people, and rouses them all the more that themselves have served as means. "Emilia," says Mrs. Jameson, "is a perfect portrait from common life, a masterpiece in the Flemish style: and, though not necessary as a contrast, it cannot be but that the thorough vulgarity, the loose principles of this plebeian woman, united to a high spirit, energetic feeling, strong sense, and low cunning, serve to place in brighter relief the exquisite refinement, the moral grace, the unblemished truth, and the soft submission of Desdemona." H.

[4] *Cruzadoes* were not current, as it should seem, at Venice, though they certainly were in England, in the time of Shakespeare. It appears from Rider's Dictionary that there were three sorts of cruzadoes: one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and the great cruzado of Portugal. They were of gold, and differed in value from six shillings and eightpence to nine shillings.

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Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him. — How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady. — [*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble! —
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand;
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is — hands, not hearts.[5]

[5] Several have thought this "new heraldry" to be a satirical allusion to the *bloody hand* borne on the arms of the new order of baronets, created by James I. in 1611. Malone, with more probability, quotes, in illustration of the text, the following from the Essays of Sir William Cornwallis, 1601: "We of these later times, full of a nice curiositie, mislike all the performances of our *forefathers;* we say they were honest plaine men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. *They had wont to give their hands and hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to looke asquint, our hand looking one way and our heart another.*"

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H.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me:[6] Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. This is a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer,[7] and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her.[8] I did so: and take heed on't;

[6] Thus both quartos; the folio, "*sorry* rheum." It is not easy to choose between the two epithets. H.

[7] A *charmer* is used for an *enchanter* in the Psalms. So in Perkins's Discourse on Witchcraft, 1610: "By witches we understand not only those which kill and torment, but all *charmers*, jugglers, all wizards, commonly called wise men and wise women."

[8] Of course *her* refers to the noun implied in *wive*. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. sc. 3, note 13. — In the last scene of the play, Othello speaks of the handkerchief as "an antique token my father gave my mother." This has been thought an oversight; Steevens regards it as a fresh proof of the Poet's art. "The first account," says he, "was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he again mentions it, the truth was sufficient." We must add a remark from Mrs. Jameson: "This

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Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy,[9] which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then, would to Heaven that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

handkerchief, in the original story of Cinthio, is merely one of those embroidered handkerchiefs which were as fashionable in Shakespeare's time as in our own; but the minute description of it as 'lavorato alla morisco sottilissimamente,' which in English means nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque*, suggested to the poetical fancy of Shakespeare one of the most exquisite and characteristic passages in the whole play. Othello makes poor Desdemona believe that the handkerchief was a talisman." H.

[9] The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. It was much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that threw a warmth into the shadows of a picture.

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Des. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.
This is a trick, to put me from my suit:
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.[1]

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you; —

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,

[1] This speech and the next are found only in the quarto of 1622. — "Talk *me* of Cassio," is the same phraseology as in Falstaff's account of sack: "It ascends *me* into the brain."

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit:
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.[11]

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,[12]
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm

[11] Thus the folio and the quarto of 1630: the other quarto has *shoot* instead of *shut*. Mr. Collier's second folio, with some plausibility, changes the text to "*shift* myself *upon* some other course." *Shut myself up* evidently means the same as *confine myself*, so that the sense is apt and clear enough. H.

[12] The *blank* is the *white* spot of a mark, at which the shots are aimed. So that to stand *within the blank* is to stand *directly before the aim*. H.

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Puff'd his own brother; — and can he be angry?[13]
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. — Something, sure, of state, — [*Exit* IAGO.

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, —
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal. — Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray Heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,[14]
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. — Cassio, walk hereabout:

[13] The folio reads, "and *is* he angry?" H.

[14] A *toy* is a *fancy*, or any fond trifle that one entertains himself with. H.

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If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?[15]
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O, weary reckoning![16]
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,[17]
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.[18]
Bian. O, Cassio! whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.

[15] That is, "What *do* you from home?" We have repeatedly met with the same phraseology. H.

[16] It would seem, by this, that seven days at least have elapsed since Cassio was cashiered; perhaps much more, as the "leaden thoughts" may have been kept off for some time by the hopes built upon Desdemona's promise of intercession, and brought on again by the unexpected delay. See Act iii. sc. 3, note 32. H.

[17] "*Continuate* time" is time *uninterrupted.* The quarto of 1622 has *convenient.* H.

[18] That is, copy this work in another handkerchief. See Act iii. sc. 3, note 33. So in Middleton's Women beware Women: "She intends *to take out* other works in a new sampler." Again in the Preface to Holland's Pliny, 1601: "Nicophanes gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and *take out* patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed."

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To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?[19]

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.[20]

[*Exeunt.*

[19] This and the next speech are wanting in the first quarto.
[20] Probably meaning, "I must yield to circumstances." H.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What! to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoris'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend a-bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:[1]
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, —

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

[1] We must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel, and his nuns. — WARBURTON.

[2] The *devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and they *tempt heaven* by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's Actes of Englysh Votaries, is referred to: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the devyll with."

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Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief, —

Oth. By Heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou said'st — O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all[3] — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, — as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them,[4] cannot choose
But they must blab —

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did, — I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! — We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome. — Handkerchief, — confessions, — handkerchief.[5] — To confess, and be hang'd for his labour.

[3] The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague. — The folio has "infectious house."

[4] That is, having either *conquered* her reluctance or complied with her wish. The proper meaning of *convince* is *conquer* or *overcome*. H.

[5] What follows of this speech is wanting in the quarto of 1622. H.

— First, to be hang'd, and then to confess: — I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus.[6] — Pish! — Noses, ears, and lips. — Is it possible? — Confess! — Handkerchief! — O devil![7] [*Falls in a Trance.*

[6] This passage has called forth a large fund of critical ingenuity. Dr. Johnson explains it thus: "There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, 'Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some *instruction:* It is not words that shake me thus.' This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words: it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." — The explanation given by Sir Joshua Reynolds is, that Othello does not here refer to any feelings of his own, but to the story of Cassio's dream, which Iago has fabricated and told him; and of which Othello has already said, "But this denoted a *foregone conclusion;*" meaning, of course, that Cassio's dream was but an involuntary remembrance and repetition of what he had *actually done* before. So that the sense may be given something thus: "Nature would not in Cassio clothe herself in such shadowing passion, or would not give out such *adumbrations of passion*, without *some former experience*, or the *instruction* of some *foregoing fact.*" — Either of these explanations may be right, and it is not easy to choose between them; though we rather incline to the latter: for, as Sir Joshua says, "Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that *all the proofs are present at once to his mind*, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance, — the natural consequence." H.

"The starts," says Warburton, "and broken reflections in this speech have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies." — The trance is thus justified by Sir Joshua Reynolds: "When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting." H

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Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!
Cas. What is the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear:[8]
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while;
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general! have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by Heaven.
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you; there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds[9]

[8] These words are in both quartos, but not in the folio.
[9] That is, beds *not their own*, not peculiar, *common*.—*Secure*

Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.[10]
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A passion most unsuiting such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? —
[OTHELLO *withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature

third line after, is used in its Latin sense. See Hamlet, Act i. sc. 5, note 5. H.

[10] That is, within the *bounds* of patience.

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That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter! — Here he comes: —

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish[11] jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, she loves me.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?[12]

Cas. I marry her? — what! a customer! I pr'y-

[11] *Unbookish* for *ignorant.*

[12] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph* brought *Roman* into his thoughts.

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thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside.*] So, so, so, so: They laugh that win.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Have you scor'd me?[13] Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble, and, by this hand,[14] falls me thus about my neck; —

Oth. [*Aside.*] Crying, O, dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! —

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

[13] The particular force of *scor'd* in this place is not apparent. Its general meaning is to *cut, mark,* or *engrave;* which has no clear coherence with the context here. The nearest we can come to it, is by a line in Parolles' letter, All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. sc. 3: "After he *scores,* he never pays the score;" — where the word seems to be used in a sense that will bear a very intelligible application here. What that sense is, will be best gathered from the context there. See vol. iii., pages 358–9. H.

[14] The words, "by this hand," are not in the folio. H.

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Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew![15] marry, a perfum'd one. — What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? — A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token; and I must take out the work! There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. [*Aside.*] By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

[15] Shakespeare has alluded to the lust of this animal in King Lear. Cassio tells Iago that Bianca is as lewd, but of a better scent, the *polecat* being a very *unfragrant* animal.

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. — A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is. — So delicate with her needle! — An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! — Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! —

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times! — And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: — but yet the pity of it, Iago! — O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes! — Cuckold me!

Iago. O! 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: — I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago

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Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good! the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within*

Oth. Excellent good!—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure.—'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the Duke; and, see, your wife is with him.[16]

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a Packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the Packet and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

[16] This is the reading of both quartos: the folio gives the speech thus:

"I warrant, something from Venice:
'Tis Lodovico this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him." M.

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Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [*Reading.*] "This fail you not to do, as you will"—

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T' atone them,[17] for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What! is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.[18]—
Out of my sight!

[17] That is, make them one, *reconcile* them. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. sc. 2, note 13.

[18] "If women's tears could impregnate the earth." By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals "It is written that he will weep over a man's head

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Des. [*Going.*] I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady. —
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, — obedient, —
Very obedient. — Proceed you in your tears. —
Concerning this, sir, — O, well-painted passion! —
I am commanded home. — Get you away;
I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. — Hence! avaunt!
[*Exit* DESDEMONA.
Cassio shall have my place. And, — Sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. — Goats, and monkeys![19] [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the noble nature[20]

when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too." Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, "Crocodili lachrymæ, crocodiles teares, to signifie such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm." — *Bullokar's Expositor*, 1616.

[19] In this exclamation Shakespeare has shown great art. Iago in Act iii. sc. 3, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells the Moor it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkeys*. These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation.

[20] Thus both the quartos: the folio omits *noble* before *nature*. Mr. Dyce is sure it ought to be omitted, and we are *not* sure but he is right.

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Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be, — if, what he might, he is not, —
I would to Heaven, he were.

Lod. What! strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them

Oth. What! did they never whisper?

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Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: — go. —
[*Exit* EMILIA.
She says enough; — yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.

Des What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [*To* EMILIA.] Some of your function, mistress:
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door:
Cough, or cry, hem! if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery; — nay, despatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.

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Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech im port ?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.[1]
Oth. Why, what art thou ?
Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true
And loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double damn'd ;
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? How am I false ?
Oth. O Desdemona ! — away, away, away !
Des. Alas, the heavy day ! — Why do you weep ?
Am I th' occasion of these tears, my lord ?[2]
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost him.
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction ; had He rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head ;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn

[1] So both quartos ; the hemistich is not in the folio. H.
[2] The folio has *motive* instead of *occasion*, the reading of both quartos. And in the last line of this speech, *Why* is wanting in the folio. H.

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To point his slow unmoving finger at;[3] —
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: —
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! — turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born!

[3] So read all the old copies, save that the folio has "slow *and moving*." Much has been written upon the passage, and divers changes proposed, such as "*hand* of scorn," and *slowly moving*, most of them originating in a notion that the Poet had some sort of time-piece in his mind. Probably, not to say certainly, no such reference was intended. So that all the progeny of that notion may be set aside. "The time of scorn" means, no doubt as Knight says, "the *age* of scorn," that is, the whole period during which scorn may be said to live. The "fixed figure" is simply the speaker himself, and not any figure on a dial-plate. As to "slow unmoving," the sense of it can be better felt than expressed: we can see the sneer darting from the inexorable finger, ever slowly moving *with* the object, never moving *from* it; but we cannot speak it in any words but Shakespeare's, as they stand in the text. The best of all the proposed changes that we have seen, in fact the only one worth entertaining, is Mr. Hunter's, who would transpose *for* and *of*, thus: "A fixed figure *of* the time *for* Scorn to point," &c. We will add Mr. R. G. White's comment on the last line of the passage: "Some have chosen the reading of the folio, on the ground that if the finger of scorn be 'slow,' it must move, and therefore, 'unmoving' is an incongruous epithet! But surely the finger of scorn is 'unmoving,' because it does not move *from its object*, but points at him fixedly and relentlessly To say that a thing is 'slow,' and then to *add* that it moves, is certainly worthy only of an idiot."

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Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Committed!—O, thou public commoner![4]
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,[5]
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed?—
Impudent strumpet![6]

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,[7]
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What! not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. O, Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then!
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,[8]

[4] This and the next three lines are in the folio and the quarto of 1630, but not in that of 1622. H.

[5] So in The Merchant of Venice: "Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet wind*."

[6] The words, "Impudent strumpet," are in both quartos, but not in the folio. H.

[7] This expression is from Sacred Writ: "To possess his *vessel* in sanctification."

[8] That is, the office *opposed* to Saint Peter; alluding, evidently,

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And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?[9]

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water.[10] Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, — remember; —
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?[11]

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

to "the power of the keys," which was given to the Apostles generally, and especially to Saint Peter as representing them. So that the opposition is between Emilia as keeper of the gate of hell, and Saint Peter as keeper of the gate of heaven. The sense, therefore, requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite*. H.

[9] This and the next speech are not in the first quarto.

[10] That is, be expressed by tears.

[11] Thus the folio and the quarto of 1630; the other quarto, "or by *greatest abuse*" H

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Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.[12]

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

[12] A *callat* is a *trull*, a *drab*. The word is of great antiquity in the English language. See The Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 3 note 9

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Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
company?
What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
hood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,[13]
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow. —
O, Heaven, that such companions Thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.[14]

Emil. O, fie upon them! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O, good Iago![15]
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: —
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;[16]

[13] The quarto of 1622 has, "some *outrageous* knave." — *Notorious* knave is here used for some knave *worthy to be noted*, or branded with infamy. — It has been already observed that *companion* was a term of contempt. See Julius Cæsar, Act iv. sc. 3, note 6.

[14] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house.

[15] The folio reads, "*Alas*, Iago!" — All of this speech, after "how I lost him," is wanting in the quarto of 1622. The other quarto and the folio have it complete. H.

[16] "Discourse of *thought*" probably means much the same as "discourse of *reason*;" that is, *discursive range* of thought. See Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2, note 19. The phrase, "*discoursing* thoughts," is met with in Sir John Davies' Epigrams. Pope changed "discourse *of* thought" to "discourse, *or* thought," which certainly is more in accordance with the solemn and impressive particularity of the speaker's asseveration of innocence. The change has also been approved as referring to the three forms of sin, "by thought, word, and deed," specified in the old catechisms and the eucha-

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Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, — though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, — love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.[17]

Des. If 'twere no other,

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.[18]
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well. —
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some de

ristical confession of the Church. Nevertheless, we adhere to the text as it stands in all the old copies. H.

[17] This was the phraseology of the time. "To complaine, to *make a quarrel*, to *chide with* one for a thing. Expostulare et queri."—BARET. So in the Poet's 111th Sonnet: "O, for my sake do you *with* fortune *chide*." — The words, "And he does chide with you," are in both quartos, but not in the folio. H.

[18] Thus the folio; the quarto of 1622, "*And* the *great* messengers of Venice stay;" that of 1630, "The *meat great* messengers of Venice stay." H

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vice, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.[19]

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me, she has receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say it is very scurvy;[20] and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

[19] Here a remarkable fact is met with, showing that the folio of 1623 must have been corrected while going through the press. Mr. Collier tells us that in a copy of that edition belonging to the Duke of Devonshire this speech stands thus: "And hell gnaw his bones. Performances are no kin together." H.

[20] Instead of "*by this hand,* I *say* it is *very* scurvy," the folio has, merely, "*nay,* I *think* it is scurvy." H.

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Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.[21] But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, — I mean, purpose, courage, and valour, — this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident;[22] wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

[21] Shakespeare knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and shrewdness. — MALONE.

[22] This passage proves, so far as any thing said by Iago may be believed, that Othello was not meant to be a Negro, as has been represented, both on the stage and off, but a veritable Moor. His kindred, the Mauritanians, — from whose "men of royal siege he fetched his life and being," and among whom he was about to retire, — though apt enough to be confounded with the Negroes, were as different from them externally, as brown is from black; internally, in mind and character, the difference was far greater.

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Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,[23] and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and be shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me! 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O!—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant; I will be re-

[23] Shakespeare has the expression, "a peevish self-will'd *harry*," in two other plays.

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turn'd forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTH. LOD. *and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.[1]

Des. He says he will return incontinent.
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns —
Pr'ythee, unpin me — have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. — Good Father! how foolish are our minds! —
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of — willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,

[1] One of those side intimations of the fluctuations of passion, which we seldom meet with but in Shakespeare. He has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun out into ten set speeches. — HAZLITT. H.

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Will not go from my mind; I have much to-do,[2]
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here. —
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Sings.*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones; —

Lay by these. —

Sing willow, willow, willow: —

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon. —

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve, —

Nay, that's not next. — Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [*Sings.*] I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?

[2] That is, I have much *ado to do any thing*, but to go, &c. *To-do* was, and still is, often used thus in the sense of *ado*. — What follows, beginning with, "I have much to-do," including the song, and ending with, "Nay, that's not next," is wanting in the quarto of 1622. The other quarto and the folio have the text complete. H.

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Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.[3] —

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. — O, these men, these men! —
Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?[4]

[3] This part of the song also is wanting in the first quarto. — These lines sung by Desdemona are from an old ballad, entitled "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love." The ballad may be found entire in Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. It is there the lament of a man: Shakespeare adapted it to the sex of "poor Barbara." We subjoin the four stanzas from which he borrowed:

"A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his mones;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which soften'd the stones:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, willow, willow!
She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland." H.

[4] This speech and the next are also wanting in the quarto of 1622. — The pathos of this scene, O, who can describe it! H.

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Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light: I might do't as well i'the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great price For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring,[5] nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world, — why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

[5] A *joint-ring* was anciently a token of troth-plight between lovers, like the piece of broken gold in the Bride of Lammermoor Dryden has a minute description of it in his Don Sebastian:

> "A curious artist wrought them
> With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;
> Yet are they both each other's counterpart:
> Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
> (You know these names are theirs,) and in the midst
> A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
> Now, if the rivets of those rings enclos'd
> Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie;
> But if they join, you must for ever part." M.

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Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.[6]
But I do think it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having, in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

[6] *To the vantage* is the same in sense as *to boot*. — What follows of this speech is not in the first quarto. H.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,[1]
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,[2]
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

[1] A *quat*, in the midland counties, is still used for a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or *rubbed to sense*. *Roderigo* is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. *To rub to the sense* is *to rub to the quick*.—In the third line after, the quartos have *game* for *gain*.

[2] That is, *fool'd* him out of. To *bob* is to cheat or deceive with false tale.

He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die: — be't so, I hear him coming.[3]

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. — Villain, thou diest.

[*Rushes out, and makes a pass at* CASSIO

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.

Rod. O, I am slain!

[IAGO *rushes forth, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the Leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. — Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio. — Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It's even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he. — O, brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me. — Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:[4] — strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit* OTHELLO.

[3] Thus the quartos; the folio, "*but* so, I *heard* him coming" H.

[4] Thus the folio and the quarto of 1630; the other quarto, "And your fate hies *apace*." H.

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Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?[5] murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O, wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan.—It is a heavy night! These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, *with a Light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for Heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by villains: Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

[5] That is, no passengers? nobody going by? A *passenger* anciently signified *a passage-boat* or vessel, and could not therefore be used in its modern sense without an equivoque.—In the next line, the folio has *voice* instead of *cry*.

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Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O, treacherous villains!—
[*To* LODO. *and* GRATI.] What are you there? come in, and give some help.
Rod. O, help me! here.
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O, murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs* RODERIGO.
Rod. O, damn'd Iago! O, inhuman dog!.
Iago. Kill men i'the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is it, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
Iago. Who is't that cried!
Bian. O, my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O, notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.

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Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: so. — O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence![6]

Bian. Alas! he faints. — O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury. — Patience awhile, good Cassio. — Come, come; Lend me a light. — Know we this face, or no? Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman, Roderigo? no: — yes, sure. O Heaven! Roderigo

Gra. What! of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? — O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he. — O, that's well said![7] — the chair. — [*A Chair brought in.*

Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon. — For you, mistress, [*To* BIANCA.

Save you your labour. — He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

[6] This speech is not in the first quarto.

[7] This phrase was often used where we should say, "well *done*" See 1 Henry IV., Act v. sc. 4, note 3. H.

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Iago. [*To* BIAN.] What! look you pale?—O, bear him out o'the air.—

[CASSIO *and* ROD. *are borne off.*

Stay you, good gentlemen.[8]—Look you pale, mistress?—

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare,[9] we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas! what is the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—

What! do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? fie upon thee!

[8] Thus the folio; the quartos,—"Stay you, good *gentlewoman*." It seems probable that Iago addresses Lodovico and Gratiano, who are going away, to assist Cassio, and to see him properly taken care of.

[9] Thus the folio: the quartos have "*an* you *stir*;" and, in the preceding line, *gestures* instead of *ghastness*. H.

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Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?— [*Aside.*] This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.[10]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Bed-chamber.

DESDEMONA *in Bed asleep. A Light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars![1]—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his sword.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light![2]

[10] To *fordo* is to *undo*, to *ruin*, to *destroy*.

[1] Steevens informs us there is "no classical authority" for "*chaste* stars." Very likely; but then Othello has "authority" as good, perhaps, as "classical," in the supposed *unchastity* of his wife, which is "the cause" of his present purpose, and which the *purity* of the stars withholds him from naming in their presence. No classical authority! H.

[2] The present regulation of this passage, by which so much beauty and spirit is added to it, was proposed by Mr. Upton, but it is to be found in Ayres's Life of Pope; it may therefore have originated with Warburton, who thus explains it: "The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical

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If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; — but once put out thy light,[2]
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither: — I'll smell it on the tree. —
[*Kissing her.*
O, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! — One more, one more. —
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. — One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love. — She wakes, —

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, — But hold, let me first weigh the reflection which this expression naturally excites." Dr. Farmer treats this as a refinement of Warburton's, observing that to *put out the light* was a phrase for *to kill*. "Broken sentences," says Mr. Boswell, "are very much in our Poet's manner, and are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit."

[2] Thus the folio; the quartos, "but once put out *thine*." M.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No, — Heaven forefend! — I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving. —
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

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Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand!
O, perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:[4]
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

[4] Some editors have managed to stumble at this passage. The language is indeed compressed, but the meaning seems clear enough. Othello goes about the killing of his wife as an act of religion, and he fears lest her perjury may excite his anger, and so corrupt the deed into an act of revenge. This is Johnson's explanation: "Thou *hardenest* my heart, and makest me *kill thee with the rage of a murderer*, when I thought to have *sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim."—The quarto of 1622 reads, "thou dost stone *thy* heart." H.

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Des. My fear interprets, then.—What! is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.[5]

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.[6] [*He smothers her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.[7]

[5] This speech is not in the first quarto. — Othello regards the act as *done*, when the conflict between his love and honour is fully over, his resolution finally taken, and his hand raised to strike. To admit any pause in such a case, were but to prolong the suffering of the victim. H.

[6] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred name thrice repeated.

[7] At these words, the Othello of the stage is made to stab Desdemona. There is no such direction in any of the old copies; but still the stage-custom may be right; as, in the agony of the moment, and in his desire "not to have her linger in her pain," Othello's resolution not to shed her blood might be overcome. It seems re natural, too, that Desdemona should speak after being stabbed n after being smothered to death. H.

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Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes; — 'Tis Emilia, — By and by. — She's dead. —
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. — Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. — Shall she come in? Were't good? —
I think she stirs again: — no. — What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? — I have no wife:
O, insupportable, O, heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may speak with you.
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in! Emilia. —
Soft! — By and by: — let me the curtains draw. —
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the Door.*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord! yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What! now?
Emil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.

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Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?
Emil. No; Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O! who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! [*Dies*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?

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Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,[8]
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman?[9] I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love! —
My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He, woman,
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to th' heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

[8] Thus both the quartos: the folio omits *Nay*. — In Othello's next speech, the folio reads, "'twas he that told me *on her* first." H.

[9] The quartos have *iteration* instead of *iterance*. In a former scene we have *arrivance*. — The next two speeches are wanting in the quarto of 1622.

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As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress!—Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general!

Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.[10]

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed[11]

All. O, heavens forefend!

[10] To *charm* is to enchant, to *lay* or *still* as with a *charm*. Pliny informs us that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase to *charm* a tongue, may have originated.

[11] This line is wanting in the first quarto.

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Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O, monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't:—O villainy!
I thought so then:[12]—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his Wife.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. [*Rising.*] O, she was foul!—
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know this act shows horrible and grim.[13]
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

[12] That is, when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago: for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose.

[13] So the folio: both quartos have *terrible* instead of *horrible* — At the end of the next speech, the folio has *reprobance* for *reprobation*, the reading of both quartos.

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Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed:[14] Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O, Heaven! O, heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out: — I hold my peace, sir? no;[15]
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:[16]

[14] "Thousand times" is evidently put for an indefinite number or, as Steevens remarks, "an aggravated term for many times.' Still the expression infers a good deal as to the space of time occupied by the play. We have already seen that a considerable period must have elapsed after the arrival in Cyprus before the end of Act iii. See Act iii. sc. 3, note 32; also sc. 4, note 16. Near the close of the third scene in Act iii., the Moor says to Iago, — "Within *these three days* let me hear thee say, that Cassio's not alive." We may presume this period to have elapsed between Act iii. and Act v. It is not unlikely that Othello may suppose the wickedness between his wife and Cassio to have been in progress before his marriage, when Cassio "came a-wooing with him." This, of course, would greatly aggravate her offence in his eye, by causing the marriage to seem designed on her part but as a cover for her guilty indulgence. The play may be cited as a very remarkable instance of unity of interest making us irrespective of time; for until one goes into a critical scrutinizing of the scenes for that purpose, he never thinks but that the catastrophe occurs on the second night after the landing in Cyprus. H.

[15] Thus the quarto of 1630. The folio gives the line thus: 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace?" H.

[16] The three originals have each a several reading in this line; the first quarto giving it thus: "I'll *be in speaking* liberal as the *air*;" the second, thus: "I'll *be in speaking* liberal as the north." It is not easy to choose between the readings. Some modern editions have a fourth reading made up from the folio and first quarto thus: "No, I will speak as liberal as the *air*." — Of course *liberal* means *free*. H

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Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [IAGO *offers to stab her.*

Gra. Fie! your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By Heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen
O, murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?[17]

[*The Moor runs at* IAGO, *and is disarmed by* MONTANO. IAGO *stabs* EMILIA, *then runs out.*[18]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?[19]—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

[17] Thus the folio: both quartos have *woman* instead of *wife*. H.

[18] The folio gives no stage-direction here: the quartos have, "*The Moor runs at* IAGO: IAGO *kills his Wife.*" Montano's speech, just after, shows that Othello has been disarmed by him. H.

[19] That is, "*no bolts* but what serve for the thunder." We have before had "thunder-*stone*" for thunder-*bolt*. See Cymbeline, Act iv. sc. 2, note 22. H

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Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain.[20] Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.

Oth. I am not valiant neither
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music: "Willow, willow, willow."—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.[21]
O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

[20] Strictly speaking, Iago was not a *notorious* villain, as his villainy had not been *known*. Probably the meaning is, *worthy* to be notorious. See Act iv. sc. 2, note 13. H.

[21] The way of tempering steel is by plunging it red-hot into cold water; and the colder the water, the higher the temper attained. Steevens has shown from Martial and Justin that in Spain the waters of the Salo and the Chalybes, being remarkable for coldness, were used in tempering swords. As Toledo blades were famous all over Europe in the Poet's time, he might easily learn that they were of "the ice-brook's temper" without going to classical authorities. H.

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Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now. —
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;[22]
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. — Where should Othello go? —
Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
Even like thy chastity. —
O cursed, cursed slave! — Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! —
O, Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O! O![23]

[22] This and the six following lines are not in the first quarto: the other quarto and the folio have them. H.

[23] So both quartos: the folio gives the line thus: "O Desdemon! dead Desdemon: dead. Oh, Oh!" The folio repeatedly, in the course of the play, shortens *Desdemona* into *Desdemon*, and once or twice with good effect; but surely, in this case, the quarto reading is much the more impressive. H.

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Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a Chair,*[24] *and Officers, with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet — but that's a fable:[25]

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O, thou Othello! that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,[26]
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

[24] The words, "*carried in a Chair,*" are not in the stage-direction of the folio, and are taken from the quartos. The modern custom of the stage is, for Cassio to walk in lame and supported, with his leg bandaged. H.

[25] Alluding to the devil's *fabled* cloven feet. Othello looks down towards Iago's feet, to see if he has that sign of being a devil, but then concludes that he may be just as much a devil without it. H.

[26] Thus both quartos: the folio has *cursed* instead of *damned.* H

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What! not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!
Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago, in the interim,
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,

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And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. — Come: bring him away.

Oth. Soft you! a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that. — I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,[27]

[27] Thus both the quartos: the folio has *Judean* instead of *Indian*; and "thereby hangs a tale" of critical and editorial comment much too long to be done up in a note. It was formerly thought that *Indian* was supported only by the quarto of 1622, so that *Judean* had the better authority; but the balance of authority has since been restored by the quarto of 1630. Theobald preferred *Judean*, and thought that the allusion was to Herod, "who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a *jewel* of a wife as Mariamne was to him." The older editors generally concur in the same reading. Malone was turned in favour of it by the word *tribe*, which he thought specially applicable to the Jews. In Shakespeare's time, however, *tribe* was used for *kindred*, as in this very play Iago says, — "Good Heaven, the souls of all my *tribe* defend from jealousy." So that there is no reason why the Poet may not have applied the word to the Indians, either of the East, or of America, as well as to the Jews. Coleridge remarks upon the passage thus: "Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not excuse himself, — to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's." Knight, Collier, Verplanck, and Dyce, all agree in preferring *Indian*. Whether Shakespeare meant an allusion to any particular story of an Indian, or to the Indians as generally described, is not quite clear; probably, the latter. At all events, the old poets fur

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Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.[28] Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian,[29] and traduc'd the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him — thus. [*Stabs himself*

Lod. O, bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee: — no way but this, [*Falling upon* DESDEMONA.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To* IAGO.] O, Spartan dog,[30]
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. — Gratiano, keep the house,

nish several passages in confirmation of the reading. Thus in Drayton's Legend of Matilda: "The *wretched* Indian *spurnes the golden ore.*" Thus, also, in The Woman's Conquest, by Sir Edward Howard: "Behold my queen, who with no more concern He *cast away then Indians do a pearl*, that ne'er did know its value." And in Habington's Castara:

> "So the *unskilfull Indian those bright gems*,
> Which might adde majestie to diadems,
> *'Mong the waves scatters.*" H.

[28] Thus both quartos; the folio, "*medicinable* gum." — For some account of the Arabian tree, see The Tempest, Act iii. sc. 3, note 4. H.

[29] It is said to have been immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo.

[30] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind.

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And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. — To you, lord governor
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture: — O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

Within a few years, a new view of Othello's character has been maintained by Schlegel, which has found favour with several English critics, who have repeated it in various forms. It is, that in Othello the Poet has painted not general nature, but the half-civilized African Prince. Schlegel recognizes in him "the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most furious beasts of prey, and the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honour, and by gentler manners." — "His jealousy," says the German critic, "is not of the heart, which is compatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual sort which in torrid climes gives birth to the imprisonment of wives, and other barbarous usages. A drop of this poison flows in the Moor's veins, and all his blood is inflamed. He seems, and *is*, noble, frank, confiding, grateful a hero, a worthy general, a faithful servant of the State; but the physical force of passion puts to flight at once all his acquired and accustomed virtues, and gives the savage within him the rule over the moral man. The tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself in his desire of revenge against Cassio. In his repentant sorrow, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife bursts forth, with the painful sentiment of annihilated reputation, and he assails himself with the rage which a despot displays in punishing a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man; at once in the higher and in the lower sphere into which his being is divided."

All this is ingenious, original, eloquent; yet to my mind widely different from the Poet's intention, and the actual character he has so vividly portrayed.

So far as the passions of Love and Jealousy are the results of our common nature, their manifestations must be alike in the Moor and the European; differing only as modified by the more quickly excited and inflammable temperament of the children of the sun, or the slower and steadier temperament of the men of the north. But the critic confounds with this difference another one, — that resulting from the degraded and enslaved state of woman in the half civilized nations of the East. There the jealous revenge of the master-husband, for real or imagined evil, is but the angry chastisement of an offending slave, not the terrible sacrifice of his own happiness involved in the victim's punishment.

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But Othello is portrayed with no single trait in common with the tyrant of the Eastern or the African seraglio. His early love is not one of wild passion, but of esteem for Desdemona's gentle virtue, of gratitude for her unlooked-for interest in himself and his history, and of pride in her strong attachment The Poet has laboured to show that his is the calm and steady affection of "a constant, noble nature;" it is respectful, confiding, "wrapt up in measureless content," and manifesting a tender and protecting superiority which has something in it almost parental. In his jealousy and revenge, he resembles not the Mahommetan so much as the proud and sensitive Castilian. He is characterized by all the higher qualities of European chivalry, and especially by that quick sense of personal reputation "which feels a stain like a wound," and makes his own life and that of others alike cheap in his eyes, compared with his honour. It is this, together with the other habits and characteristics of one trained in an adventurous military life, by which he is individualized. He is made a Moor, not because that is at all necessary to the story, but because the Poet found it in the tale from which he derived the outline of his plot; and it was adopted as an incident plastic to his purpose, and by its peculiarity giving that air of reality to the story, which accidental and unessential circumstances, such as pure imagination would not have indicated, can alone confer. It is on this account indeed, that the original tale itself, to my mind, has not the appearance of a product of fancy, but seems, like many of our traditionary romantic narratives, founded upon some occurrence in real life.

Othello's Moorish blood *is* thus, to use a logical phrase, an accident, distinguishing the individual character, and adding to it the effect of life and reality; but it is not in any sense essential to its sentiment or passion. The tone of chivalrous honour and military bearing is much more so, and yet that serves only to modify and colour the exhibition of passions common to civilized man. Were Othello but the spirited portrait of a half-tamed barbarian, we should view him as a bold and happy poetical conception, and, as such, the Poet's work might satisfy our critical judgment; but it is because it depicts a noble mind, wrought by deep passion and dark devices to agonies such as every one might feel, that it awakens our strongest sympathies. We see in this drama a grand and true moral picture; we read in it a profound ethical lesson; for, to borrow the just image of the classical Lowth, while the matchless work is built up to the noblest height of poetry, it rests upon the deepest foundations of true philosophy. — VERPLANCK.

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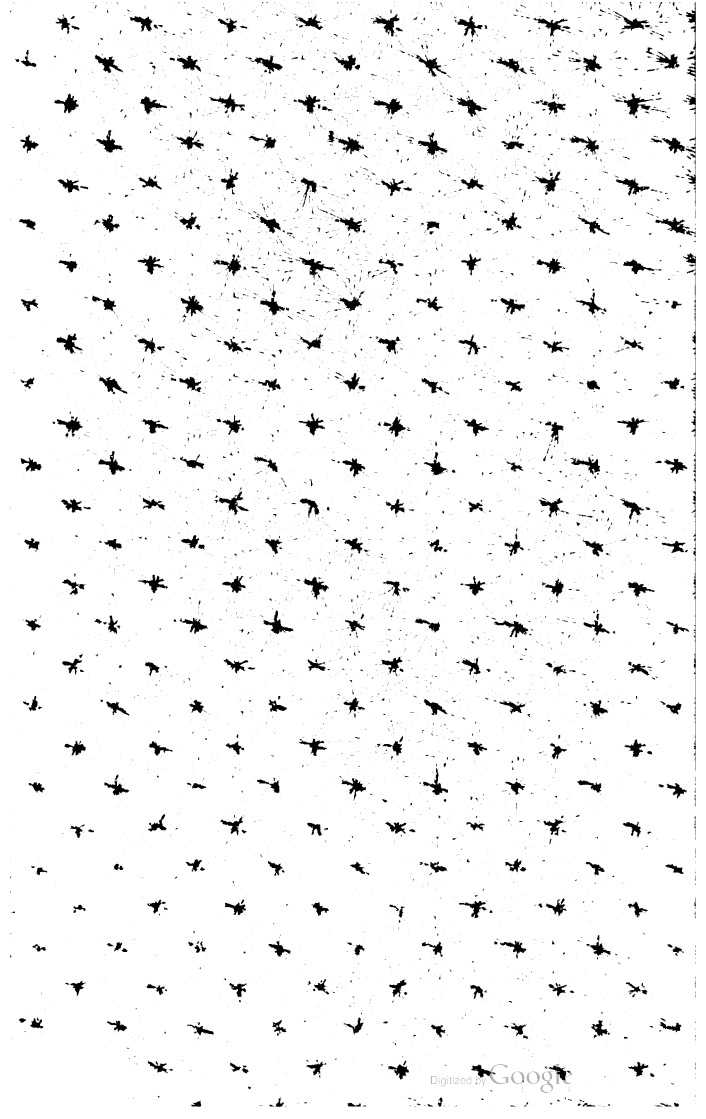
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